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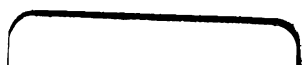
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A
CLASS BOOK
OF
ELOCUTION,
EMBRACING
PRINCIPLES AND EXERCISES,
AND
A COPIOUS SELECTION OF EXTRACTS,
IN PROSE AND VERSE,
FROM DISTINGUISHED MODERN AUTHORS;
DESIGNED ALIKE FOR
PRIVATE STUDY AND PUBLIC TUITION.

BY
J. H. AITKEN,
TEACHER OF ELOCUTION, ENGLISH COMPOSITION, ETC.,
GLASGOW.

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PREFACE.

MUCH has been said regarding the supposed indifference of the present age to the claims of Elocution—not by the professed elocutionist merely, whose province it is to direct the public taste,—but even by the public themselves. The very uninitiated affect to have discovered a declension of the times in this particular. They suspect there is a deficiency somewhere, in the grace, skill, or energy of our public speakers, though they cannot affirm positively wherein the deficiency consists. Comparisons are drawn between the orators of past and present times, and uniformly to the prejudice of the latter. It is alleged that our professional men are not sufficiently alive to the importance of delivery as a collateral accomplishment; that they treat it with neglect, if not positive contempt, either as an ornament to grace discourse, or as an instrument to enforce truth. They choose, it is presumed, to rely rather on the cogency of argument, on the nicely balanced terms in the inductive process, than on any systematic modulation of the voice or action of the body. To this the elocutionist offers no objection. He would not have oratory to supplant logic, any more than he would sacrifice sense to sound; all that he desires being to constitute her the handmaid of the reasoning faculty, and to render the *manner* of speaking some-

what subservient to the *matter*. The neglect to which we allude, however, is by no means so general as some would insinuate. The principles of delivery *are* studied by many, who thereby shed a lustre over their professional character. It may be because the many are so respectable that the eminent are so few, or, as in other departments of science or of art, our veneration for the past, perhaps, blinds us to the merits of the present; even as the remoteness of antiquity is supposed to lend a magnitude to its objects by the very obscurity in which it envelops them.

Of all the fields of Elocution the Stage has generally been considered the best cultivated—we do not say the greatest triumphs of the art have been there achieved. Is the Pulpit an arena less adapted to the practice of oratory? It is not to be supposed that the clerical profession consider the aids of elocution as, in any degree, beneath the dignity, or incompatible with the sacredness, of the pulpit. Some, indeed, have alleged that any precise attention to the laws of modulation might subject the preacher to the charge of being pedantic,—any studied adherence to the principles of gesture, to that of being ostentatious and theatrical. Not necessarily so. The “modesty of nature,” the orator’s safest guide in every department of delivery, prohibits not the external expression of feeling which nature dictates. That which is sensible in itself cannot suffer by being sensibly delivered. Biblical criticism and Scripture exposition would lose none of their importance by being articulately and emphatically stated. Pastoral admonition would just tell the more impressively on the heart and conscience when pronounced with rhetorical propriety. It is not expected that the pulpit orator should sanction every new and fantastic reading the theorising orthoepist may choose to introduce; but it is not too much to expect of a preacher in the nineteenth century that he rejects all slovenliness and mannerism, that he recognises the authorised standards of his native language,

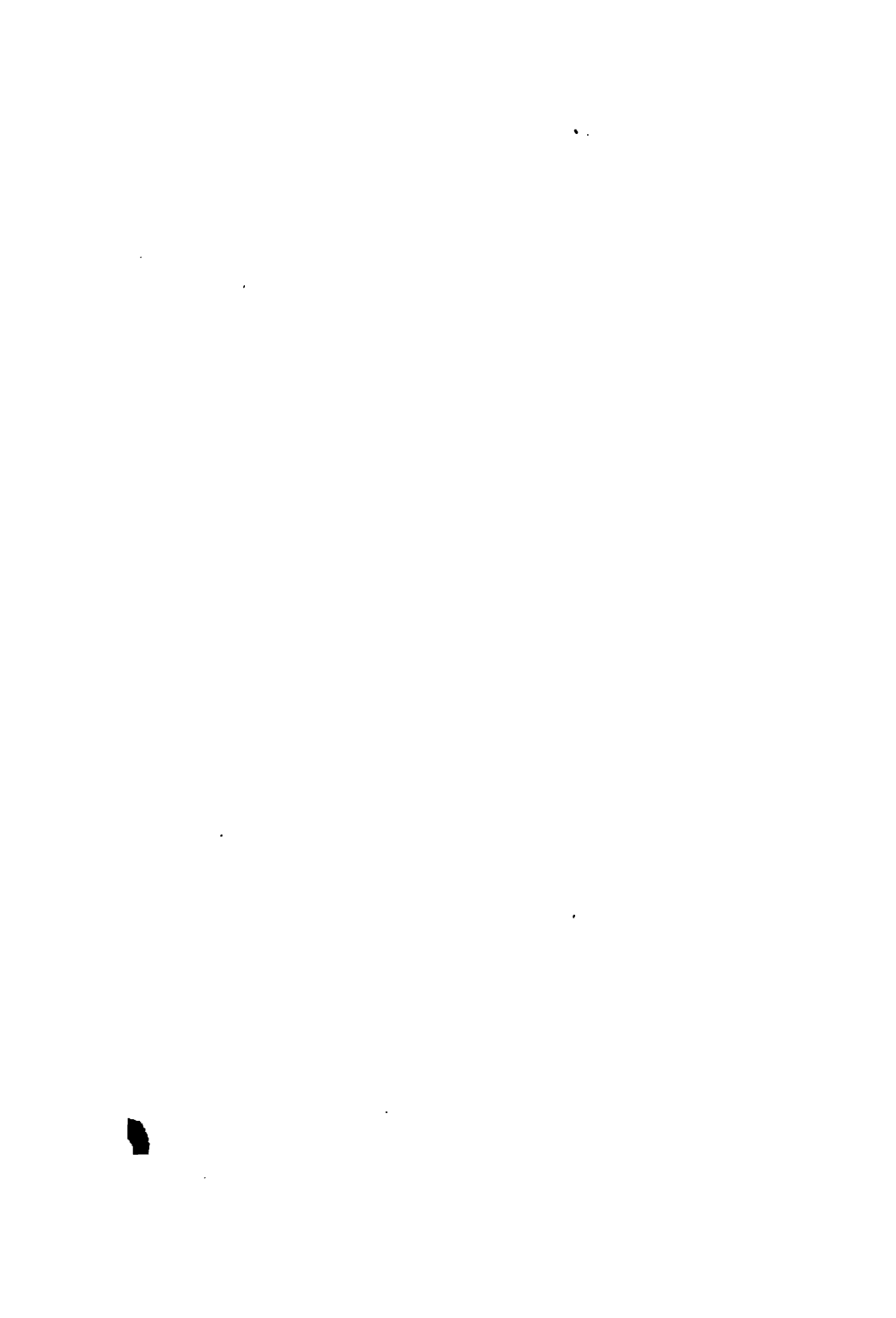
that he is conversant with the rules of vocal modulation, and is himself feelingly impressed with the sentiments he utters. Why should the Scripture reader rank below the character of the age in the accomplishments of his own profession—be a less impressive reader than the men of other professions? Are the aids of voice and action so adventitious as to merit no consideration? Is the great cause of gospel truth unworthy of them? Does not the pulpit present the most enviable field for displaying the very perfection of oratory? The unquestioned command the preacher possesses over his audience, the undivided attention they profess to give, the freedom from interruption, the sacredness of the occasion, the importance of the message to be communicated,—all contribute to render him the most favoured of orators. It is gratifying to find that a deeper sense of the importance of this branch of study has lately appeared in our Churches—that instructors are now engaged to train the voice in those who are about to become our future teachers of religion. It is to be hoped that this is but the prelude to greater results, and that, ere long, a Professor of Elocution will be found occupying a chair in every University.

The present attempt to simplify the Art of Reading, by reducing it to such General Principles as are practically useful and of easy interpretation, is partly an effort of necessity. It will be observed that the system of musical notation, generally so perplexing to the student, is here departed from. To study the principles of modulation through the intervention of musical signs, according to the theory of major and minor modes, with their several intervals of *thirds*, *fifths*, and *octaves*, has been felt, even by senior students, as no ordinary infliction; while, to junior classes, the difficulty has generally appeared so formidable, as to amount to a discouragement. The faculty of *ear*, so indispensable to the full appreciation of the notation theory, is not possessed

alike by all pupils. Besides, the system of musical notation is calculated to induce a style of delivery too artificial to be impressive. Feeling and expression are apt to be sacrificed to the constantly recurring solicitude about tones and semi-tones; so that the reader, after having executed what appeared to be a most finished specimen of elaborate modulation, is not unfrequently surprised to find his audience was little or none impressed by it. The performance had been more that of an instrument whose melody had charmed the ear, than of an orator whose effusions had carried conviction to the conscience or captivated the heart. Nor is any such excess of refinement necessary to success in oratory. Do the acknowledged rhetoricians of the present day exhibit any such delicacy of execution? Were Burke, Pitt, Canning, Peel, so skilled in the science of major and minor intervals? Was Dr Chalmers, the great pulpit orator of his day, so schooled into the mysteries of modulation? These all spoke from the conviction of their own minds to the conviction of others. They declaimed fluently and impassionedly, because they felt intensely. Their very earnestness supplied them with intervals of exquisite appositeness to the feeling that suggested them. Passion was their instrument, and nature the hand that touched it. The study of elocution may confer grace and even impressiveness upon a speaker, when the steps in the process under which that study is conducted are not too symbolical and complicated to be easily understood, whereas the energy of delivery is altogether independent of the elocutionist's rules, and arises out of the all-subduing earnestness of the speaker's own mind. "*Democritus negat ullum poetam esse posse magnum sine furore*"—and so with the orator. There is no genuine oratory without enthusiasm—that enthusiasm which wields the eye, the arm, the entire figure, in fact, as alike symptomatic of the orator's own intensity and instrumental to his conquest over others. So soon as an audience are satisfied of the speaker's sincerity,

their sympathies are with him, and are generally retained, as much in accordance with his enthusiasm, as by the force of his arguments.

In using the Class Book, the student is requested to make himself familiar with the Table of Modulations before proceeding to the Principles, and thoroughly to understand the application of each present Principle before entering upon the study of those subsequent. In connection with each, he will find two or more Extracts in which that Principle prevails; and it is necessary that he carefully trace the exemplification of the Principle in these before he proceeds to the general Selections. These few previous Extracts are purposely selected from books already in use, that, being already familiar to the young student, he may have no difficulty in enunciating them, and thereby be enabled to give his exclusive attention to the principles of modulation they are intended to illustrate. The general Selections will be found sufficiently varied for the farther exemplification of these; and will, it is hoped, from their peculiarly moral and intellectual character, recommend themselves to all who consider *reading* not the mere cultivation of the voice and ear, but the medium of information for after life. How far the general plan of the work may find acceptance with the public, depends much upon the opinion formed of it by the Educator, whose operations in teaching the Art of Reading it is intended to facilitate.



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PRINCIPLES AND EXERCISES.

MODULATION.

THE Art of Reading has sometimes, in books at least, been taught on principles not sufficiently simple to be useful. Writers on Elocution have occasionally introduced into their systems Rules and Exceptions too minute and perplexing ever to become practicable, and which they did not themselves exemplify in the ordinary business of their profession. They read and delivered correctly enough, but not always so as to recognise their own principles; proving that their theories were either too minute for every-day use, or that their views were not essential to the development of the reading art. It was only when some public display was made of the elocutionist's powers, when certain previously prepared passages were delivered with the avowed object of exemplification, that any close application of the principles in question could be discovered. The object of the present attempt, therefore, is to submit to the student what seems useful and practicable in the art, divesting it, as much as possible, of all unnecessary refinements and subtleties.

Every reader must have observed that certain ideas and forms of construction naturally suggest certain modulations—that the same state of the voice does not suit every sentiment or form of sentence—that, for example, language expressive of denial requires a different intonation from that

of authority, or of mere affirmation—that the suspended division of a sentence, wherein the sense is delayed throughout a series of members, requires to be separated from the subsequent inference by a corresponding suspension of voice, and a modulation different from that of the inference itself. Hence the necessity of establishing some general system of intonation without extending its application beyond legitimate bounds—not advancing into the field of mere speculation, abandoning nature, the elocutionist's safest guide, and introducing theories that may convert the otherwise sensible reader into a speaking automaton.

The human voice is heard in three states. It is on the monotone; or is heard taking a rising modulation; or, on the contrary, a falling. These modulations are sometimes so combined as to form a circumflex—the rising circumflex (˘) consisting of a falling and rising modulation on the same syllable; the falling circumflex (˘), of a rising and falling. The monotone is that state wherein the voice continues on the same level—a monotonous speaker being one who enunciates too much in the same pitch of voice; whose ear is not musical, or whose taste is not cultivated; one who knows not, or cares not, to change from one note in the reading scale to a higher or lower, according to the sense or passion of his subject. The rising modulation is heard when the voice ascends from the previous monotone to a higher note; and the falling, when the voice takes a corresponding slide downwards to the former, or a still lower monotone. The term monotonous applies not only to such readers as do not sufficiently modulate individual members—it applies also to such as modulate upon one uniform pitch of voice. Some habitually commence, and others habitually close their sentences upon the same tone, thus inflicting a monotony as offensive to the ear, certainly as detrimental to the design of oratory, as that of those who do not modulate at all. This monotony of voice is like that of gesture, prac-

tised by some speakers, which disposes of the right hand and then of the left, the right again and then the left, alternately, as if at the bidding of some hidden machinery; irrespective altogether of feeling or sentiment. There are therefore, properly speaking, three monotonies of voice—the monotony of members, the commencing monotony, and the concluding monotony,—each of which should be carefully avoided by all who would preserve that pleasing variety of intonation on which the success of delivery so much depends.

It is to the proper regulation of the voice in these three states that the art of delivery chiefly directs the student's attention. There is required, first, the absolute control or flexibility of the voice in order to take, easily and precisely, these several changes; and there is, secondly, the knowledge requisite for the proper direction of the modulations themselves. The reader must be able to give each of these changes at will,—a power which a correct ear confers; and he must know the principles by which these changes are regulated, which it is the province of the elocutionist to teach. He must be able to shift the pitch of voice at will, and know when to will it. Unless these two points are gained, he will make but little progress as an impressive reader. And yet, it is not to be supposed that these acquirements alone constitute the very perfection of delivery; that by the mere knowledge of rules, success can be secured—far from it. Many instances of the contrary are daily witnessed; of individuals who, although fully conversant with the theory of the art, have never succeeded in properly arresting the attention of their audiences. Still it is obvious that much of the success of our public speakers *does* depend on their acquaintance with the rules of elocution, on their correct pronunciation, their judicious application of the emphatic force, and their skillful management of that vocal organization by which every successive passion or process of reasoning may be clearly and

impressively represented. The elocutionist may explain how the work is to be done, but it is the speaker's own conception and pervading earnestness that enable him successfully to do it. The passenger may direct the traveller to the right path, but he himself must walk the distance; and the more resolute he is, the sooner he will reach it.

In the following preparatory exercise on the modulations, the acute accent (') denotes the rising inflection, the grave accent (`) the falling, and the horizontal line (-) the monotone. It will greatly conduce to the student's future progress if he can enunciate these several clauses with precision before proceeding to the study of the subsequent principles. He will remember that each important modulation, in order to preserve its due force and distinctness, requires to be followed with a considerable pause. A pause of greater or less duration is also required wherever an abruptness occurs in the progress of thought, wherever the uniform construction of the sentence is interrupted, as in the case of the dash, the exclamation, parenthesis, &c., in which instances the mind is supposed to be arrested by the sudden change of passion or sentiment.

TABLE OF MODULATIONS.

Was the task finished or left unfinished ?	It was finished, not left unfinished.
Was his progress quick or slow ?	It was slow, very slow.
Did he pitch his voice high or low ?	He pitched it high, never higher.
Do you read Græc or Latin ?	I have long read Latin, never Græc.
Did they confess or deny ?	They confessed, and were merely rebuked.
Hów does your friend look ? well or ill ?	Well ; he never looked better.
Hów did he move ? gracefully ?	Grâcefully ! Yès—ás he álwáys does.
Was the prize méritéd or nòt ?	It was—at least all thought so.
Whò delivered the message ? hé or his bròther ?	Hè ; his bròther is fróm hómè.
Is the stream wide or narrow ?	Very narrow—especially near its source.
Straight or circuitous ?	Partly straight and partly circuitous.
And its banks—rúggéd ?	Yès ; but quite accessíble, and highly picturesque.
His spéech was nòt réad—it was delivered ?	It was well delivered.
And well received ?	With énthúsiásm—if the appláuse it obtained is the tést.
The subject was interesting ?	Yès, and is ráther póplar át présent.
Did he spèak long ? An hóur pérháps ?	Lónger—twò hóurs—thrèè hóurs.
And was well received, you say ?	Enthusiastically—applauded throughout.
He made an imprèssion thén ?	I should think so—at least upón some.
Thén he is líkely to succèd ?	Succèd ! Yès—if hé chòoses to exert hímself.
Are the dùties light or ónerous ?	Móst ónerous—if discharged ónsciéntiály.
And the emóuments ?	Respèctable—and líkely tò bé incrésséd.

There is one general principle on which the system of modulation is constructed that should never be lost sight of, for it has its origin in nature, consequently any departure from it involves a violation of propriety. It is this,—that the introductory part of a sentence necessarily requires the low monotone and rising modulation, whereas the concluding portion naturally takes the high monotone and falling inflection. That division of a sentence which is purely introductory can never receive the falling modulation on its own account as being introductory. It may occasionally require the falling from its emphatic relation to other members, as in the case of the antithesis, but not otherwise. The rising modulation is required, as there the sense is suspended ; whereas the concluding part, on the principle of the voice being the echo of the sense, requires the falling, as with it the sense is completed.

There seem to be Seven General Principles to which the Art of Reading may be reduced, as there seem to be seven distinct forms of sense or of expression. Into one or other of these forms, we apprehend, may be resolved every possible construction of sentence to which the system of modulation can legitimately be applied. .

PRINCIPLE FIRST.

THE AFFIRMATIVE MEMBER AND ITS PENULTIMATE.

RULE.—*An Affirmative or Final member takes the falling modulation on its accented or emphatic word, but the accented word of the Penultimate member takes the rising modulation, in order to prepare a cadence for the close of the sentence.*

An affirmative member is that whose affirmation is altogether independent of other clauses—a final or ultimate member is that which completes the sense of other mem-

bers—the penultimate is that which precedes the ultimate. When the ultimate is particularly long, it may be subdivided into a penultimate and ultimate for the purpose of modulation.

EXAMPLE.—“*Exercise strengthens the constitution*”—an affirmative member, embracing only one idea, and taking the falling inflection on its accented word “constitution.”

Again.—“*Exercise strengthens even an indifferent constitution*”—“indifferent” now taking the inflection, being a more important word as antithetical to a *good* constitution, and therefore emphatic.*

Again.—“*Exercise, however little it may be regarded, strengthens even an indifferent constitution.*” Here a new member is introduced, forming a penultimate, and taking the rising inflection on its accented word “regarded,” the term “indifferent” still retaining the falling inflection as a final or ultimate member.

It will be observed that the words *exercise, strengthen, little*, are also inflected. This is upon the principle of what some elocutionists call the harmonic inflection, or general emphasis, and which is intended to introduce an agreeable variety of tone, at once pleasing to the ear and illustrative of the sense. For this, however, no rule is necessary, nor indeed can be offered, farther than that all similarly important words should be so modulated. *Even, however, may*, are denoted by the monotone as requiring to be enunciated upon the level at which the voice has arrived by the previous inflection.

Simple and obvious as Principle First is, there is not probably in the whole science of elocution one more frequently violated, and, consequently, that serves as a better test of the reader. The practice generally is, like the old “use and wont” of the monotonous school-boy, to assign the fall-

* See page 59 on the distinction betwixt accented and emphatic words.

ing modulation to that member only which concludes a sentence; whereas every member affirmative in its character, be it in the beginning, middle, or close of a sentence, and whatever be its punctuation, should take the same falling slide. When passages occur in which the affirmative member prevails, each succeeding clause being complete in itself, and altogether detached both in sense and construction from those that precede and follow, the reader must not be tempted, by any apparent sameness of delivery, to introduce an occasional false modulation for the sake of variety. No such deviation from rule is necessary. The beauty and variety of the delivery are sufficiently sustained by an occasional shifting of the voice from a lower to a higher monotone, as the sense may admit. The principle of the affirmative member is the surest protection against false intonation, and the only cure for that extremely pernicious vice in delivery known by the epithet *sing-song*. All the provincialisms that exist—and nearly every province has its own—consist in a peculiarly disagreeable modulation of the final member. The order of nature is to fall at the close—the sense being finished, no suspension of voice should take place; but it happens that, either in ignorance or disregard of this principle, the natives of certain localities practise an unnatural rising or falling tone, most offensive to the cultivated ear. A firm unyielding slide downwards would effectually prevent this in such as have not yet been seduced into the evil habit, and might shortly cure it in such as have.

The reader may exercise himself on the following Extracts as exemplifying Principle First—in the former, the inflections of the affirmative member and its penultimate are given, as also those of the harmonic inflection. He is requested to observe, in all examples of Rules, that the harmonic inflection is to be given more lightly and trippingly than that of the Rule itself.

COMAL AND GALVINA.

"Mournful is thy tale, son of the cár," said Cáril of other times,—
 "It sends my soul back to the ages of old, and to the days of
 other years.—Often have I heard of Cómál, who slew the friend
 he loved; yet victory attended his steel; and the battle was con-
 sumed in his presence.

"Cómál was the son of Albion; the chief of a hundred hills.
 His deer drank of a thousand streams.—A thousand rocks replied
 to the voice of his dogs.—His face was the mildness of youth.
 His hand the death of heroes. One was his love, and fair was she!
 the daughter of mighty Cónloch.—She appeared like a sunbeam
 among women.—Her hair was like the wing of the raven.—Her
 dogs were taught to the chase.—Her bowstring sounded on the
 winds of the forest. Her soul was fixed on Cómál.—Often met
 their eyes of love.—Their course in the chase was one.—Happy
 were their words in secret.—But Górmál loved the maid, the dark
 chief of the gloomy Ardven.—He watched her lone steps in the
 heath; the foe of unhappy Cómál!

"One day, tired of the chase, when the mist had concealed their
 friends, Cómál, and the daughter of Cónloch, met in the cave of
 Rónan.—It was the wonted haunt of Cómál.—Its sides were hung
 with his arms.—A hundred shields of thongs were there; a hun-
 dred helms of sounding steel.—'Rest here,' he said, 'my love, Gal-
 vína; thou light of the cave of Rónan!—A deer appears on Móra's
 brow.—I go; but I will soon return.'—'I fear,' she said, 'dark
 Górmál, my foe; he haunts the cave of Rónan! I will rest among
 the arms; but soon return, my love.'

"He went to the deer of Móra.—The daughter of Cónloch
 would needs try his love.—She clothed her white sides with his
 armour, and strode from the cave of Rónan!—He thought it was
 his foe.—His heart beat high.—His colour changed, and darkness
 dimmed his eyes.—He drew the bow.—The arrow flew—Galvína
 fell in blood!—He ran with wildness in his steps, and called the
 daughter of Cónloch.—No answer in the lonely cave.—'Where
 art thou, O my love!'—He saw, at length, her heaving heart beat-
 ing around the feathered arrow.—'O, Cónloch's daughter, is it thou!'
 —He sunk upon her breast.

"The hunters found the hapless pair.—He afterwards walked
 the hill—but many and silent were his steps round the dark

dwelling of his love.—The fleet of the ocean came.—He fought ;
 the strangers fled.—He searched for death along the field—But
 who could slay the mighty Còmal !—He threw away his dark
 brown shield—An arrow found his manly breast.—He sleeps with
 his loved Galvina, at the noise of the sounding surge !—Their
 green tombs are seen by the mariner, when he bounds o'er the
 waves of the north.”—*Ossian*.

ON PRAYER.

Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
 Utter'd or unexpress'd ;
 The motion of a hidden fire,
 That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
 The falling of a tear ;
 The upward glancing of an eye,
 When none but God is near.

Prayer is the simplest form of speech
 That infant lips can try :
 Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
 The Majesty on high.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
 The Christian's native air ;
 His watchword at the gates of death—
 He enters heaven by prayer.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
 Returning from his ways ;
 While angels in their songs rejoice,
 And say, “ Behold, he prays ! ”

The saints, in prayer, appear as one,
 In word, and deed, and mind,
 When with the Father and his Son,
 Their fellowship they find.

Nor prayer is made on earth alone :
 The Holy Spirit pleads ;
 And Jesus, on the eternal throne,
 For sinners intercedes.

O Thou, by whom we come to God,
 The Life, the Truth, the Way !
 The path of prayer Thyself hast trod ;
 Lord, teach us how to pray ! *Montgomery.*

PRINCIPLE SECOND.

THE NEGATIVE AND CONCESSIVE MEMBERS.

RULE.—*Every Negative or Concessive division takes the rising modulation on its last accented or emphatic word ; whereas its Penultimate takes the low monotone or weak falling modulation, to prepare the voice for ascending.*

A negative division is that which refuses assent to a proposition—a concessive division is that which yields it. The negative, denying or dissenting, is generally followed by a member assenting or affirming, which commences with the disjunctive conjunction *but, than, or yet*, expressed or implied ; the concessive division, assenting or conceding, is generally followed by a member dissenting, which also commences with the expressed or implied conjunction *but, than, or yet*. It may be useful to junior pupils to state that the negative division is known by one or other of the seven negative particles, *no, not, neither, nor, never, none, nothing* ; the concessive division, by the auxiliary verbs *may, might, can, could*, or the adverbial phrase *at least*.

EXAMPLE—In which the harmonic inflection is also marked.—“Màn was créated for etàernity”—an affirmative member with the falling inflection. “Mán was *nòt* créated for the düties of a *dáy* mērely”—a negative member with the rising inflection on its accented word “day.” “Mán *may* cōceive himself créated for the düties of a *dáy* mērely”—now a concessive member with the same inflection.

Again.—“Virtue is of intrinsic válué and góod desèrt, and of indispuésable obligàtion ; *not* the crèature of wíll,

but nécessaire and immuable ; *not* local or temporary, *but* of equal extent and antiquity with the Divine mind ; *not* a mode of sensation, *but* of everlasting truth ; *not* dependent on power, *but* the guide of all power."

Again.—"An author *may* be just in his sentiments, lively in his figures, and clear in his expression, *yēt* māy hāve nò clāim to bē admittēd into the rānk of finished writers." The preceding clauses, "sentiments," "figures," cannot admit the low monotone or falling slide, as preliminary to the closing concessive, "expression," because they themselves are concessive, and must therefore partake of the same modulation though in a less degree.

Again.—The negative or concessive member, instead of commencing a sentence, may conclude it, in which case the order of the modulations is reversed. Thus—"Happiness is conferred upon us, not earned by ourselves—it is the result of grace, not of works ; it is offered to all, though some māy mistake the path that leads to it."

The rising modulation is required in negative and concessive clauses, in order to present them in greater contrast with the succeeding affirmative. Indeed it will appear throughout the whole system of modulation, that the great purpose of the rising slide is to express either opposition or suspension. It is seldom used either in ordinary life or in the systems of elocution, where contrast is not implied or where inconclusiveness of sense is not involved.

Although the negative clause is never found without one or other of the seven negative particles already enumerated, the same does not hold true in regard to the concessive clause. Sentences sometimes occur in which the sense is obviously concessive, though the signs *may*, *might*, *can*, *could*, *at least*, are not expressed. Hence the necessity that the young reader, in particular, should not be guided entirely by the form of expression, but chiefly by the sense of the

passage. Thus—"The glóry of ancestors cāsts (*may cast*) a light indeēd upon thēir postērity, bŭt it only serves to shów what the descēdants āre." "The ēnemy have their own cōuntry behind them, have plāces of rēfuge to flŷ to, and are secŭre from dānger in the roāds thīther; but for yóu there is no mīddle fōrtune between déath and vīctory." In these, the preceding members are obviously concessive in their import, though they want the external signs.

Besides, the reader will observe that the negative and concessive signs frequently occur in sentences that convey no negative or concessive meaning. This is more particularly the case in such as express command, expostulation, or admonition. Thus, in the Decalogue—"Thò shált nōt kill"—"Thòu shált nōt steāl," which are to be considered affirmative. Thus also in Hannibal's speech to the Carthaginian army—"Pāss nōt thē Ibērus. Whát nēxt? Tóuch nōt thē Sagŭntines. Sagŭntum is upōn thē Ibērus. Móve nōt a stēp tōwārd s thāt cīty." In all these the negative adverb occurs, yet the sense is affirmative.

The following Extracts may be read in connection with Principle Second:—

CHRIST'S GLORY VISIBLE IN HIS HUMILIATION.

Hīs bīrth wās mēan on ēarth belów; bŭt it wās cēlebrated with hallelŭjahs by the hēavenly hōst in the air abòve: he hād but a pōdr lódgīng; but a stār lighted vīsitants tō it frōm dīstant cōuntries. Nēver prínce had sŭch vīsitants sō condŭcted. He had not the magnificent équipage that óther kīngs hāve; but he was attēded with mŭltitudes of pátiēts, sēeking and obtāining hēalīng of sōul and bōdy. He made the dumb that attēded him to sing his práises, and the lāme to léap for jòy; the déaf to hēar his wōnders, and the blīnd to sée his glōry. He had nō guārd of sōldiers, nor magnificent rētinue of sērvānts; but hēalth and sīckness, life and déath, recēived and obēyed his órders. Even the winds and stōrms, which no ēarthly pōwer can contról, obēyed him; and déath and the grāve durst not refŭse to dellver up thēir préy when he demānded it. He dīd not wālk upōn tápestry; but when

he walked on the *séa*, the wátters supported him. All párts of the création, excépting sínful mán, hónoured him as thèir Créator. He képt no tréasure; but when he had occásion for móney, the *sèa* sént it to him in the móuth of a fish. He had nò bárn nor còrn-fíelds; but when he inclined to máke a féast, a fèw lóaves covered a táble sufficient for mány thóusands. Nòne of áll the mònarchs of the wórld ever gáve súch entertáinment !

By thése and mány súch things, the Redèemer's glóry shone through his méanness in the sèveral párts of his life. Nór was it whóolly clóuded at his dèath. He had not, indeed, that fantástic équipage of sòrrow that òther gréat pèrsons have on súch occásions; but the frámé of náture solemnised the dèath of its A'uthor, —hèaven and éarth were mòurners—the sún was clàd in bláck, —and if the inhábitants of the éarth were unmóved, the éarth itsèlf trémbléd under the áwful lòad. There were fèw to páy the Jèwish còmpliment of rënding their gárments; but the ròcks were nòt so insènsible—they rént their bòwels. He had not a gràve of his ówn; but óther men's gráves ópened to him. Dèath and the gràve might háve been próud of súch a ténant in their tèrritories; but he càme not there as a súbject, but ás an invàder—a cònqueror. It was thén the kíng of tèrrors lóst his stíng; and on the thírd dáy the Prínce of Lífe tríumphed óver him, spóiling dèath and the gràve.—*Macdaurin*.

ON GRACE IN WRITING.

I will not undertake to mark out, with any sort of precision, that idea which I would express by the word *Grace*: and perhaps it can no more be clearly described than justly defined. To give you, however, a general intimation of what I mean when I apply that term to compositions of genius, I would resemble it to that easy air which so remarkably distinguishes certain persons of a genteel and liberal cast. It consists not only in the particular beauty of single parts, but arises from the general symmetry and construction of the whole. An author may be just in his sentiments, lively in his figures, and clear in his expression; yet may have no claim to be admitted into the rank of finished writers. The several members must be so agreeably united, as mutually to reflect beauty upon each other; their arrangement must be so happily disposed, as not to admit of the least transposition, with-

out manifest prejudice to the entire piece. The thoughts, the metaphors, the allusions, and the diction, should appear easy and natural, and seem to arise like so many spontaneous productions, rather than as the effects of art or labour.

Whatever, therefore, is forced or affected in the sentiments; whatever is pompous or pedantic in the expression, is the very reverse of Grace. Her mien is neither that of a prude nor a coquette; she is regular without formality, and sprightly without being fantastical. Grace, in short, is to good writing what a proper light is to a fine picture; it not only shows all the figures in their several portions and relations, but shows them in the most advantageous manner.

As gentility (to resume my former illustration) appears in the minutest action, and improves the most inconsiderable gesture, so grace is discovered in the placing even a single word, or the turn of a mere expletive. Neither is this inexpressible quality confined to one species of composition only, but extends to all the various kinds; to the humble pastoral as well as to the lofty epic; from the slightest letter to the most solemn discourse.

I know not whether Sir William Temple may not be considered as the first of our prose authors who introduced a graceful manner into our language: at least that quality does not seem to have appeared early, or spread far amongst us; but wheresoever we may look for its origin, it is certainly to be found in its highest perfection in the essays of a gentleman whose writings will be distinguished so long as politeness and good sense have any admirers. That becoming air, which Tully esteemed the criterion of fine composition, and which every reader, he says, imagines so easy to be imitated, yet will find so difficult to attain, is the prevailing characteristic of all that excellent author's most elegant performances. In a word, one may justly apply to him what Plato, in his allegorical language, says of Aristophanes; that the Graces, having searched all the world round for a temple wherein they might for ever dwell, settled at last in the breast of Mr Addison.—*Fitzosborne*.

PRINCIPLE THIRD.

THE SUSPENSION, OR DIRECT PERIOD.

RULE.—*The Suspension is a sentence divisible into two very distinct branches ; the former expressing a supposition or condition, and requiring a suspension of the voice or rising modulation, the latter expressing an inference or deduction from the former, and requiring the falling modulation.*

This has been denominated the reasoning principle of the art of reading, the suspension being that form of sentence usually employed to mark the logical connection between cause and effect—premises and their inference. The distinction of the suspension into the direct period and the inverted, common at one time in treatises on elocution, is altogether unnecessary, as both forms of sentence are embraced by the same rule. The additional “loose member,” referred to under this rule, being affirmative in its character, belongs properly to Principle First.

There are several forms and indications of the suspension which the younger student, in particular, may remember with advantage. Thus, the first or suspended division may commence with a conjunction indicating supposition, as *if, so, as, though, since, that*,—with an adverb of the same indication, as *when, whenever, where, wherever, while, whilst*,—with an adjective, participle, or infinitive mood ; while the last division frequently commences with a corresponding conjunction or adverb. Thus—

If in the former division, admits *then* in the latter.

<i>So</i>	”	”	<i>that</i>	”
<i>As</i>	”	”	<i>so</i>	”
<i>Though</i>	”	”	<i>yet, or still</i>	
<i>Since</i>	”	”	<i>then</i>	”
<i>When, whenever</i>	”	”	<i>then</i>	”
<i>Where, wherever</i>	”	”	<i>there</i>	”

These corresponding signs do not necessarily occur in every second division, but may be inserted mentally by the student in order to ascertain the precise clause on which the inference commences.

EXAMPLE WITH THE CONJUNCTION.—"If you would secure the enjoyment of property, you must have a government, or (*thén*) you must have a government; if you would have a government, (*thén*) you must elect a magistrate; if you elect a magistrate, (*thén*) you must exact obedience to him; and if you exact obedience, (*thén*) no one can be allowed to do as he pleases."

WITH THE ADVERB.—"When I look upon the tombs of the great, (*thén*) every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, (*thén*) every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone, (*thén*) my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, (*thén*) I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow."

WITH THE ADJECTIVE AND PARTICIPLE—for where an adjective forms the Suspension, a participle may always be supplied.—'Big (*being big*) with enterprise, and elated (*being elated*) with hope, the young too often trust for success to none but themselves. Too wise (*being too wise*) to learn, too impatient to deliberate, too forward to be restrained, they plunge with precipitate indiscretion into all the dangers with which life abounds."

WITH THE INFINITIVE MOOD :

"To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart,
To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene and be what they behold,
For this the tragic muse first trode the stage,
Commanding tears to stream through every age;
Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wondered how they wept."

The rising modulation of the Suspension is also required in sentences that express their meaning inversely, where the natural mode of construction is changed into the rhetorical. Thus—"To all the charms of beauty, and the utmost elegance of external form, Máry added those accomplishments which render their impression irresistible."—"By reflecting rather than speaking, by listening rather than opposing, by fulfilling rather than promising, is human progress to be secured." The principle of the rule is general, and applies to every form of sentence in which the sense is delayed.

In some systems there is a very decided exception from the rule of the Suspension, which, though not of paramount importance, seems to carry some weight with it. It has been argued that "when the first division of the suspension marks a concession instead of a supposition, it requires the falling inflection in place of the rising; and when the second division, instead of expressing an inference, points an appeal to the conscience, it should take the rising instead of the falling," thus reversing the order and character of the modulations. This exception, however, seems to express a distinction without involving any material difference, for what is the "concession" but a "supposition?" It is upon the principle of "supposition" that the concessive member of Principle Second has the rising inflection assigned to it, and there is therefore just the more consistency between the rising inflection of the concessive and that of the suspension, that, as both involve supposition, both should be read with the same modulation. This must be obvious to all who study the principle attentively—and although every second division of the suspension may not "carry an appeal to the conscience," yet as every such appeal is an inference from the supposition, or at least arises out of it, there seems to be no very urgent reason for so decided a deviation from the general rule.

EXAMPLE.—“If we have no regard for our own character, we ought to have some regard for the character of others”—“*own*” rising, and “*others*” falling, according to Principle Third. “But,” say the advocates for the supposed exception, “the first division requires the falling inflection because it implies concession”—a *concession*, however, which they must admit is so analogous to *supposition*, as scarcely to justify a departure from the general rule. Even proceeding upon the principle of *concession*, why not give it the inflection of the concessive member as expressed in Principle Second?—the rule of the concession, in all systems of elocution, being that of the rising modulation.

But again—The second member of the example, “We ought to have some regard for the character of others,” should, it is said, have the rising modulation, because “it points an appeal to the conscience.” But, independently of that, is not the clause obviously suggested by the former, arising out of it, like every other second member of the suspension? “If we have no regard for our own character, we ought to have some regard for the character of others.”—“If we have no regard for religion in youth, we should have some regard for it in age.” Let the student exercise his own judgment, however, and form his taste accordingly. The exception appears objectionable, first, because it seems unnecessary, and, secondly, because its adoption would rather encumber than simplify the art to the student. It is in this as in every other abstract study—the fewer and more self-evident the principles, the simpler and easier the art becomes. When the reader is distracted by a multiplicity of rules that modify and yet include each other, he is not only perplexed in the practice of the art, but becomes also disagreeably stiff and artificial in the management of his modulations. The art, in reality, suffers by its alleged intricacies, and he by his slavish attention to them.

It may be observed, in connection with Principles Second and Third, that when the negative, concessive, or suspended sense, is not confined to one member, but extends over several, care must be taken to preserve the low monotone throughout the entire series, reserving the strong rising inflection for the concluding member of the negative, concessive, or suspended division. Thus in the Negative—"Nó mán is fitted to excel in conversation who is exceedingly reserved; who is haughty and proud of his knowledge; who is positive and dogmatical in his opinions; who affects to outshine all the company; who is fretful and peevish; who affects wit, and is full of puns, and quirks, and quibbles; but he only who is patient to hear, and whose mind is open to conviction." Thus also in the following passage, in which the concessive and negative sense are combined, though destitute of the concessive sign:—

"Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
 With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
 When first on this delightful land he spreads
 His orient beams on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
 Glistening with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
 After soft showers, and sweet the coming on
 Of grateful evening mild; then silent night,
 With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
 And these the gems of heaven, her starry train;
 But neither breath of morn, when she ascends
 With charm of earliest birds; nor rising sun
 On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,
 Glistening with dew; nor fragrance after showers;
 Nor grateful evening mild; nor silent night,
 With this her solemn bird; nor walk by moon
 Or glittering star-light—without thee is sweet."

So also in the Suspension—"Supposing the whole body of the earth were a great ball or mass of the finest sand, and

that a single grain or particle of this sand should be annihilated every thousand years; supposing that you had it in your power to be happy all the while this prodigious mass of sand was consuming by this slow method, until there was not a grain of it left, on condition you were to be miserable for ever after; or, that you were to be happy for ever after, on condition you would be miserable until the whole mass of sand were thus annihilated, at the rate of one sand in a thousand years; which of these two cases would you make your choice?" In all such sentences, though there is a continual recurrence to the rising inflection on each negative, concessive, or suspended clause, the reader must observe a continual return also to the low monotone, or, which is the same thing in effect, to a low grade of harmonic inflection, in order to maintain the consistency of the respective rules.

The following Extracts exemplify Principle Third. The principal inflections only are marked :—

REFLECTIONS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

When I am in a serious humour, I very often walk by myself in Westminster Abbey, where the gloominess of the place, and the use to which it is applied, with the solemnity of the building, and the condition of the people who live in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulness, that is not disagreeable. I yesterday passed a whole afternoon in the church-yard, the cloisters, and the church; amusing myself with the tombstones and inscriptions which I met with in those several regions of the dead. Most of them recorded nothing else of the buried person, but that he was born upon one day and died upon another; the whole history of his life being comprehended in these two circumstances, that are common to all mankind. I could not but look upon those registers of existence, whether of brass or marble, as a kind of satire upon the departed persons, who had left no other memorial of themselves, than that they were born, and that they died.

Upon my going into the church, I entertained myself with the digging of a grave; and saw in every shovelful of it that was

thrown úp, the fragment of a bône or skúll, intermixed with a kind of fresh moulderíng éarth, that, sòme time or óther, had a place in the composition of a húman bódý. Upon thís, I began to consider with mysélf, what innumerable multitudes of people lay confused togéther, under the pavemént of that áncient cathédral, how mèn and wómen, fríends and énemíes, priésts and sòldíers, mònks and prébendaríes, were crumbled amongst óne anóther, and blended togéther in the same còmmón màss; how beauty, stréngth, and yóuth, with óld áge, wéakness, and defórmitý, lay undístínguished in the same promísuous heap of mátter.

After having thus surveyed this great magazíne of mortality as it were in the lúmp, I examined it more partícularly by the accounts whích I found on several of the mónuments whích are raised in every quarter of that áncient fábric. Some of them were covered with such extrávagant épitaphs, that, if it were possible for the dead person to be acquáinted with thém, he would blúsh at the práises whích his fríends have bestówed upon him. There are others so excéssívely módest, that they deliver the character of the person departed in Gréek or Hèbrew; and by thát means are not understood ónce in a twèlvemonth. In the poétical quarter, I found there were pòets who had no mónuments, and mónuments whích had no pòets. I observed, índeed, that the present war had filled the church with many of those uninhabítéd mónuments, whích had been erected to the memory of persons whose bodies were perhaps buried in the plàins of Blénheim, or in the bósóm of the ócean.

I could not but be very much delighted with several módern épitaphs, whích are written with great élegance of expréssion and jústness of thóught, and whích therefore do honour to the líving as well as to the dèad. As a foreigner is very apt to conceive an ídea of the ígnorance or polítteness of a nátion from the turn of their public mónuments and ínscriptions, they should be submitted to the perusal of men of lèarning and géníus, before they are put ínto execútion. Sir Cloudsley Shóvel's mónument has very often gíven me great offénce. Ínstead of the brave rough English ádmíral, whích was the dístínguishing character of that pláin gállant máñ, he is represented on his tomb by the fígure of a beau dressed in a lóng péríwig, and reposing hímself upon velvet cushíons under a cánopy of státe. The ínscription is answerable to the mónument; for, ínstead of celebrating the many remark-

able actions he had performed in the service of his country, it acquaints us only with the manner of his death, in which it was impossible for him to reap any honour. The Dutch, whom we are apt to despise for want of genius, show an infinitely greater taste in their buildings and works of this nature, than we meet with in those of our own country. The monuments of their admirals, which have been erected at the public expense, represent them like themselves, and are adorned with rostral crowns, and naval ornaments, with beautiful festoons of sea-weed, shells, and coral.

I know that entertainments of this nature are apt to raise dark and dismal thoughts in timorous minds and gloomy imaginations; but for my own part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy; and can therefore take a view of nature in her deep and solemn scenes, with the same pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones. By these means, I can improve myself with objects which others consider with terror. When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow. When I see kings lying by those who deposed them; when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men who divided the world with their contests and disputes; I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago; I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.—*Spectator*.

ON TRUTH AND INTEGRITY.

Truth and integrity have all the advantages of appearance, and many more. If the show of any thing be good for any thing, I am sure the reality is better; for why does any man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have the qualities he pretends to? For to counterfeit and dissemble is to put on the appearance of some real excellency. Now,

the best way for a man to seem to be any thing, is really to be what he would seem to be. Besides, it is often as troublesome to support the pretence of a good quality as to have it; and if a man have it not, it is most likely he will be discovered to want it, and then all his labour to seem to have it is lost. There is something unnatural in painting, which a skilful eye will easily discern from native beauty and complexion.

It is hard to personate and act a part long; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavouring to return, and will betray herself at one time or other. Therefore, if any man think it convenient to seem good, let him be so indeed; and then his goodness will appear to every one's satisfaction; for truth is convincing, and carries its own light and evidence along with it; and will not only commend us to every man's conscience, but, which is much more, to God, who searcheth our hearts. So that, upon all accounts, sincerity is true wisdom. Particularly as to the affairs of this world, integrity hath many advantages over all the artificial modes of dissimulation and deceit. It is much the plainer and easier, much the safer and more secure way of dealing in the world; it hath less of trouble and difficulty, of entanglement and perplexity, of danger and hazard, in it; it is the shortest and nearest way to our end, carrying us thither in a straight line; and will hold out, and last longest. The arts of deceit and cunning continually grow weaker, and less effectual and serviceable to those that practise them; whereas integrity gains strength by use; and the more and longer any man practiseth it, the greater service it does him, by confirming his reputation, and encouraging those with whom he hath to do to repose the greatest confidence in him, which is an unspeakable advantage in business and the affairs of life.

A dissembler must always be upon his guard, and watch himself carefully that he do not contradict his own pretensions; for he acts an unnatural part, and therefore must put a continual force and restraint upon himself; whereas he that acts sincerely hath the easiest task in the world; because he follows nature, and so is put to no trouble and care about his words and actions; he needs not invent any pretences beforehand, nor make excuses afterwards, for any thing he hath said or done.

But insincerity is very troublesome to manage. A hypocrite hath so many things to attend to as makes his life a very perplexed

and intricate thing. A liar hath need of a good memory, lest he contradict at one time what he said at another. But truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good.

Add to all this, that sincerity is the most compendious wisdom, and an excellent instrument for the speedy despatch of business. It creates confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the labour of many inquiries, and brings things to an issue in a few words. It is like travelling a plain beaten road, which commonly brings a man sooner to his journey's end than by-ways, in which men often lose themselves. In a word, whatever convenience may be thought to be in falsehood and dissimulation, it is soon over; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it brings a man under an everlasting jealousy and suspicion, so that he is not believed when he speaks truth, nor trusted when perhaps he means honestly. When a man has once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood.

Indeed, if a man were only to deal in the world for a day, and should never have occasion to converse more with mankind—never more need their good opinion or good word, it were then no great matter (as far as respects the affairs of this world) if he spent his reputation all at once, and ventured it at one throw. But if he be to continue in the world, and would have the advantage of reputation whilst he is in it, let him make use of sincerity in all his words and actions; for nothing but this will hold out to the end. All other arts will fail; but truth and integrity will carry a man through, and bear him out to the last.—*Tillotson.*

PRINCIPLE FOURTH.

THE INTERROGATION AND EXCLAMATION.

RULE.—*The Question formed by an interrogative word, called the question direct or definite, takes the high monotone*

and falling modulation ; that formed by a verb, called the question indirect or indefinite, requires the low monotone and rising modulation. That division of a sentence which precedes an interrogation, requires to be separated from it by a strong rising inflection and considerable pause—the answer to an interrogation, when of an affirmative character, requires a decided change of tone, and falling inflection, according to Principle First. The Exclamation, when used as the echo of an interrogation, and in all instances where suspension of idea is involved, takes a strong rising modulation.

The interrogative words of the question direct are the pronouns *who, whose, whom, which, what* ; the adverbs *why, when, whence, where, wherefore, whither, how* ; and the conjunction *whether*. It is useful to remember, that all questions commence with a verb that are not formed by one or other of these interrogatives.

EXAMPLES formed by an interrogative word.—“ *Whère àm I? Whát sòrt of a pláce do I inhàbit? Whéncè èàrth, and these brìght òrbs? Whéncè these glòriòus fòrms and bòundless flights? Whó bìd brùte mätter’s réstive lùmp assùme sùch vàriòus fòrms, and gäve it wíngs to fly?* ”

EXAMPLES formed by the verb.—“ *Sháll this mán, bòrn to sàve his còuntry, díe àny where but ín his còuntry? Sháll he nòt, at léast, díe in the sèrvice òf his còuntry? Will you retàin the mémórials of his gállant sòul, and refùse his bòdy a gräve in I’taly? Will àny pèrson gíve his vòice for bánishing a mán from this city, whom évery city on èàrth wòuld be pròud to recéive withín its wàlls? Háppty the còuntry that shall recéive him! Ungräteful this if it shòuld bánish him! Wrétched if it shòuld lóse him!* ”

EXAMPLE with an introductory member.—“ *Suppòse a yòuth to have nò prospect of sitting in párlíament, of plèading at the bär, of appèaring upon the stáge or in the pùlpit, dðes it fòllow that he needs bestow nò pàins in leàrning to speák pròperly his nàtive lánguage?* ”

EXAMPLE OF QUESTION AND ANSWER.—“A certain passenger at sea had the curiosity to ask the pilot of the vessel what death his father died of. ‘What death!’ said the pilot; ‘why, he perished at sea, as my grandfather did before him.’ ‘And are you not afraid of trusting yourself to an element that has proved thus fatal to your family?’ ‘Afraid! by no means. Is not your father dead?’ ‘Yes; but he died in his bed.’ ‘And why, then,’ returned the pilot, ‘are you not afraid of trusting yourself to your bed?’”

There are three very important modifications of the principle of the interrogation:—

1st, When the question forms the subject of a discussion, it seems to require the falling modulation, whatever be the commencing word. For example, in proposing as the subject of debate, the justice or expediency of capital punishments, the discussion may be opened in the form of a question, thus:—“Is man justified in taking away human life? Can capital punishment be defended upon any principle of civil or religious polity? That is the subject of debate. Can the government of a country be justified in depriving a human being of life for any crime whatever? That is the question of the evening.” In these interrogations, though commencing with a verb, the falling modulation is to be preferred; for this reason, that the sentence, although expressed interrogatively, does not involve any direct question. It merely proposes a topic for discussion, calls forth no immediate reply, but is to be disposed of by argument and debate.

2d, When questions follow in antithesis, they take opposite inflections, whatever be the commencing words. In such a case, it seems natural that the former should take the rising, and the latter the falling modulation; but this order may be reversed, according to the sense of the passage. The reader will be guided by his own taste and judgment. Thus—“Come ye in peace here, or come ye in war?” “Shall the city be governed by one man? Shall it be by a select

number of the wisest amongst us? Or shall the legislative power be in the people?" These interrogations are formed by different commencing verbs; but may, with great propriety, be delivered with the same *antithetic* modulation, from the circumstance that, as the principal idea is involved in the closing member, it requires the additional force and precision that always accompanies the falling modulation. In the following, however, the judicious reader will conclude with the rising, as eliciting more emphatically the argument of Brutus' Apology—it was for the cause of freedom he had joined the conspiracy against Cæsar :—"Had you rather Cæsar were living and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead to live all freemen?"

Lastly, The elliptical question takes always the modulation of the supplied reading, although, by the introduction of the elliptical word or phrase, the question may assume a new form. Thus—"Will you for ever, Athenians, do nothing but walk about the streets asking one another what news? what news?" or, supplying the ellipsis—"Do you ask what news? When will you rouse from your indolence, and bethink yourselves of what is to be done? When you are forced to it by some fatal disaster?" or, supplying the elliptical words, "*Is it* when you are forced to it by some fatal disaster? When irresistible necessity drives you? *Is it* when irresistible necessity drives you?" In all such instances, the interrogation takes the inflection of the supplied reading.

The question must have occurred to many,—By what process of reasoning or discovery did our earlier elocutionists arrive at their doctrine of the interrogation? Was it caprice or philosophy that determined them in their choice of inflection in the two forms of the question? What distinctive properties did they discover that led them to assign the falling to the one, and the rising to the other? Why

not reverse the order? Why not pronounce both with the same modulation? What peculiar reference is found to be involved in the interrogative verb, so different from that of the interrogative pronoun or adverb, that the one has been supposed to require the rising slide, and the other the falling?

It is clear that the question direct is more affirmative in its sense than the other, inasmuch as it involves a certainty of object or existence. "What is the hour?" implies the existence of the *hour*. "What is his name?" involves the *name*. "How do you feel?" supposes the *feeling* inquired after, and, consequently, is naturally allied to the affirmative member of Principle First. On the contrary, the interrogative verb implies no such certainty. "Will you go?" leaves the *going* doubtful. "Have you heard the news?" so far from being existent in its import, suggests the response, "What news?" Hence, probably, the suggestion of the rising inflection as expressive of doubt, inconclusiveness, indefiniteness, in harmony with the penultimate, the supposition, the introductory member of former rules.

This hypothesis receives additional force from the fact that the interrogative verb more frequently implies antithesis than the pronoun or adverb. "Do you go to-day?" suggests the possible antithesis of going *to-morrow*. "Do you ride to town?" suggests the possibility of *walking*,—thereby forcing the interrogative verb into the rising modulation, that the implied term of the antithesis may take the falling.

Besides—the interrogative verb has the power of assimilating the question to an exclamation. Let the student consider how frequently questions occur in which the spirit and import of the exclamation are obviously involved, and where no response is asked or expected. Instances of this are innumerable, in which surprise, delight, admiration, are clearly expressed, and where the rising modulation of the exclamation seems so indispensable as to neutralise all con-

sideration of the interrogative word. The interrogative verb is frequently the language of impassioned eloquence, and has been appropriated by our most celebrated orators as the figure of speech best fitted to exhibit the loftiest efforts of the rhetorician. Were the reader to contrast the effect of the two interrogative forms—the one so nervous and animated, the other so grave and sententious—he could not fail to be struck with the difference. Hence the constant use of the falling modulation by argumentative speakers and scholastics—in business transactions, and the ordinary routine of life—in all of which the importance of the thing to be done or demonstrated, finds an easy and a natural mode of communication in the affirmative member and its falling inflection. The rising slide suits the declaimer and orator—the falling, the educator and the man of business. The former is the handmaid of poetry—the latter, of precise, sententious prose. Where sound is to obscure sense, the fancy to be amused, or the fortress of conviction to be carried by storm, the special pleader will find the rising modulation a powerful auxiliary. Truth clings to the falling—by it facts are stated, circumstances are explained, rebukes and injunctions rendered the more impressive, by the very character of the falling modulation in which they are administered.

Extracts illustrative of Principle Fourth :—

VIRTUE MAN'S HIGHEST INTEREST.

I find myself existing upon a little spot, surrounded every way by an immense unknown expansion.—Where am I ? What sort of a place do I inhabit ? Is it exactly accommodated in every instance to my convenience ? Is there no excess of cold, none of heat, to offend me ? Am I never annoyed by animals either of my own kind or a different ? Is everything subservient to me, as though I had ordered all myself ?—No—nothing like it—the farthest from it possible. The world appears not, then, originally made for the private convenience of me alone !—It does not.

But is it not possible so to accommodate it, by my own particular industry ? If to accommodate man and beast, heaven and earth, if this be beyond me, it is not possible. What consequence, then, follows ? or can there be any other than this ?—If I seek an interest of my own, detached from that of others, I seek an interest which is chimerical, and can never have existence.

How, then, must I determine ? Have I no interest at all ? If I have not, I am a fool for staying here ; 'tis a smoky house, and the sooner out of it the better. But why no interest ? Can I be contented with none but one separate and detached ? Is a social interest, joined with others, such an absurdity as not to be admitted ? The bee, the beaver, and the tribes of herding animals, are enough to convince me that the thing is somewhere, at least, possible. How, then, am I assured that 'tis not equally true of man ? Admit it ; and what follows ? If so, then honour and justice are my interest : then the whole train of moral virtues are my interest : without some portion of which, not even thieves can maintain society.

But farther still—I stop not here—I pursue this social interest as far as I can trace my several relations. I pass from my own stock, my own neighbourhood, my own nation, to the whole race of mankind, as dispersed throughout the earth. Am I not related to them all, by the mutual aids of commerce, by the general intercourse of arts and letters, by that common nature of which we all participate ?

Again—I must have food and clothing. Without a proper genial warmth, I instantly perish. Am I not related, in this view, to the very earth itself ? To the distant sun, from whose beams I derive vigour ? To that stupendous course and order of the infinite host of heaven, by which the times and seasons ever uniformly pass on ? Were this order once confounded, I could not probably survive a moment ; so absolutely do I depend on this common general welfare. What, then, have I to do, but to enlarge virtue into piety ? Not only honour and justice, and what I owe to man, is my interest ; but gratitude also, acquiescence, resignation, adoration, and all I owe to this great polity, and its greater Governor, our common Parent.—*Harris.*

ARGUMENTS FOR THE EXISTENCE OF A DEITY.

Retire. The world shut out. Thy thoughts call home.
Imagination's airy wing repress.
Lock up thy senses. Let no passion stir;
Wake all to reason. Let her reign alone—
Then, in thy soul's deep silence, and the depth
Of Nature's silence, midnight, thus inquire :
What am I ! and from whence ! I nothing know
But that I am ; and, since I am, conclude
Something eternal. Had there e'er been nought,
Nought still had been. Eternal there must be.
But what eternal ! Why not human race,
And Adam's ancestors without an end !
That's hard to be conceived, since every link
Of that long-chain'd succession is so frail ;
Can every part depend, and not the whole !
Yet grant it true, new difficulties rise :
I'm still quite out at sea, nor see the shore.
Whence earth, and these bright orbs ! Eternal too !
Grant matter was eternal ; still these orbs
Would want some other father. Much design
Is seen in all their motions, all their makes,
Design implies intelligence and art :
That can't be from themselves—or man. That art,
Man scarce can comprehend, could man bestow,—
And nothing greater yet allowed than man !
Who, motion, foreign to the smallest grain,
Shot through vast masses of enormous weight !
Who bid brute matter's restive lump assume
Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly !
Has matter innate motion ! Then, each atom
Asserting its indisputable right
To dance, would form a universe of dust.
Has matter none ? Then, whence these glorious forms
And boundless flights, from shapeless and reposed !
Has matter more than motion ! Has it thought,
Judgment, and genius ! Is it deeply learned
In mathematics ! Has it framed such laws,

Which, but to guess, a Newton made immortal !
 If art to form, and counsel to conduct,
 And that with greater far than human skill,
 Resides not in each block—a GODHEAD reigns ;
 And if a God there is—that God how great !

—Young.

FALSTAFF'S SOLILOQUY ON HONOUR.

Owe Heaven a death ! 'Tis not due yet ; and I would be loath to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me ! Well, 'tis no matter—honour pricks me on. But how if honour prick me off when I come on ? How then ? Can honour set to a leg ? No : Or an arm ? No : Or take away the grief of a wound ? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery then ? No. What is honour ? A word. What is that word honour ? Air : a trim reckoning. Who hath it ? He that died a Wednesday. Doth he feel it ? No. Doth he hear it ? No. Is it insensible then ? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living ? No. Why ? Detraction will not suffer it. Therefore I'll none of it. Honour is a mere 'scutcheon—and so ends my catechism.—*Shakespeare.*

PRINCIPLE FIFTH.

THE PARENTHESIS OR EXPLANATORY CLAUSE

RULE.—*The Parenthesis takes the modulation of the preceding member, is pronounced quicker and lower than the rest of the sentence, and is preceded and followed by a pause sufficient to give it an isolated and independent character.*

A parenthesis or explanatory clause is a member inserted in the body of a sentence, of which the other members are altogether independent. The parenthesis should be carefully tested by this principle, since the sign is sometimes inserted, through inadvertency or ignorance, where no parenthesis is involved. It should be remembered also that the parenthe-

tical clause is not always so denoted—the curves or brackets being now generally dispensed with, and the comma or dash used in place of them. The principle is the same in all: whatever member is not necessary to the leading idea, but merely of an explanatory nature, is to be considered parenthetical, and read accordingly.

As the parenthesis is commonly connected with the introductory division of a sentence, its modulation will generally be rising; the only exceptions being in the case of its expressing some important distinction or affirmation, in which instances the falling may be adopted.

EXAMPLES.—“The fáir and hàppy mílksmaid mākēs her hánd hàrd with lábour, and her hèart sòft with pítý; and when wínter évenings fáll éarly (sítting at her mèrry whéel) she sings a defiance to the giddy whéel of fortune. The lining of her appárel (which is hersélf) is fàr bétter than óutsides of tissue; fòr, althóugh she is nòt arráyed in the spirit of the glówworm, she is décked in ìnnocency,—a fàr bétter wéaring.”

“If énvíous pèople were to ásk themsélves whèther they wòuld exchànge their entíre situàtions with the pèrsons énvíed—I méan their minds, pàssions, nòtions, as well as their pèrsons, fòrtunes, dígnities—I présúme the sèlf-lòve còmmon to hūmàn nàture wòuld gèneràlly màke thém préfèr their òwn condition.”

“The bússíness of an òrator is nòt to convince, but to persuàde; nòt to infòrm, but ròuse the mínd; to búild upon the habitual préjudices of mankind (fòr rèason of itself will do nòthing); ànd to ádd feèling to préjudice, and áction to feèling.”

“At léngth, sòme pítý wàrmed the mǎster's bréast;
 (“Twas thèn his thréshòld fírst récéived a guést)
 Slòw créaking túrns the dōor with jéalous càre,
 And hálf he wèlcomes ín the shívering páir.”

There are certain colloquial phrases which the reader is apt to class with the parenthesis, but which do not properly belong to it. These occur in such passages as the Story of Le Fevre, in which the familiar phrases, "says he," "says the landlord," "added the corporal," are frequent; all of which are to be read elliptically, that is, without modulation, running them into the inflection of the preceding member.

The Principle of the Parenthesis recommends itself to the particular notice of the student on this account, that it takes up the intermediate members of sentences; those to which the preceding rules do not apply. They refer chiefly to concluding members, or to certain well-defined introductory divisions about which there can be no misapprehension, as in the Suspension; whereas Principle Fifth applies entirely to the loose intermediate clauses; those numerous insertions that serve to compose the body of a sentence. These, if of a purely explanatory character, are all parenthetical, by whatever punctuation they are denoted, and must be read accordingly.

The following Extracts exemplify this Principle, in which the parenthetical division may occasionally be detected without the parenthetical curves—the dash or comma being now more generally substituted.

UNCLE TOBY'S BENEVOLENCE.

My uncle Toby was a man pátient of lnjuries—not from wánt of cóurage—I have told you in a fórmer chapter that he wás a man of cóurage: and I will add hère, that where just occasions presented or called it fórth, I know nò man under whose arm I would have sóoner taken shèlter. Nor did this arise from any insènsibility or obtùseness of his intellectual párts, for he felt as féelingly as a man could dò. But he was of a péaceful, plácid nature; no jàrring élement ln him: all was mixed up so kíndly with him, my uncle Toby had scarce a heart to retáliate upon a fly.

Gò—sāys he, one dāy at dinner, to an overgrōwn one which had buzzed about his nōse, and tormented him crūelly all dinner time, and which, after infinite attēpts, he had cāught at lāst as it flew by him—I'll nōt hūrt thee—sāys my uncle Toby, rīsing from his chāir and going across the room with the fly in his hānd—I'll not hurt a hāir of thy hēad: Gò—sāys he, lifting up the sās, and opening his hand as he spōke, to let it escāpe—gò, poōr creāture; gét thee gōne; why should I hūrt thee?—This world sūrely is wide enough to hold both thee and mé.

This lesson of úniversal gòd-will, tāught by my uncle Tóby, may serve instead of a whole vòlume upon the subject.—*Sterne.*

THE MONK.

A poor monk, of the order of St Francis, came into the room to beg something for his convent. The moment I cast my eyes upon him, I was determined not to give him a single sous; and accordingly I put my purse into my pocket—buttoned it up—set myself a little more upon my centre, and advanced up gravely to him. There was something, I fear, forbidding in my look; I have his figure this moment before my eyes, and think there was that in it which deserved better.

The monk, as I judged from the break in his tonsure, a few scattered white hairs upon his temples being all that remained of it, might be about seventy—but from his eyes, and that sort of fire which was in them, which seemed more tempered by courtesy than years, could be no more than sixty—truth might lie between.—He was certainly sixty-five; and the general air of his countenance, notwithstanding something seemed to have been planting wrinkles in it before their time, agreed to the account.

It was one of those heads which Guido has often painted—mild, pale, penetrating: free from all commonplace ideas of fat contented ignorance, looking downwards upon the earth—it looked forwards; but looked as if it looked at something beyond this world. How one of his order came by it, Heaven above, who let it fall upon a monk's shoulders, best knows: but it would have suited a Bramin; and had I met it upon the plains of Hindostan, I had revered it.

The rest of his outline may be given in a few strokes; one

might put it into the hands of any one to design; for it was neither elegant nor otherwise, but as character and expression made it so. It was a thin, spare form, something above the common size, if it lost not the distinction by a bend forwards in the figure—but it was the attitude of entreaty; and, as it now stands present in my imagination, it gained more than it lost by it.

When he had entered the room three paces, he stood still; and, laying his left hand upon his breast (a slender white staff with which he journeyed being in his right)—when I had got close up to him, he introduced himself with the little story of the wants of his convent, and the poverty of his order—and did it with so simple a grace—and such an air of deprecation was there in the whole cast of his look and figure—I was bewitched not to have been struck with it——

—A better reason was, I had predetermined not to give him a single sous.

'Tis very true, said I, replying to a cast upwards with his eyes, with which he had concluded his address—'tis very true—and Heaven be their resource who have no other than the charity of the world; the stock of which, I fear, is no way sufficient for the many *great claims* which are hourly made upon it.

As I pronounced the words *great claims*, he gave a slight glance with his eyes downwards upon the sleeve of his tunic—I felt the full force of the appeal—I acknowledge it, said I—a coarse habit, and that but once in three years, with meagre diet, are no great matters: but the true point of pity is, as they can be earned in the world with so little industry, that your order should wish to procure them by pressing upon a fund, which is the property of the lame, the blind, the aged, and the infirm: the captive, who lies down counting over and over again the days of his afflictions, languishes also for his share of it; and had you been of the *order of mercy*, instead of the order of St Francis, poor as I am (continued I, pointing to my portmanteau), full cheerfully should it have been opened to you for the ransom of the unfortunate. The monk made me a bow—But, resumed I, the unfortunate of our own country surely have the first right; and I have left thousands in distress upon the English shore. The monk gave a cordial wave with his hand—as much as to say, No doubt there is misery enough in every corner of the world, as well as within our convent. But we distinguish, said I—laying my hand upon the sleeve of his tunic,

in return for his appeal—we distinguish, my good father, betwixt those who wish to eat only the bread of their own labour, and those who eat the bread of other people, and have no other plan in life but to get through it in sloth and ignorance, *for the love of God*.

The poor Franciscan made no reply: a hectic of a moment passed across his cheek, but could not tarry—Nature seemed to have done with her resentments in him; he showed none—but letting his staff fall within his arm, he pressed both his hands with resignation upon his breast, and retired.

My heart smote me the moment he shut the door—Pshaw ! said I, with an air of carelessness, three several times—But it would not do; every ungracious syllable I had uttered crowded back into my imagination. I reflected I had no right over the poor Franciscan, but to deny him; and that the punishment of that was enough to the disappointed, without the addition of unkind language—I considered his grey hairs—his courteous figure seemed to re-enter, and gently ask me what injury he had done me, and why I could use him thus ?—I would have given twenty livres for an advocate—I have behaved very ill, said I within myself; but I have only just set out on my travels, and shall learn better manners as I get along.—*Sterne*.

PRINCIPLE SIXTH.

THE SERIES, CLIMAX, OR ENUMERATION.

RULE.—*The Commencing Series, each successive clause of which is introductory, takes the rising modulation on its ultimate particular; the preceding particulars receiving the modulation which the general sense of the passage suggests, as being of a negative, concessive, or interrogative character—whereas the Concluding Series, each successive clause being conclusive, takes the falling inflection on its ultimate particular, the previous particulars receiving the inflection suggested by the general sense. The preceding particulars of the*

Commencing Series generally admit the rising modulation on account of their introductory character ; whereas those of the Concluding Series will in most instances require the falling, from their affirmative character. The Commencing Series is that which begins a sentence without concluding it ; the Concluding Series, that which terminates a sentence whether it commences it or not.

The Series has long been treated as one of the most intricate principles in the Art of Reading, and has certainly become sufficiently perplexing by the rules hitherto in use. Some elocutionists have insisted that every successive member in the enumeration should receive a different modulation from the preceding ; while others contend that there should be a gradual progression upwards until the scale of four or five particulars be reached,—that the voice should then return to the commencing tone, and ascend in the same gradation as before until it reaches the penultimate. It seems much simpler and equally efficient to deliver the entire series in one uniform modulation, with the exception of the penultimate and ultimate members, the modulation of which must depend upon their relationship to the general sense. By adopting a scale of *fours* or *fives*, or any fixed scale whatever, the reader necessarily inflicts an intolerable stiffness upon the passage, and is seldom prepared, at first sight, to preserve the integrity of the rule, so difficult is it to enumerate the particulars as he proceeds. Nor is the sentence likely to suffer by an adherence to one prevailing inflection, provided it be delivered naturally, with an occasional shifting of the voice from one monotone to another as the taste of the reader directs. Should he think otherwise, however, he can easily introduce an occasional rising or falling slide for the sake of change, without recognising any fixed scale of particulars, the very consideration of which is calculated to produce a most prejudicial tameness. Let him adopt the modu-

lation suggested by the spirit of the passage as being negative, concessive, or affirmative, introductory or conclusive, and let any occasional deviation be at the suggestion of the moment, and not the previously concerted effect of a principle he is bound to recognise and vindicate on every new particular. The reader's chief design is impressiveness, which will always be best secured when nature is consulted—but nature is simple in all her operations, the reverse of man's inventions, which are frequently too complicated to serve any useful purpose.

EXAMPLE of the Commencing Series with the rising modulation, from the introductory character of its members.—“The présence, knówledge, pówer, wísdóm, hóliness, and góodness of the Deity, are áll unbóunded.” Or, with an occasional deviation for the sake of variety—“The présence, knówledge, pòwer, wísdóm, hòliness, and góodness of the Deity, are áll unbóunded.”

EXAMPLE of the Commencing with an occasional falling modulation, on account of the antithesis involved.—“I am persuaded that neither death nor life; nor ángels, nor princípálties, nor pówers; nor thíngs prèsent nor thíngs to cóme; nor hèight nor dépth; nor àny óther crèature, shall be áble to séparate ús from the lòve of Gód which is in Christ Jésus óur Lòrd.” In this sentence, it will be observed, the rising modulation prevails from the negative character of the clauses.

EXAMPLE of the Concluding Series with the falling modulation, each member being affirmative.—“The goòd man is appróved by his ówn mínd; lòved by his fríends; estéemed by his acquàintance; hònoured by his cóuntry; revéred by postèrity.”

EXAMPLE of the Concluding with an occasional rising inflection, in consequence of the concession implied in some particulars.—“The sòul can exért hersèlf in màny different wàys; she can understánd, wíll, imáge; sèe and héar;

love and discourse; and apply herself to many different exercises and uses."

The distinction of Simple and Compound Series is unnecessary; as is also still more that of the Series of Serieses. The understood principle of the Harmonic Inflection serves all the purpose of the former—the latter occurs so rarely as to require no special notice.

When the several particulars of a Series rise in importance, each member increasing in sense or argument, it then assumes the character of a Climax, and requires a proportional increase of voice and modulation. "Queen Mary was of a height that rose to the majestic; she danced, she walked, and rode with equal grace." "In her family, in her court, in her kingdom, Elizabeth remained equally mistress."

The student will perceive that the rule of the Series is of little practical use as a separate Principle, its modulations being all reducible to those of the previous rules, taken in connection with Principle Seventh.

Exercises on Principle Sixth:—

CHARACTER OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

There are few personages in history who have been more exposed to the calumny of enemies and the adulation of friends, than Queen Elizabeth; and yet there scarce is any whose reputation has been more certainly determined by the unanimous consent of posterity. The unusual length of her administration, and the strong features of her character, were able to overcome all prejudices; and obliging her detractors to abate much of their invectives, and her admirers somewhat of their panegyrics, have, at last, in spite of political factions, and what is more, of religious animosities, produced a uniform judgment with regard to her conduct. Her vigour, her constancy, her magnanimity, her penetration, vigilance, and address, are allowed to merit the highest praises, and appear not to have been surpassed by any person that ever filled a throne: a conduct less rigorous, less imperious, more sincere, more indulgent to her people, would have been requisite

to form a perfect character. By the force of her mind, she controlled all her more active and stronger qualities, and prevented them from running into excess. Her heroism was exempted from all temerity, her frugality from avarice, her friendship from partiality, her enterprises from turbulence and vain ambition; she guarded not herself, with equal care or equal success, from less infirmities: the rivalry of beauty, the desire of admiration; the jealousy of love, and the sallies of anger.

Her singular talents for government were founded equally on her temper, and on her capacity. Endowed with a great command over herself, she soon obtained an uncontrolled ascendant over the people; and while she merited all their esteem by her real virtues, she also engaged their affection by her pretended ones. Few sovereigns of England succeeded to the throne in more difficult circumstances, and none ever conducted the government with such uniform success and felicity. Though unacquainted with the practice of toleration, the true secret for managing religious factions, she preserved her people by her superior prudence from those confusions in which theological controversy had involved all the neighbouring nations: and though her enemies were the most powerful princes of Europe, the most active, the most enterprising, the least scrupulous, she was able by her vigour to make deep impressions on their states; her own greatness, meanwhile, remaining untouched and unimpaired.

The wise ministers and brave warriors who flourished during her reign, share the praise of her success; but, instead of lessening the applause due to her, they make great addition to it. They owed, all of them, their advancement to her choice; they were supported by her constancy; and, with all their ability, they were never able to acquire an undue ascendant over her. In her family, in her court, in her kingdom, she remained equally mistress. The force of the tender passions was great over her, but the force of her mind was still superior; and the combat which her victory visibly cost her, serves only to display the firmness of her resolution, and the loftiness of her ambitious sentiments.

The fame of this princess, though it has surmounted the prejudices both of faction and of bigotry, yet lies still exposed to another prejudice, which is more durable, because more natural; and which, according to the different views in which we survey her, is capable either of exalting beyond measure, or diminishing

the lustre of her character. This prejudice is founded on the consideration of her sex. When we contemplate her as a woman, we are apt to be struck with the highest admiration of her qualities and extensive capacity; but we are also apt to require some more softness of disposition, some greater lenity of temper, some of those amiable weaknesses by which her sex is distinguished. But the true method of estimating her merit, is to lay aside all these considerations, and to consider her merely as a rational being, placed in authority, and entrusted with the government of mankind. We may find it difficult to reconcile our fancy to her as a wife, or a mistress; but her qualities as a sovereign, though with some considerable exceptions, are the object of undisputed applause and approbation.—*Hume*.

A PANEGYRIC ON GREAT BRITAIN.

Heavens! what a goodly prospect spreads around,
 Of hills and dales, and woods and lawns, and spires,
 And glittering towns and gilded streams, till all
 The stretching landscape into smoke decays!
 Happy Britannia! where the Queen of Arts,
 Inspiring vigour, Liberty abroad
 Walks, unconfin'd, even to thy farthest cots,
 And scatters plenty with unsparing hand.
 Rich is thy soil, and merciful thy clime;
 Thy streams unfailing in the summer's drought;
 Unmatch'd thy guardian oaks; thy valleys float
 With golden waves; and on thy mountains, flocks
 Bleat numberless; while roving round their sides,
 Bellow the blackening herds in lusty droves,
 Beneath, thy meadows grow, and rise unquell'd
 Against the mower's scythe. On every hand
 Thy villas shine. Thy country teams with wealth;
 And property assures it to the swain,
 Pleased and unwearied, in his guarded toil.

Full are thy cities with the sons of Art;
 And Trade and Joy in every busy street,
 Mingling are heard; even Drudgery himself,
 As at the car he sweats, or dusty hews

The palace stone, looks gay. Thy crowded ports,
Where rising masts an endless prospect yield,
With labour burn, and echo to the shouts
Of hurried sailor, as he hearty waves
His last adieu, and, loosening every sheet,
Resigns the spreading vessel to the wind.
Bold, firm, and graceful are thy generous youth,
By hardship sinew'd, and by danger fired,
Scattering the nations where they go: and first,
Or on the listed plain, or stormy seas.
Mild are thy glories, too, as o'er the plans
Of thriving peace thy thoughtful sires preside,
In genius and substantial learning high;
For every virtue, every worth renown'd;
Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind;
Yet, like the mustering thunder, when provok'd,
The dread of tyrants, and the sole resource
Of those that under grim oppression groan.

Thy sons of glory many! Alfred thine,
In whom the splendour of heroic war,
And more heroic peace, when govern'd well,
Combine! whose hallow'd name the Virtues saint;
And his own Muses love; the best of kings.
With him thy Edwards and thy Henrys shine—
Names dear to fame; the first who deep impress'd
On haughty Gaul the terror of thy arms,
That awes her genius still. In statesmen thou,
And patriots fertile: Thine a steady More,
Who, with a generous, though mistaken zeal,
Withstood a brutal tyrant's direful rage;
Like Cato firm, like Aristides just,
Like rigid Cincinnatus nobly poor,
A dauntless soul erect, who smiled on death.
A Hampden too is thine, illustrious land!
Wise, strenuous, firm, of unsubmitting soul,
Who stemm'd the torrent of a downward age,
To slavery prone, and bade thee rise again,
In all thy native pomp of freedom bold.
Thine is a Bacon; hapless in his choice;
Unfit to stand the civil storm of state,

And through the smooth barbarity of courts,
With firm but pliant virtue, forward still
To urge his course; him for the studious shade
Kind nature form'd, deep, comprehensive, clear,
Exact and elegant: in one rich soul,
Plato, the Stagyrte, and Tully join'd.
Let Newton, pure intelligence, whom God
To mortals lent to trace his boundless works
From laws sublimely simple, speak thy fame
In all philosophy. For lofty sense,
Creative fancy, and inspection keen,
Through the deep windings of the human heart,
Is not wild Shakspeare thine and Nature's boast !
Is not each great, each amiable Muse,
Of classic ages in thy Milton met !
A genius universal as his theme;
Astonishing as chaos, as the bloom
Of blooming Eden fair, as Heaven sublime !

May my song soften, as thy daughters I,
Britannia, hail ! for beauty is their own,
The feeling heart, simplicity of life,
And elegance, and taste; the faultless form,
Shaped by the hand of harmony; the cheek,
Where the live crimson, through the native white
Soft shooting, o'er the face diffuses bloom,
And every nameless grace; the parted lip,
Like the red rosebud moist with morning dew,
Breathing delight; and under flowing jet;
Or sunny ringlets, or of circling brown,
The neck slight shaded, and the swelling breast;
The look resistless, piercing to the soul,
And by the soul inform'd, when dress'd in love,
She sits high smiling in the conscious eye.
Island of bliss ! amid the subject seas,
That thunder round thy rocky coasts, set up,
At once the wonder, terror, and delight
Of distant nations; whose remotest shores
Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm;
Not to be shook thyself, but all assaults
Baffling, as thy hoar-cliff the loud sea wave.

O Thou ! by whose almighty nod the scale
 Of empire rises, or alternate falls,
 Send forth the saving virtues round the land
 In bright patrol : White Peace and Social Love;
 The tender-looking Charity, intent
 On gentle deeds, and shedding tears through smiles;
 Undaunted Truth, and Dignity of Mind;
 Courage composed and keen; sound Temperance,
 Healthful in heart and look; clear Chastity,
 With blushes redd'ning as she moves along,
 Disorder'd at the deep regard she draws.
 Rough Industry; Activity untired,
 With copious life inform'd, and all awake;
 While in the radiant front, superior shines
 That first paternal virtue, Public Zeal;
 Who throws o'er all an equal wide survey,
 And ever musing on the common weal,
 Still labours glorious with some great design.

—*Thomson.*

PRINCIPLE SEVENTH.

THE ANTITHESIS OR EMPHATIC FORCE.

There is not in the whole science of Elocution a more pervading principle than that of Emphasis. Its importance is universal, since its application modifies all the rules of Delivery. Although it is upon the system of inflection that the grace and significance of vocal modulation depend, and by it that nature instructs us to express our feelings; yet, as it is by the law of emphasis that the sense of a passage is mainly elicited, and the inflections themselves to a certain degree determined, it must be evident that in the judicious management of this principle the success of delivery greatly consists.

Emphasis is that principle which fixes the word on which

the sense, and, consequently, the modulation, of any particular member are concentrated.

Is all emphasis antithetic ?

This question seems to involve a controversy regarding the use and meaning of certain terms rather than the nature of things ; and perhaps it may tend to the clearer distinction of the accented and emphatic forces to assume, at once, that all emphasis *is* antithetical. It has been common with rhetoricians as well as elocutionists to distinguish the elements of speech into *unaccented*, *accented*, and *emphatic* words—including in the first class, all the more subordinate words of a sentence, which are chiefly used as connecting particles ; in the second, those words of greater import, such as the noun and verb, which are the signs of objects and affirmations ; and in the third, all those highly expressive terms upon which the sense of a passage chiefly turns. The elocutionist delivers the words of the first class in that tripping manner which affords him time for pronouncing more leisurely those of the second ; and his principal inflections are reserved for words of the third class, which, from their superior importance as embodying the concentrated sense, have received the name emphatic. Now, it seems perfectly obvious that every word occupying this high position will be found to involve antithesis either expressed or understood.

The words of the first class, the *unaccented*, receive no inflection but when in opposition. Antithesis has the power of rendering even these emphatic by conferring upon them a significance beyond their usual import. Thus—"Let us be wise *up* to whät is written, not *abóve* whät is written." "We are not jústified in arguing *agáinst* the trüth, but *för* the trüth." In these quotations, the particles *up*, *above*, *against*, *for*, become emphatic, and receive modulation from the antithesis they involve, whereas they are naturally unaccented words and exclude modulation.

The *accented* words of a sentence admit of inflection inde-

pendent of antithesis, as there are many passages of such an ordinary character, as not to convey any very emphatic meaning. These will be found to involve no opposition, being merely of an affirmative character. Thus—"Màn is the workmanship of a grèat and bountiful Crèator—that Crèator has mādè him for hìgh and nòble pùrposes—he is intènded for twò distìnt stàtes of bèing." This, it will be perceived, is merely accented, and claims only a weak and even unimportant modulation, whereas the following is antithetical and determines the modulation on certain terms, the superior importance of which cannot be disputed. "His first life is trãsient, the sécond pèrmanent; the first corpóreal, the sécond spirítual; the fòrmer confìned to tíme, the láttèr embràcing ètèrnity."

What, then, it may be asked, are those words that seem to admit modulation from their own individual importance, not relatively but positively, as the words *Creator*, *ends*, *being*, in the former members? Are they not emphatic? They may be called by any name, but are not emphatic in the precise sense of the term. They are the most important words of their own sentence, but are not of equal import with the emphatic words of other sentences. They are merely accented words, and require less skill in their management, and incur less danger of being overlooked, than the emphatic. The superior importance of the emphatic force over the accented arises from this circumstance, that its right application depends upon a mental process of the reader. It is by a critical examination of the sense of the passage, that he arrives at the emphatic force; and it would certainly much facilitate the inquiry were he to abide by the general principle that antithetic words alone are emphatic; that words placed in contrast or comparison are alone entitled to that distinction; and that the sense of such terms cannot be traced farther than the doctrine of antithesis applies. It must be obvious

to the merest tyro, that words having a relative opposition to one another have a force and appositeness altogether superior to that of merely accented words. The reader feels their importance wherever they occur; feels that they claim a consideration, peculiarly their own, from the amount of significance they involve; that they cannot be tripped over cursorily without doing violence to the sense.

One most important consideration connected with the doctrine of emphasis is, that the emphatic force has no inflection of its own, but is modulated on the principle of general rules. It is absurd to contend that the emphatic force exercises any control over the system of modulation, which must ever depend on the sense of the member. The emphatic word, no doubt, restricts that sense; were the emphatic word to change its position in the sentence, the idea and its modulation would necessarily change with it; still the character of the modulation, as being rising or falling, depends not upon that word alone, but is determined by the pervading sense, as being negative, affirmative, concessive, &c. The import of the sentence determines the nature of the inflection—the emphatic word, like the accented, merely appropriates to itself the inflection which that import assigns to it, in accordance with the rule to which it belongs.

Whence arises this controlling power in the emphatic force for which certain elocutionists contend? It has been alleged that the emphatic word dictates the rising or falling modulation, according to the extent of its relative signification. Thus, we find the emphatic force distinguished into two kinds; by some, into the emphasis of *force* and the emphasis of *sense*—by others, into the *positive* or *weak* emphasis and the *relative* or *strong* emphasis; both marking the same distinction, and originating, we apprehend, in the same misapprehension. The *accented* and *emphatic* forces seem a much simpler and more correct phraseology. The rule of emphasis, according to the prevailing system, is, that “when

the emphatic force excludes the antithesis, or leaves it doubtful, it requires the rising inflection; when otherwise, the falling;"—or, in other words, "when the emphatic word does not affirm the same thing of its antithesis, or leaves it doubtful, it requires the weak emphasis and rising inflection; but when it *does* affirm the same thing of its antithesis, it requires the strong emphasis and falling inflection,"—thus controlling the modulation by the particular import of the emphatic word, and not by the general sense. For example—"Hé would not hurt a fly;"—this, say the advocates for the rule of emphasis, takes the strong emphasis and falling inflection, because it is intended to convey the idea that the person alluded to would hurt nothing; would injure no animal; and consequently including the antithesis. Again—"Hè would not hurt a fly;"—this, say they, takes the weak emphasis and rising inflection, because the sense intended to be conveyed is, not that the individual would injure no sensitive being, but that, at least, he would despise to hurt so helpless and insignificant a creature as a *fly*,—thus excluding the antithetical word. Now, in opposition to this, it seems perfectly plain that there is no dependence here of the inflection upon the emphatic word, separately considered, but altogether upon the general sense; wherefore there is no occasion for recourse to any abstract rule of emphasis, but to the rules for modulation in general. Thus—"Hé would not hurt a fly"—with the falling inflection certainly; not, however, because of any particular kind or degree of emphasis, or because the emphatic word *fly* includes the antithesis, but because the entire clause forms an example of Principle First, "Affirmative members take the falling inflection." Again—"Hè would not hurt a fly"—with the rising inflection, not because it is any example of the weak emphasis, the emphatic word excluding the antithesis, but because it is an equally obvious example of Principle Second, "Negative members take the rising inflection;"—and so with all

other examples of the supposed rule of emphasis. Let the modulation be regulated by the general principles already advanced, and the result will be the same as that of the rule of emphasis; with this advantage, that the principles of reading will be compressed into less compass and be less perplexing. The elocutionist must legislate for entire sentences, not for isolated clauses, as in the above example, the general bearing of which may be obscure. In the former case, the sense is obvious, and determines the modulation; in the latter, the critic may speculate at pleasure, claiming authority for a principle which would have no authority and no necessity, were the entire sentence submitted to the reader's consideration.

The following extract from Rowe's tragedy of "The Fair Penitent," has been often quoted by those who plead the controlling power of the emphatic forces. Mr Walker was the first to urge its importance as an example of the weak emphasis, with the rising modulation on "man," which position Mr Sheridan Knowles disputes:—

" 'Twas báse and pòor, unwòrthy òf a mán,
To forge a scròll so villainous and lòose,
And márk it with a nòble lády's nàme."

It would probably settle the controversy were it remembered that "man" is not necessarily the emphatic word in the clause, inasmuch as it forms no antithesis either expressed or implied. It cannot be supposed that the author is, in this sentence, instituting any comparison betwixt the individual referred to and any other order of creature, or even betwixt one degree or quality of man and another. The act of fraud and forgery with which the gay Lothario was chargeable cannot be supposed worthy of any other being. That which was a crime in him, was so in itself, and could not become a virtue in any other; whereas, according to the supposed law of emphasis, which would assign the rising

inflection to "man," as an example of the weak emphatic force, that which was unworthy of Lothario as a human being might not have been supposed unworthy of some inferior nature. The adjective "unworthy" seems to have been overlooked, the importance of which entitles it to take the falling modulation as the emphatic word of an inverse concluding member, and preparatory to the penultimate inflection on the word "loose," thereby cancelling the modulation on the word "man," as being only of secondary importance. The sentence will then be inflected as above. It would be easy to multiply examples of the same nature. We are not aware of a single sentence adduced in confirmation of the law of emphasis that may not be comprehended under other rules. "I will be in *mán's* despite a monarch"—"despite" taking the falling modulation because it is the emphatic word of an affirmative member, and not because it exemplifies the strong emphasis. It is to be understood, then, that there are no rules of emphatic inflection exclusively, but that the principles of elocution have an application common to emphatic as well as accented words; for this reason, that the inflection arises out of the general meaning, and not the particular acceptation of any single word, whether accented or emphatic.

The Antithesis is represented in three distinct forms—the simple, double, and triple; the principle in each being, that opposite terms require opposite inflections.

RULE 1st. *The Simple Antithesis consists of two terms opposed to each other, the former of which takes the rising modulation if the latter requires the falling, as is the case in final and affirmative members; whereas, should the latter require the rising, as in the case of closing negatives, &c., the former will take the falling.* Thus—"The *mánner* of *spéaking* is *às* *impòrtant* as *thē* *màtter*." "Almost *évery* *òbject* that *atràcts* our *nóticé* has its *bright* and its *dàrk* side." "*Sin-cérity* is *òppòsed* to *cùnnìng*, not to *trúe* *wisdom*." "To *bè*,

or nót to bē; thàt is the quèstion." "Trúe èase in writing comes from *àrt*, not *chànce*."

2d. *The Double Antithesis consists of four terms opposed to each other, or rather of two simple antitheses conjoined; the first and last of which take the falling modulation on final and affirmative members, where the fourth term concludes the sense, but are reversed in negatives, &c.; while the second and third take the rising under the same limitation.* Thus, in instituting a comparison between the two epic poets of antiquity, Dr Johnson says—"Hòmer is the grèater génius, Virgil the bétter àrtist; in the òne we mòst admire the mán, in the òther the wòrk." "The yòung are slàves to nòvelty, the òld to cùstom." "The king's slèép is not sweeter, nor his àppetite bétter, than in the méanest of his subjects." "If the rich man hás the mòre mèat, but the pòor man the bétter stómach, the difference is àll in fàvour of the latter."

3d. *The Triple Antithesis consists of six terms opposed to each other, or three successive simple antitheses combined—the first term being opposed to the fourth, the second to the fifth, and the third to the sixth. In final and affirmative members, the first, third, and fifth take the rising modulation, in order to preserve their antithetic relation to the second, fourth, and sixth terms, which take the falling, or vice versa, as before.* Thus, in Dr Johnson's contrast of Pope with Dryden—"Dryden is read with frèquent astónishment, Pòpe with perpétual delight. The nòtions of Dryden were fòrmed by comprèhensive speculation, thòse of Pòpe with minúte attention." "Precipitátion ruins the bést contrived plàns, pátience ripens the mòst difficult."

The Quadruple Antithesis, as exemplified in Dryden's Ode on the Power of Music, scarcely merits the distinction of a separate rule, as one or more of the eight terms it contains are generally suppressed as unnecessary.

"Hé raised a mòrtal to the skées,
Shè drèw an àngel dònwn."

There is little danger of mistaking the principle of antithesis when both terms are expressed. It is the principle of contrast or opposition. Wherever there is contradistinction in the sense, the same must be expressed in the tones of the voice ; and it will be found that, in the modulations assigned to the various forms, the principle of contrast is maintained throughout ; so that each term receives invariably a modulation opposite to that of the term with which it is contrasted.

Antithesis is sometimes, however, presented elliptically, the relative term being suppressed ; and here the reader must proceed with caution, lest he overlook the emphatic word, and attach his modulation to some inferior term in the sentence. Thus—"Every mán, however líttle, málkes a figure in his *òwn* eyes ;" "*òwn*" being the emphatic word as opposed to the judgment of *òthers*. "We esteem móst things according to their intrinsic mèrit ; it is stránge *mán* should be an excèption." "Guárd your wèak síde from bèing knòwn—if it be attácked, the bèst wáy is to *jòin* in the attáck."

"Hámlet, yòu have your fátther much offènded."

"Móther, *yòu* have my fátther much offènded."

The Principle of Emphasis, as embodied in Antithesis, is exemplified in the following Extracts :—

PARALLEL BETWEEN POPE AND DRYDEN.

In acqúred knòwledge, the superiority must be allowed to Drýden, whose educátion was mòre scholástic, and whó, befóre hè became an áuthor, had been allowed móre tíme for stúdy, with better méans of infórmatíon. Hís mind has a larger rànge, and he collects his ímages and íllustrátions from a mòre exténsive circúmférence of scéence. Drýden knew mòre of mán in his gènerál nátúre, and Pòpe in his lòcal mànners. The pòtions of Drýden were formed by comprehénsive speculátion ; thòse of Pòpe by mínúte atténtion. There is mòre dígnity in the knòwledge of Drýden, and mòre cértainty in that of Pòpe.

Póetry was not the sole praise of èither; for bòth excelled likewise in próse; but Pope did not borrow his prose from his predecessor. The style of Dryden is capricious and varied; that of Pòpe is cáutious and úniform. Dryden obeys the motions of his own mínd; Pòpe constrains his mind to his own rules of composition. Dryden is sometimes véhement and rápid; Pòpe is always smóoth, úniform, and gèntle. Dryden's page is a natural field, rising into inequalities, and diversified by the varied exúberance of abundant végétation; Pòpe's is a velvet làwn, shàven by the scýthe, and lévelled by the ròller.

Of génius—that pòwer which constitutes a pòet; that qualità without which judgment is cold, and knowledge is inert; that ènergy which collécts, combínes, ámplifies, and ánimates—the superiority must, with sòme hesítation, be allowed to Dryden. It is not to be inferred, that of this poètical vigour Pòpe had only a líttle, because Dryden had móre: for every òther writer since Mílton must give plàce to Pòpe; and even of Dryden it must be said that if he has bríghter páragraphs, he has not bétter pòems. Dryden's performances were always hàsty; either excited by some extèrnal occásion, or extòrtd by domèstic nècessity; he compòsed without considèration, and published without corrèction. What his mind could supplý at cáll, or gáther at òne excúrsion, was àll that he sòught, and àll that he gávè. The dilatory cáution of Pòpe enabled him to condènsè his sèntiments, to mùltiply his images, and to accumulate all that stùdy might prodúce, or chápce might supplý. If the flights of Dryden, therefore, are hígher, Pòpe continues longer on the wíng. If of Dryden's fire the blàze is bríghter, of Pòpe's the héat is more regular and còntant. Dryden often surpássez expectation, and Pòpe never falls belòw it. Dryden is read with frèquent astónishment, and Pòpe with perpétual delíght.—*Johnson.*

CHARACTER OF ADDISON AS A WRITER.

As a describer of life and manners, Mr Addison must be allowed to stand perhaps the first in the first rank.—His humour is peculiar to himself, and is so happily diffused, as to give the grace of novelty to domestic scenes and daily occurrences. He never *o'ersteps the modesty of nature*, nor raises merriment and wonder by the

violation of truth. His figures neither divert by distortion, nor amaze by aggravation. He copies life with so much fidelity, that he can hardly be said to invent; yet his exhibitions have an air so much original, that it is difficult to suppose them not merely the product of imagination.

As a teacher of wisdom, he may be confidently followed. His religion has nothing in it enthusiastic or superstitious; he appears neither weakly credulous, nor wantonly sceptical; his morality is neither dangerously lax nor implacably rigid. All the enchantments of fancy, and all the cogency of argument, are employed to recommend to the reader his real interest,—the care of pleasing the Author of his being. Truth is shown sometimes as the phantom of a vision, sometimes appears half-veiled in an allegory, sometimes attracts regard in the robe of fancy, and sometimes steps forth in the confidence of reason. She wears a thousand dresses, and in all is pleasing.

His prose is the model of the middle style: on grave subjects not formal, on light occasions not grovelling; pure without scrupulosity, and exact without apparent elaboration; always equable, and always easy, without glowing words or pointed sentences. His page is always luminous, but never blazes in unexpected splendour. It seems to have been his principal endeavour to avoid all harshness and severity of diction; he is therefore sometimes verbose in his transitions and connections, and sometimes descends too much to the language of conversation; yet if his language had been less idiomatical, it might have lost somewhat of its genuine Anglicism. What he attempted he performed; he is never feeble, and he did not wish to be energetic; he is never rapid, and he never stagnates. His sentences have neither studied amplitude nor affected brevity; his periods, though not diligently rounded, are voluble and easy. Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison.

—*Johnson.*

Under these Seven Principles, viewed in connection with the theory of Emphasis, may be included all that is practically useful in the art of reading. Every possible variety of

sentence may be resolved, we apprehend, into one or other of these Seven Principles.

In the first place, what is the rule of the Elliptical Member, which some systems represent as a separate principle, but that of the Antithesis? Every antithesis, we have seen, admits, nay, necessarily involves, an ellipsis—the clause common to both terms of an antithesis, is obviously elliptical, and admits of no modulation. The following quotation is very generally adduced as an example of the elliptical member:—"Shall wé, in your pérsôn, crówn the aúthor of the públic calāmities, ór shall wē destròy him?"—the clause, "author of the public calamities," being the elliptical member, and read, according to the supposed rule of the elliptical member, without any modulation, and on the monotone of the previously inflected word. But this is the very reading which the rule of the antithetic question would suggest—"crown" and "destroy" being the two terms of a simple antithesis, as illustrated under Principle Seventh. On recurring to the examples of antithesis formerly given, it will be found that in each an elliptical clause occurs. "The mánner of speáking is as impórtant ás the mätter"—the phrase "of speaking" being elliptical, as common to the two terms "manner" and "matter." "Whère is the jústice, or whère the expédiency, of sūch a mēasure?"—the phrase "of such a measure" being elliptical. The same principle obtains in every other example of the antithesis, the rule of which is, that the antithetic terms only take the inflection—consequently, any additional rule of ellipsis is unnecessary.

In the second place, what is the principle of the Climax but that of the Series? The climax, no doubt, is marked by an increase of energy in the reader proportioned to the increase of feeling or argument; but this has been shown to belong to the series, and every other form of sentence, and to depend not upon any particular form of sentence, or

any principle of modulation, but altogether upon the earnestness of the reader. He is expected, at all times, to consult the pervading sense of his passage, and resign himself to the feelings it awakens.

Lastly, what is the rule of the Echo, or Repetition, as it is sometimes called, but that of the Exclamation?—which was already stated, in connection with the Interrogation, as generally requiring the rising modulation. What is the Monotone, or Circumflex, or Harmonic Inflection, but a natural and animated manner of delivering certain passages according to the awakened earnestness of the reader? The numerous varieties, and shades of varieties, into which the theory of delivery has, from time to time, been subdivided, have all originated in the supposition that earnestness can be taught; that feeling and animation can, by mere dictation, be transfused into the mind of the reader. The principles of modulation have no such tendency. Feeling, energy, intensity, are all the reader's own; correctness, grace, impressiveness of manner, are the gifts of elocution.

We suspect we are near the truth when we affirm that the orator is never so successful as when, in entire forgetfulness of all extreme niceties of voice and gesture, he throws himself into his subject, and follows whithersoever nature may carry him. To assign rules for every modification of tone, emphasis, or feeling, is not less absurd than to insist that a child should understand the laws of speech before he articulates the letters of the alphabet. The faculty of speech is already possessed, and the volition of the child is all that is required for its full development; in like manner, the orator possesses the sensibility of expressing every elevation of sentiment in its appropriate earnestness, could he only resign himself to its natural impulse. Much of the propriety of delivery consists in the graceful shifting of the voice from one level to another; which, of course, is altogether a general principle, not reducible to rule, any more

than those other refinements of taste which study and practice can communicate ; yet is it a desideratum the importance of which cannot be overestimated. It imparts freshness, enlivens the subject, and checks that insipidity of speech which the educated ear rejects, as alike painful to the hearer and prejudicial to the speaker.

POETICAL DELIVERY.

What constitutes poetry ? Elevation of sentiment, originality of conception, concentration of thought, clothed in proportionally precise and glowing language—" words that glow, and thoughts that burn"—are some of its distinctive features. Where there is no peculiar reach of thought, where the ideas are trite and commonplace, however sensible in themselves and grammatically expressed, there is no genuine poetry. The writer who chooses to express such sentiments in the measured quantities of verse, commits an egregious error, inasmuch as he dresses them in an attire to which they have no natural alliance. Mere versification is not poetry, neither is it strictly essential to poetry ; notwithstanding that the world has been so accustomed to hear mere versification so denominated, while destitute of the qualities essential to the art, that the two terms have become nearly synonymous. Who has not detected, in the countless attempts ever issuing from the press, a frequent absence of the poetic talent,—little originality,—none of that concentration of sense which Shakspeare has characterised as the soul of wit ; but, in place of these, a commonness of idea and tameness of flight, as if the wing on which it rose had been lamed in its progress ? All such ordinary level of thought and illustration would better suit the simpler arrangements of unassuming prose, than the higher pretensions of verse. Since it is *mind*, then—the inventive faculty—that forms the essential feature of poetry, it is clear there

may be found much poetry in prose. The writings of Ossian are equal, in fertility of imagination and power of description, to any poetry extant. There is much poetry in the prose writings of Sir Walter Scott and Washington Irving, and much in the sermons of Dr Chalmers.

Without entering into the consideration of the several orders of poetic composition, as being foreign to our object, it may be proper to remind the juvenile reader that Rhyme is that species of versification in which a harmony of sound occurs at the close of some successive or alternate verse; whereas Blank Verse recognises no such similarity of sound, and differs from prose only in the precision of its quantities. With regard to the reading of poetry, it is to be understood that, whatever principles apply to prose, apply equally to verse. The rules of the Affirmative member, Negative, Concessive, &c., belong to every class of composition; any peculiarities that may be advanced in reference to verse, are to be considered as subordinate to these.

Poetical composition, it may be premised, admits more of the monotone, and a greater fulness and length of tone than prose. This is supposed to proceed from the frequent recurrence of the long syllable, as well as the sublimity of the composition itself. The thoughts and language are supposed to be so engrossing, as not to admit of a rapid delivery. The reader is so arrested by the imagery, so captivated by the originality and truthfulness of the poet's delineations, that he is compelled to pause, both that he may enjoy the subject himself and recommend it to others. It is, indeed, a sure evidence of deficiency in the poetic talent, a proof of the paucity of thought and barrenness of invention that pervade the composition, when the reader feels inclined to take leave of his author. He may be likened to one journeying over an arid waste, where, tired of the sterility that surrounds him, he hurries forward to the fresher green that lies beyond; unlike to him who enjoys a walk by some winding stream, where

enchantment dwells, and prompts him, at every step, to pause and admire the beauties of the scene.

Elocutionists agree in assigning a special arrangement of modulation to certain forms of stanza—the Couplet, Triplet, and Quatrain or Quadruplet.

The Couplet is that form in which every successive couple of verses rhyme; the former of which verses generally takes the rising, and the latter the falling, unless prevented by the superior claim of the Seven Principles.

“Remòte from citiēs livēd a swāin,
Unvėx’d with āll thē cāres of gāin;
His hėad was silvėr’d o’er with āge,
And lōng expėriēce mādē hīm sàge.

* * * * *

A deēp philōsopher (whōse rūles
Of mōral life wėre drāwn frōm schōols),
The shėpherd’s hōmely cōttage sōught,
And thūs expłōred his reāch of thōught.

Whēnce is thy lėarning? Hāth thy tōil
O’er bōōks cōsumēd the mīdnight oīl?
Hast thou ōld Grėce and Rōme survėy’d,
And the vāsť sēnse of Plāto wėigh’d?”

The Triplet is that form of stanza in which every three successive verses rhyme; the first of which generally takes the monotone, the second the rising inflection, and the last the falling, unless some general rule interferes.

“Nōw night’s dīm shādēs āgāin invōlve the skȳ;
Āgāin the wānderers wānt a plāce to līe;
Āgāin they sėarch, and find a lōdging nīgh.”

“Is he a chūrčman? Thén he’s fōnd of pōwer:
A Quākėr?—sȳ: a Prėsbȳtėrian?—sōur:
A smārt frėethinker?—āll thīngs in ān hōur.”

The Quatrain stanza consists of four verses rhyming successively or alternately; of which the first is supposed to take

the monotone, the second and third the rising inflection, and the last the falling, with the same qualification as before.

"Ströng mæn and bábess alike with ünction hē did fill ;
The scéptic, even, and fórmalist were silenced at his will ;
All clásses sat and listen'd still—they listen'd to admire,
Like spéll-bound sūbjects at the tóuch of sōme wild Orphean
lÿre."

"Th' appláuse of listening sēnates to command,
The thréats of páin and rùin to despise,
To scátter plènty o'er a smiling lánd,
And réad their hlstory in a nàtion's éyes,
Their lótf forbáde ; nor circumscribéd alóne
Their grówing vírtues, but their crímes confíned ;
Forbáde to wáde thróugh sláughter to a thróne,
And shút the gátes of mércy ón mánkínd."

Blank Verse is subject to the same general principles as prose, and is distinguished from it only by the fulness and continuance of tone peculiar to poetry. As an exercise in Blank Verse, exemplifying the Seven General Principles, the reader may take

HYMN TO THE DEITY ON THE SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

"Thése, as they chángé, Almíghty Fáther,—thesé
Are but the *váried* Gódd. The rólíng yéar
Is fúll of thee. Fórt in the pléasing Spríng
Thy beáúty wálks, thy ténderness and lóve.
Wíde flúsh the fíelds ; the sòftening áir is bálm ;
E'cho the mountains róund ; the fórest smíles ;
And évery sēse, and évery héart is jòy.
Thén comes thy glóry in the Sùmmér mónthss,
With líght and héat refúlgent ; thén thy sun
Shoots fúll perféctíon thróugh the swéllíng yéar :
And óft thy vóice in dréadful thúnder spéaks ;
And óft, at dáwn, deèp nóon, or fállíng éve,
By broóks and gróves, in höllow-whísperíng gáles.

Thy bount' shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
 And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
 In Winter, awful Thou ! with clouds and storms
 Around thee thrown ; tempest o'er tempest roll'd ;
 Majestic darkness ! On the whirlwind's wing
 Riding sublime, thou bid'st the world adore,
 And humblest Nature with thy northern blast.
 Mysterious round ; what skill, what force divine,
 Deep felt, in these appear ! a simple train ;
 Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,
 Such beauty and beneficence combin'd ;
 Shade, unperceived, so softening into shade ;
 And all so forming an harmonious whole ;
 That as they still succeed, they ravish still.
 But, wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
 Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty hand,
 That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres ;
 Works in the secret deep ; shoots, steaming, thence
 The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring ;
 Flings from the sun direct the flaming day ;
 Feeds every creature ; hurls the tempest forth :
 And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
 With transport touches all the springs of life.
 Nature attend ! Join, every living soul
 Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
 In adoration join ; and, ardent, raise
 One general song ! To Him, ye vocal gales,
 Breathe soft, whose spirit in your freshness breathes ;
 O talk of Him in solitary glooms !
 Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
 Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
 And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
 Who shake th' astonish'd world, lift high to heav'n
 Th' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage ;
 His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills,
 And let me catch it as I muse along.
 Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound,
 Ye softer floods, that lead the humid mæze
 Along the vale, and thou, majestic main,
 A secret world of wonders in thyself,

Sound His stupendous praise, whose greater voice,
 Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
 Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
 In mingled clouds to Him, whose sun exalts,
 Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
 Ye forests, bend : ye harvests, wave to Him,
 Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
 As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
 Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
 Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
 Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
 Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
 Great source of day ! best image here below
 Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
 From world to world, the vital ocean round,
 On Nature write with every beam His praise.
 The thunder rolls ; be hush'd the prostrate world,
 While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
 Bleat out afresh, ye hills : ye mossy rocks,
 Retain the sound : the broad responsive low,
 Ye valleys, raise,—for the great Shepherd reigns,
 And His *unsuffering* kingdom yet will come.
 Ye woodlands all, awake ; a boundless song
 Burst from the groves ; and when the restless day,
 Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
 Sweetest of birds ! sweet Philomela, charm
 The listening shades, and teach the night His praise.
 Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles ;
 At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all ;
 Crown the great hymn : in swarming cities vast,
 Assembled men, to the deep organ join
 The long-resounding voice, oft breaking clear,
 At solemn pauses, through the swelling bass ;
 And, as each mingling flame increases each,
 In one united ardour rise to heaven.
 Or, if you rather choose the rural shade,
 And find a fane in every sacred grove ;
 There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
 The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
 Still sing the God of Seasons as they roll.

For mé, when I forget the dārling thème,
 Whether the blōssom blōws, the Sūmmer rāy
 Rūssets the plāin, inspiring Autumn glēams,
 Or Wīnter rīses in the blackening éast;
 Be my tóngue mùte, may fáncy paint no mòre,
 And, dèad to jóy, forgét my hēart to bèat.
 Should fáte command me to the farthest verge
 Of the grèen éarth, to dīstant bārbārous clīmes,
 Rīvers unknowñ to sóag; where fīrst the sun
 Gīlds Indian móuntains, or his sètting bèam
 Flāmes on Atlantic ísles; 'tis nòught to mé;
 Since Gód is èver prèsent, èver fèlt,
 In the vòid wāste as in the city fùll:
 And where Hè vītal bréathes, there mùst be jòy.
 When èven at lást the sòlemn hóur shall còme,
 And wīng my mystic flīght to fùture wórlds,
 I chéerful will obèy: thère with nèw pówers,
 Will rīsing wonders sīng: I cánnòt gò,
 Where Unīvèrsal Lóve not smīles aròund,
 Sustāining all yon órbs, and all their súns:
 From *séeming* èvil stīll educing gòod,
 And *bèttèr* thènce agāin, and *bèttèr* stīll,
 In infinite progrèssion.—But I lōse
 Mysèlf in Hīm, in Líght Inèffable!
 Còme, thén, exprèssive Sīlence, mùse His prāise.

—Thomson.

RHETORICAL ACTION.

Gesture, in order to be impressive, must be natural. That which is natural is generally both graceful in quality and appropriate in kind. If rhetorical action is either awkward in itself or unsuitable to the language, feeling, or circumstances which accompany it, it is alike objectionable. Better never raise the arm, than raise it unseasonably; better never appear in earnest, if not actually so. The action that is not the ebullition of feeling, will always seem out of

place, and therefore extravagant. It should be the legitimate expression of earnestness ; an earnestness not assumed, however, merely because it may be thought desirable, but genuine because felt, and felt so intuitively that the speaker is, at the moment, perhaps unconscious of its existence. When otherwise, the action becomes cold and formal—the result of a moral reason rather than a physical spontaneity. The speaker is thereby forced into a false position with his audience, and pays the forfeit of his misconception in a laboured indulgence of strut and rant, that land him the deeper into discontent with himself and his subject. His audience seek it not, for it offends them—the subject requires it not, for he has not yet felt his subject—and he flounders about from one false tack to another, seeking some touch of nature to guide him, and finding none. We know nothing more melancholy than the exhibition of him who gesticulates simply because he has seen another do so in similar circumstances, and supposes he should do the same. That other may have been received with rapture, because he felt his author; while this fails, simply because he does not. In the former, the action was acceptable, because the natural and necessary reflex of the intensity felt—in the latter, the character is never seen, only the reciter. He had observed the other throw up his arms, stamp and fume, and be applauded in doing so, and he does the same ; but why he should fail while the other succeeded, is to him all a mystery.

The safest rule, then, obviously is to follow the impulse of nature. Any attempt to guide the speaker must be in accordance with this, and should be viewed not so much as indicating when gesture should be used, as how it is to be regulated when the springs of action have been so awakened as to make gesture indispensable. Principles of gesture do not communicate feeling, any more than principles of modulation. The orator gesticulates when nature prompts—when he feels that for the body to be any longer silent

would be impossible. Nature will manifest herself. He then feels he may as soon cease to speak as cease to act. The action that has its origin in the mere will and caprice of the speaker, and its object in the mere desire of pleasing, is seldom successful. It may raise a laugh when it is meant to woo a tear. Some speakers are seldom passive—not knowing how to dispose of their arms, their feet, their eye. With them it is a fault ever to be at rest—they see no grace, no propriety, no expression, in a pause or in inaction; and simply because they do not follow nature. They will not wait till they are warmed with their subject, but set out, *ab initio*, with the professed purpose of making an impression, forgetting that there is no impressiveness without corresponding earnestness. Others, again, err on the score of tameness. They have contracted such a dislike, it may be, to all that borders on extravagance, that they will not lift a finger during their whole harangue. If they feel their subject, they show it only in the rapidity of their utterance. Action they avoid, forgetting that action ceases to be extravagant the moment it flows from intensity. It is then proper, nay, necessary, if they have any regard for themselves, their subject, or their audience. These suffer by false modesty—the others, by their own false notions of earnestness. What is a vice in the former, would become a virtue in the latter. The fear of offending constrains the one—the thirst of applause moves the others, who think themselves so much the better speakers that they can bellow and gesticulate as few ever did before them.

If nature, then, is to constitute the basis of rhetorical action—to be both the principle and test of propriety—how may the student be so schooled into the perception of what is natural, as to discover it where he had never seen it before, and detect the absence of it in those who hitherto seemed to possess it?

In the first place, natural action will harmonise with the

subject. Is the subject moving—admitting the higher flights of oratory?—so will be the action. The head will be uplifted, the eye open, the arm extended, the whole figure drawn up to a more than ordinary height, as if the orator felt he could not tower sufficiently above his audience. Is the subject commonplace, conventional, prosaic?—the action will be proportionally subdued, less elevated, and less exciting. And why? Because nature wills it. To be excited without reason, is just as unnatural as to be calm and unconcerned under the strongest excitement. In the true orator, him who consults nature, and is willing to be led by it, every gesture, weak or violent, will harmonise with the emotion that calls it forth; seeming rather to form part of the emotion than to be suggested by it. Action, in such a speaker, is the language of the body, and is always in harmony with that of the tongue.

In the second place, action, when the offspring of emotion, will be instantaneous. There will be no drawling—no sawing of the air—the emphatic stroke of the arm, the quiver of the lip, the start of the limb, will accompany the emphasis of the voice, thereby telling powerfully on the feelings that are addressed. The reverse of this is that tediousness of gesture, that long sweep of the arm, which falls tamely on the eye, and resolves itself into a most tiresome and drivelling monotony. The gesture of an impassioned orator may not be always the most polished, but it will always be more or less impressive, because always in season with the excitement that gave it birth. Who that has heard Dr Chalmers or Gavazzi, in the excitement of their delivery, ever failed to be struck with this! How amazingly impressive by the very instantaneousness of their action!—the flash of the eye, the elevation of the arm, the clenching of the hand, united so simultaneously with the emphasis of voice and language, as to form a combination of forces altogether irresistible—if not terrific. Not so where there is a

certain poverty of argument or absence of feeling—the speaker then evidently labours to produce an effect not natural in the circumstances. The orator must first display a certain vigour of conception and diction, before he can legitimately call in the aids of action. The mind must first be moved, before such results can follow. The engine that is to exhibit such heavings and tossings must first be set in motion, otherwise, the tempest will seem the mere vapouring of externals—not the reflection of a living principle. An arm so raised as to express any thing or everything—a noise and fury that are of the speaker's own kindling and not that of his subject—a routine of gesticulations, sometimes antecedent, sometimes subsequent to the language they should accompany,—are all symptomatic of a mere affectation of earnestness, that is the more provoking from the tediousness it inflicts. It promises something, yet yields nothing—attracts, yet repulses—gives note of some coming greatness, yet passes off pointless and fruitless like the revolutions of a windmill or the report of a popgun.

Lastly, action that is regulated by feeling will cease when the feeling ceases. The procuring cause having subsided, the effect will disappear. The passage involving a condensation of sentiment and evolving a corresponding expression of impassioned action, having been enunciated, the sensible speaker will, with relaxed energy, return to the level tone and action of the more subdued passage that succeeds. He will not be equally animated in all, as all are not equally eloquent in themselves. The opposite of this is that homogeneous movement of the body which never knows an end, as it never knew a beginning. It commenced without a cause, and continues causeless. The action that has its origin in the mind, which began and continued involuntarily, will also cease involuntarily, because naturally and necessarily. The feeling is exhausted because the subject is exhausted, and the action which is the type of the feeling is

exhausted with it. In such a case, the relief experienced by the speaker and the hearer is reciprocal. The one feels he has accomplished his purpose—the other is well assured the speaker meant what he said, and used no false pretences. This is the work of nature—unpresuming, undissembling nature ; the other is mere trick and subterfuge—a subterfuge too palpable not to be discerned, and too gross ever to be forgiven.

The following outlines may assist the student in his attempt to acquire some degree of grace and propriety in gesture.

The *Advancing Step* denotes determination, purpose—with the hands extended forward towards an approaching object, expresses welcome.

The *Recoding Step* denotes a disposition to avoid—with the arms projected forward, palm outwards, denotes fear, alarm, terror, according to the violence and rapidity of start with which it is accompanied.

In *Dialogue*, the body maintains a diagonal direction towards the person addressed—not fixedly, however, so as to produce stiffness, but alternately in reference to other objects introduced. The back is turned when dissent, dislike, repulsiveness, is expressed.

The Hand should be presented open, the thumb and first finger particularly separated from the palm—never clenched except in extremity of passion or of purpose. It should be exposed with the palm upwards, styled the *supine* position; all curving of the fingers or diagonal edging of the hand should be avoided.

The *Inverted* position of the palm, styled the palm *prone*,

in which the back of the hand is exposed, is expressive of repose, of rest after labour—

“ *He lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.*”

The action *Repulse*, in which the open palm is turned outward, is expressive of dislike, scorn, reprobation, and should be accompanied with a simultaneous aversion of the eye—

Nó mōre! I'll hēar no mōre! *Begone and leave me!*”

The *Junction* of the hands, either at the tips of the fingers or at the palms, with the uplifted eye, is expressive of deep thought, contemplation—

“ *Éternity! Thou pleasing, dreadful thought!*”

The *Wringing* of the hands or fingers—the one hand clasping the other—is expressive of grief, remorse, and is generally accompanied with a restlessness of the whole frame—

“ *Hère's the smēll of blōod still! All the pèrfumes
Of Arábia will not sweeten this liddle hānd!*”

The *Index* hand is expressive of individuality—the *argumentum ad hominem* so to speak,—and is delivered with erectness of the person and elongation of the arm—

“ *And Náthan said unto Dávid—‘Thou art the mǎn!’*”

The *forefinger* of the right hand meeting that of the left at the points, is expressive of nice discrimination, minute distinction—

“ *Mǎrk me—hère is the point!*”

The hand *flat* on the region of the heart expresses sensation, consciousness—

" Whence *this secret dread and inward horror*
Of falling into nought?"

If not flat, but merely *touching* the breast with the points of the fingers, the action is expressive, not of sensation, but of self-appropriation—

" And keep his only son, *myself*, at home."

The hand, or one prominent finger, brought to the forehead, or traversing the region of the temples, with the eyes uplifted and a due solemnity of utterance, indicates doubt, anxiety, deep apprehension—

" *What dreams may come*, when we have shuffled off
This mortal coil, must give us pause!"

There are Three Ranges of Action—the Downward, the Horizontal, and the Elevated, depending each on the direction of the object to which the action refers.

The *Downward* range exhibits the arm coming to its object diagonally downwards from the shoulder.

" Even at the base of *Pompey's statue*,
Great Cæsar fell."

In the *Horizontal* or colloquial range the arm forms, more or less, a horizontal line from the shoulder to the hand—

" Romans, countrymen, and lovers—*hear me for my cause!*"

In the *Elevated*, the arm rises diagonally from the shoulder, and is used on all highly oratorical occasions, or in reference to an elevated object—

" The game's afoot ;
Follow your spirit ; and upon this charge,
Cry, *Heaven for Harry, England, and St George !*"

" Ye crágs and péaks ! *I'm with you once again !*"

In each of these ranges there may be discovered a subdivision of five individual positions into which gesticulation resolves itself—these are, the *across*, the *forward*, the *oblique*, the *extended*, the *backward*—each of which the student of elocution should be able to assume easily and instantly at the required juncture. These, it is to be understood, apply, as do all other principles of gesture, to the left hand as well as the right; thus furnishing, in connection with the three ranges of action, *thirty* different directions of the arm; and when doubled with the *repulsive* form of the hand, *sixty*. The individual positions of the hand and arm are indeed indefinite, supplying the orator with an almost countless variety of gesticulations. The position *across* is, of course, that which the arm takes in crossing the body downwards, horizontally, or upwards—the *forward*, where the arm is brought in the direction immediately opposite itself—the *oblique*, where it takes an angular direction outwards—the *extended*, where it is projected to the extreme point on its own side of the body—and the *backward*, where it indicates a reference to an object in its own rear.

Both arms may be in action at the same time, called *double* action—but they must be uniform in their operation, having one object in view. The same mind prompts both, consequently the action of both must manifest the same feeling. They are under one government, and must express the same allegiance. It cannot be natural, then, that the one ascends while the other descends—that the one is less elevated, less horizontal, less expressive, than the other—that the one is more languid in its movements, the other more instantaneous and energetic. The one sinks to repose naturally enough by dropping while the other rises into action; but the fall must be of that insensate character which never attracts the eye of the spectator, or divides his attention with the more important gesticulation of the other. There are no doubt some actions of a mixed character to

which this rule does not apply—where both arms uniting to express a combination of feelings must necessarily occupy separate positions—but, as a general principle, its reasonableness and correctness must be self-evident. Its violation, through awkwardness or inattention, is just another manifestation of that “sawing of the air,” which all students of nature, from Shakspeare downwards, have condemned as a deformity. Nature must preside over the movements of the body, as well as the modulation of the voice. To gesticulate from the mere impulse of intention, is the reverse of nature; it is mere affectation, and the source of much that is vulgar and grotesque.

The eye and hand should uniformly accompany each other. The eye is supposed to see its object an instant or two before the hand arrives at it—the language, or rather the idea it embodies, becoming the index to the eye, as the eye is to the hand—yet so closely do they unite to describe the thing signified,—the sentiment of love, or fear, or surprise,—that they seem to form one simultaneous movement. Like the natural daybreak, it cannot be discerned when the one state is, and the other is not; so imperceptibly does each glide into the other. The thought is seen, enunciated, and personated, with such instantaneousness, that it is difficult to say when the one act terminates and the other begins. Nor is the hand always last in the order of expression—the eye may return to the object, and, by a look of recognition, confirm the impression already made. One presiding influence so controls a series of agents, that, as they move, they reciprocate upon each other the living principle which first called them into action—

“All are but parts of one *congenial* whole,
Whose body Nature is, and *Mind* the soul.”

SELECTIONS.

PART FIRST—MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

CONVERSATION.

NEVER speak anything for a truth which you know or believe to be false. Lying is a great sin against God, who gave us a tongue to speak the truth, and not falsehood. It is a great offence against humanity itself; for, where there is no regard to truth, there can be no safe society between man and man. And it is an injury to the speaker; for, besides the disgrace which it brings upon him, it occasions so much baseness of mind, that he can scarcely tell truth, or avoid lying, even when he has no colour of necessity for it; and, in time, he comes to such a pass, that as other people cannot believe he speaks truth, so he himself scarcely knows when he tells a falsehood.

As you must be careful not to lie, so you must avoid coming near it. You must not equivocate, nor speak any thing positively for which you have no authority but report, or conjecture, or opinion.

Let your words be few, especially when your superiors, or strangers, are present, lest you betray your own weakness, and rob yourselves of the opportunity, which you might otherwise have had, to gain knowledge, wisdom, and experience, by hearing those whom you silence by your impertinent talking.

Be not too earnest, loud, or violent in your conversation. Silence your opponent with reason, not with noise.

Be careful not to interrupt another when he is speaking; hear him out, and you will understand him the better, and be able to give him the better answer.

Consider before you speak, especially when the business is of moment ; weigh the sense of what you mean to utter, and the expressions you intend to use, that they may be significant, pertinent, and inoffensive. Inconsiderate persons do not think till they speak ; or they speak, and then think.

Some men excel in husbandry, some in gardening, some in mathematics. In conversation, learn, as near as you can, where the skill or excellence of any person lies ; put him upon talking on that subject, observe what he says, keep it in your memory, or commit it to writing. By this means you will glean the worth and knowledge of everybody you converse with ; and, at an easy rate, acquire what may be of use to you on many occasions.

When you are in company with light, vain, impertinent persons, let the observing of their failings make you the more cautious both in your conversation with them and in your general behaviour, that you may avoid their errors.

If any one whom you do not know to be a person of truth, sobriety, and weight, relates strange stories, be not too ready to believe or report them ; and yet (unless he is one of your familiar acquaintance) be not too forward to contradict him. If the occasion requires you to declare your opinion, do it modestly and gently, not bluntly nor coarsely. By this means you will avoid giving offence, or being abused for too much credulity.

If a man, whose integrity you do not very well know, makes you great and extraordinary professions, do not give much credit to him. Probably, you will find that he aims at something besides kindness to you, and that when he has served his turn, or been disappointed, his regard for you will grow cool.

Beware also of him who flatters you, and commends you to your face, or to one who he thinks will tell you of it ; most probably he has either deceived and abused you, or means to do so. Remember the fable of the fox commending the singing of the crow, who had something in her mouth which the fox wanted.

Be careful that you do not commend yourselves. It is a sign that your reputation is small and sinking, if your own tongue must praise you ; and it is fulsome and unpleasing to others to hear such commendations.

Speak well of the absent whenever you have a suitable

opportunity. Never speak ill of them, or of anybody, unless you are sure they deserve it, and unless it is necessary for their amendment, or for the safety and benefit of others.

Avoid, in your ordinary communications, not only oaths, but all imprecations and earnest protestations.

Forbear scoffing and jesting at the condition or natural defects of any person. Such offences leave a deep impression; and they often cost a man dear.

Be very careful that you give no reproachful, menacing, or spiteful words to any person. Good words make friends; bad words make enemies. It is great prudence to gain as many friends as we honestly can, especially when it may be done at so easy a rate as a good word; and it is great folly to make an enemy by ill words, which are of no advantage to the party who uses them. When faults are committed, they may, and by a superior they must, be reproved; but let it be done without reproach or bitterness; otherwise it will lose its due end and use, and, instead of reforming the offence, it will exasperate the offender, and lay the reprover justly open to reproof.

If a person be passionate, and give you ill language, rather pity him than be moved to anger. You will find that silence, or very gentle words, are the most exquisite revenge for reproaches; they will either cure the distemper in the angry man, and make him sorry for his passion, or they will be a severe reproof and punishment to him. But at any rate, they will preserve your innocence, give you the deserved reputation of wisdom and moderation, and keep up the serenity and composure of your mind. Passion and anger make a man unfit for every thing that becomes him as a man or as a Christian.—SIR MATTHEW HALE.

THE SHIP—A METAPHOR.

The man was very poor, and one of those poor men who never make it any better. Always so laggard and so listless, he looked as if he had come into the world with only half his soul. Having no fondness for exertion, he had great faith in windfalls; and once or twice he was favoured with a windfall; but, as he took no pains to secure it and turn it to account, the same fickle element which brought it soon wafted it away. His character was gone; his principles, never firm, were fast decaying; and, betwixt laziness

and bad habits, he was little better than the ruin of a man. He had a brother far away; but so many years had come and gone since last he was seen in those regions, that he was faintly recollected. Indeed, so long since was it, that this man had no remembrance of him. But one evening a messenger came to him, telling him that his brother lived, and, in token of his love, had sent him the present of a gallant ship with all its cargo. The man was in a heartless mood. He was sitting in his dingy chamber; no fire on the hearth, no loaf in the cupboard, no pence in his pocket, no credit in that neighbourhood, bleak weather in the world, bleak feelings in his soul. And as with folded arms he perched on an empty chest and listened to the news, he neither wondered nor rejoiced. Sure enough it was a wind-fall; but he was not just then in a romantic or wistful mood, and so he heard it sullenly. No; he neither danced nor capered, neither laughed nor shouted, but coldly walked away—scarcely hoping, scarcely caring to find it true. And when, at last, he reached the port and espied the ship, it dispelled all his boyish dreams of Eastern merchantmen. The masts were not palms, with silken cords furling the purple sails; nor did its bulwarks gild the water, and its beams of sandal scent the air. It was much like the barques around it—chafed and weathered, and bleached by the billows, and bore no outward token of a gorgeous freight. But stepping on board, as soon as the master of the vessel knew who he was, he addressed him respectfully, and descanted with glowing warmth on the glories and generosity of his absent brother, and then invited him below to feast his eyes on his new possession. There was gold, and the red ingots looked so rich, and weighed in the hand so heavy; there were robes, stiff with embroidery, and bright with ruby and sapphire stars; there were spices such as the fervid sun distils from the fragrant soil in that exuberant zone, and dainties such as only load the tropic trees. Nor in the wealthy invoice had forethought and affection omitted any good; for there were even some herbs and anodynes of singular power; a balm which healed envenomed wounds; an ointment which brought back the failing sight; a cordial which kept from fainting; and a preparation which made the wearer proof against the fire. And there was a bulky parchment, the title-deeds to a large domain somewhere in that sunny land; and along with all a letter,

distinct and full, in the princely donor's autograph. Of that letter the younger brother sat down and read a portion there; and, as he read, he looked around him to see that it was all reality; and then he read again, and his lip quivered, and his eye filled, and, as the letter dropped upon his lap, he smote upon his breast, and called himself by some bitter name. And then he started up; and if you had only seen him—such an altered man; such energy, and yet such mildness; such affection, and withal such heroism as beamed of a sudden in his kindling countenance; you would have thought that, amidst its other wonders, that foreign ship had fetched the remainder of his soul. And so it had. From that day forward he was another man; grudging no labour, doing nothing by halves, his character changed, his reputation retrieved, his whole existence filled with a new consciousness and inspired by a new motive, and all his sanguine schemes and cheerful efforts converging towards the happy day which should transport him to the arms of that unseen brother.

Reader, have you lost heart about yourself? Once on a time you had some anxiety about character. You wished that you had greater strength of principle, and that your moral standing were more respectable. You envied the virtuous energy of those friends who can resist temptation and combat successfully the evil influences around them. You have even wished that you could wake up some morning and find yourself a Christian; and you have sometimes hoped that this happiness might at length befall you. But there is, as yet, no sign of it. Startling providences have passed over you, but they have not frightened you out of your evil habits; and, from time to time, amiable and engaging friends have gained ascendancy over you, but they have not been able to allure you into the paths of piety. And now you are discouraged. You know that some vicious habit is getting a firmer and more fearful hold of you, and, if you durst own it to yourself, you have now no hope of a lofty or virtuous future. You feel abject, and spiritless, and self-disgusted, and have nearly made up your mind to saunter slipshod down the road to ruin.

You do not remember your Elder Brother, for he had left those regions before you were born. But this comes to tell you that he lives and wishes you well. In the far country whither he has gone, he knows how you are, and

is much concerned at your present condition. And he feels for you none the less that in all that land he is himself the richest and the mightiest. And to show that, amidst all his glory, he is not ashamed to be called your brother, he has sent you a noble gift, a ship freighted with some of his choicest acquisitions, and bringing every thing good for a man like you.

And be not vexed nor angry when I tell you that that ship of heaven is **THE BIBLE**. If, instead of touching at every land, and coming to every door—if only a few Bibles arrived now and then readymade and direct from heaven, and each addressed to some particular person—and if none besides were allowed to handle their contents or appropriate their treasures, how justly might the world envy that favoured few! But having purchased gifts for men whilst here amongst us, and being highly exalted where he is gone, the Saviour, in his kindness, sends this heaven-laden book, this celestial argosie, to all his brethren here below, and each alike is welcome to its costly freight. Despise it not! There is nothing dazzling in its exterior. It is plain and unpretending. No rainbow lights its margin, nor do phosphorescent letters come and go on its azure pages. But the wealth of the Indian carrack is neither its timbers nor its rigging; it hides its treasure in the hold. The wonder of the Bible is neither its binding nor its type—nay, not even (though these are wonderful) its language and its style. It makes God glorious, and the reader blessed by the wealth it carries, and the truths it tells.

To recite at full the letter would take too long. A brother's heart yearns in it all; but what a holy, and what an exalted brother! He informs you that all power is given him in heaven and earth, and that from his Father he has received such ample authority that all throughout these dominions life and death are in his hands. He says, that he is grieved to know your wretched position, but he bids you not lose heart; for if you only take advantage of what he has sent you, there will be an end of your misery. And he adds that, freely and lovingly as he forwards these gifts, they cost him much; they have cost him labour and sorrow, groans and anguish, tears and blood. He begs that you will take frankly what is given kindly, and assures you that nothing will gladden him more than to hail you to his home and instal you in his kingdom. And lest there be any

matter which you do not rightly understand, and on which you would like fuller information, or more help till then, there is a very wise and much-loved friend of his, who is willing to come and abide with you until he and you shall meet again.—REV. J. HAMILTON.

WHAT IS TIME?

I asked an aged man—a man of cares,
Wrinkled, and curved, and white with hoary hairs;
“Time is the warp of life,” he said, “O! tell
The young, the fair, the gay, to weave it well.”

I asked the ancient venerable dead,
Sages who wrote, and warriors who bled;
From the cold grave a hollow murmur flow’d,
“Time sow’d the seeds we reap in this abode.”

I asked a dying sinner, ere the stroke
Of ruthless death life’s golden bowl had broke;—
I asked him, What is time? “Time!” he replied,
“I’ve lost it;—O the treasure!” and he died.

I asked the golden sun, and silver spheres,
Those bright chronometers of days and years;
They told me, time was but a meteor’s glare;
And bade me for eternity prepare.

I asked the seasons in their annual round,
Which beautify, or desolate the ground,—
And they replied, (what oracle more wise),
“’Tis folly’s blank, or wisdom’s highest prize.”

I asked a spirit lost,—but oh! the shriek
That pierced my soul, I shudder while I speak;
It cried, “A particle, a speck, a mite,
Of endless years, duration infinite.”

I asked my Bible, and methinks it said,
“Time is the present hour, the past is fled;
Live, live to-day; to-morrow never yet
On any human being rose or set.”

Of things inanimate, my dial I
Consulted, and it made me this reply:
“Time is the season fair of living well,
The path to glory, or the path to hell.”

I asked Old Father Time himself at last,
But in a moment he flew swiftly past;
His chariot was a cloud, the viewless wind
His noiseless steeds, that left no trace behind.

I asked the mighty angel, who shall stand
One foot on sea, and one on solid land;—
“By heaven’s Great King I swear, the mystery’s o’er
“Time was,” he cried, “but time shall be no more.”
—MARSDEN.

HAMLET’S SOLILOQUY ON DEATH.

To be, or not to be; that is the question;—
Whether ’tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them? To die,—to sleep,—
No more; and, by a sleep, to say, we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to;—’tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish’d. To die,—to sleep;—
To sleep!—perchance to dream: ay, there’s the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause;—there’s the respect
That makes calamity of so long life.
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
Th’ oppressor’s wrong, the proud man’s contumely,
The pang of despised love, the law’s delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of th’ unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To groan and sweat under a weary life?
But that the dread of something after death,
(That undiscover’d country, from whose bourne
No traveller returns), puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all:
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o’er with the pale cast of thought;

And enterprises of great pith and moment,
 With this regard, their currents turn awry,
 And lose the name of action.

—SHAKESPEARE.

RESTLESSNESS OF HUMAN AMBITION.

To all those who are conversant in the scenery of external nature, it is evident that an object to be seen to the greatest advantage, must be placed at a certain distance from the eye of the observer. The poor man's hut, though all within be raggedness and disorder, and all around it be full of the most nauseous and disgusting spectacles—yet, if seen at a sufficient distance, may appear a sweet and interesting cottage. That field where the thistle grows, and the face of which is deformed by the wild exuberance of a rank and pernicious vegetation, may delight the eye of a distant spectator by the loveliness of its verdure. That lake, whose waters are corrupted, and whose banks poison the air by their marshy and putrid exhalations, may charm the eye of an enthusiast, who views it from an adjoining eminence, and dwells with rapture on the quietness of its surface, and on the beauty of its outline—its sweet border fringed with the gayest colouring of Nature, and on which spring lavishes its finest ornaments. All is the effect of distance. It softens the harsh and disgusting features of every object. What is gross and ordinary, it can dress in the most romantic attractions. The country hamlet it can transform into a paradise of beauty, in spite of the abominations that are at every door, and the angry brawlings of the men and the women who occupy it. All that is loathsome or offensive is softened down by the power of distance. We see the smoke rising in fantastic wreaths through the pure air, and the village spire peeping from among the thick verdure of the trees which embosom it. The fancy of our sentimentalist swells with pleasure, and peace and piety supply their delightful associations to complete the harmony of the picture.

This principle may serve to explain a feeling which some of us may have experienced. On a fine day, when the sun threw its unclouded splendours over a whole neighbourhood, did we never form a wish that our place could be transferred to some distant and more beautiful part of the land-

scape? Did the idea never rise in our fancy, that the people who sport on yon sunny bank are happier than ourselves—that we should like to be buried in that distant grove, and forget, for a while, in silence and in solitude, the distractions of the world—that we should like to repose by yon beautiful rivulet, and soothe every anxiety of our heart by the gentleness of its murmurs—that we should like to transport ourselves to the distance of miles, and there enjoy the peace which resides in some sweet and sheltered concealment? In a word, was there no secret aspiration of the soul for another place than what we actually occupied? Instead of resting in the quiet enjoyment of our present situation, did not our wishes wander abroad and around us—and were not we ready to exclaim, with the Psalmist, “O that I had the wings of a dove; for I would fly to yonder mountain, and be at rest”?

But what is of most importance to be observed is, that even when we have reached the mountain, rest is as far from us as ever. As we get nearer the wished-for spot, the fairy enchantments in which distance had arrayed it, gradually disappear; when we at last arrive at our object, the illusion is entirely dissipated; and we are grieved to find, that we have carried the same principle of restlessness and discontent along with us.

Now, what is true of a natural landscape, is also true of that *moral landscape* which is presented to the eye of the mind when it contemplates human life, and casts a wide survey over the face of human society. The position which I myself occupy is seen and felt with all its disadvantages. Its vexations come home to my feelings with all the certainty of experience. I see it before mine eyes with a vision so near and intimate, as to admit of no colouring, and to preclude the exercise of fancy. It is only in those situations which are without me, where the principle of deception operates, and where the vacancies of an imperfect experience are filled up by the power of imagination, ever ready to summon the fairest forms of pure and unmingled enjoyment. It is all resolvable, as before, into the principle of distance. I am too far removed to see the smaller features of the object which I contemplate. I overlook the operation of those minuter causes, which expose every situation of human life to the inroads of misery and disappointment. Mine eye can only take in the broader outlines of

the object before me ; and it consigns to fancy the task of filling them up with its finest colouring.

Am I unlearned ? I feel the disgrace of ignorance, and sigh for the name and the distinctions of philosophy. Do I stand upon a literary eminence ? I feel the vexations of rivalry, and could almost renounce the splendours of my dear-bought reputation for the peace and shelter which insignificance bestows. Am I poor ? I riot in fancy upon the gratifications of luxury, and think how great I would be if invested with all the consequence of wealth and of patronage. Am I rich ? I sicken at the deceitful splendour which surrounds me, and am at times tempted to think that I would have been happier far if born to a humbler station, —I had been trained to the peace and innocence of poverty. Am I immersed in business ? I repine at the fatigues of employment, and envy the lot of those who have every hour at their disposal, and can spend all their time in the sweet relaxations of amusement and society. Am I exempted from the necessity of exertion ? I feel the corroding anxieties of indolence, and attempt in vain to escape that weariness and disgust which useful and regular occupation can alone save me from. Am I single ? I feel the dreariness of solitude, and my fancy warms at the conception of a dear and domestic circle. Am I embroiled in the cares of a family ? I am tormented with the perverseness or ingratitude of those around me, and sigh in all the bitterness of repentance over the rash and irrecoverable step by which I have renounced for ever the charms of independence.

This, in fact, is the grand principle of human ambition ; and it serves to explain both its restlessness and its vanity. What is present is seen in all its minuteness ; and we overlook not a single article in the train of little drawbacks, and difficulties, and disappointments. What is distant is seen under a broad and general aspect ; and the illusions of fancy are substituted in those places which we cannot fill up with the details of actual observation. What is present fills me with disgust. What is distant allures me to enterprise. I sigh for an office, the business of which is more congenial to my temper. I fix mine eye on some lofty eminence in the scale of preferment. I spurn at the condition which I now occupy, and I look around me and above me. The perpetual tendency is not to enjoy our actual position, but to get away from it—and not an individual amongst us who

does not every day of his life join in the aspiration of the Psalmist, "O that I had the wings of a dove, that I may fly to yonder mountain, and be at rest."

But the truth is, that we never rest. The most regular and stationary being on the face of the earth has something to look forward to, and something to aspire after. He must realise that sum to which he annexes the idea of a competency. He must add that piece of ground which he thinks necessary to complete the domain of which he is the proprietor. He must secure that office which confers so much honour and emolument upon the holder. Even after every effort of personal ambition is exhausted, he has friends and children to provide for. The care of those who are to come after him, lands him in a never-ending train of hopes, and wishes, and anxieties. O that I could gain the vote and the patronage of this honourable acquaintance—or, that I could secure the political influence of that great man who honours me with an occasional call, and addressed me the other day with a cordiality which was quite bewitching—or that my young friend could succeed in his competition for the lucrative vacancy to which I have been looking forward, for years, with all the eagerness which distance and uncertainty could inspire—or that we could fix the purposes of that capricious and unaccountable wanderer, who, of late, indeed, has been very particular in his attentions, and whose connection we acknowledge, in secret, would be an honour and an advantage to our family—or, at all events, let me heap wealth and aggrandisement on that son, who is to be the representative of my name, and is to perpetuate that dynasty which I have had the glory of establishing.

This restless ambition is not peculiar to any one class of society. A court only offers to one's notice a more exalted theatre for the play of rivalry and political enterprise. In the bosom of a cottage, we may witness the operation of the very same principle, only directed to objects of greater insignificance—and though a place for my girl, or an apprenticeship for my boy, be all that I aspire after, yet an enlightened observer of the human character will perceive in it the same eagerness of competition, the same jealousy, the same malicious attempts to undermine the success of a more likely pretender, the same busy train of passions and anxieties which animate the exertions of him who struggles for

precedency in the cabinet, and lifts his ambitious eye to the management of an empire.

This is the universal property of our nature. In the whole circle of our experience, did we ever see a man sit down to the full enjoyment of the present, without a hope or a wish unsatisfied? Did he carry in his mind no reference to futurity—no longing of the soul after some remote or inaccessible object—no day-dream which played its enchantments around him, and which, even when accomplished, left him nothing more than the delirium of a momentary triumph? Did we never see him, after the bright illusions of novelty were over—when the present object had lost its charm, and the distant begun to practise its allurements—when some gay vision of futurity had hurried him on to a new enterprise, and, in the fatigues of a restless ambition, he felt a bosom as oppressed with care, and a heart as anxious and dissatisfied as ever?

This is the true, though the curious, and, we had almost said, the farcical picture of human life. Look into the heart, which is the seat of feeling, and we there perceive a perpetual tendency to enjoyment, but not enjoyment itself—the cheerfulness of hope, but not the happiness of actual possession. The present is but an instant of time. The moment that we call it our own it abandons us. It is not the actual sensation which occupies the mind. It is what is to come next. Man lives in futurity. The pleasurable feeling of the moment forms almost no part of its happiness. It is not the reality of to-day which interests his heart. It is the vision of to-morrow. It is the distant object on which fancy has thrown its deceitful splendour. When to-morrow comes, the animating hope is transformed into the dull and insipid reality. As the distant object draws near, it becomes cold and tasteless, and uninteresting. The only way in which the mind can support itself is by recurring to some new anticipation. This may give buoyance for a time—but it will share the fate of all its predecessors, and be the addition of another folly to the wretched train of disappointments that have gone before it.

What a curious object of contemplation to a superior Being, who casts an eye over this lower world, and surveys the busy, restless, and unceasing operations of the people who swarm upon its surface! Let him select any one individual amongst us, and confine his attention to him as a

specimen of the whole. Let him pursue him through the intricate variety of his movements, for he is never stationary; see him with his eye fixed upon some distant object, and struggling to arrive at it; see him pressing forward to some eminence which perpetually recedes away from him; see the inexplicable being, as he runs in full pursuit of some glittering bauble, and on the moment he reaches it, throws it behind him, and it is forgotten; see him unmindful of his past experience, and hurrying his footsteps to some new object with the same eagerness and rapidity as ever; compare the ecstasy of hope with the lifelessness of possession, and observe the whole history of his day to be made up of one fatiguing race of vanity, and restlessness, and disappointment:

“ And, like the glittering of an idiot’s toy,
Doth fancy mock his vows.”

To complete the unaccountable history, let us look to its termination. Man is irregular in his movements, but this does not hinder the regularity of Nature. Time will not stand still to look at us. It moves at its own invariable pace. The winged moments fly in swift succession over us. The great luminaries which are suspended on high perform their cycles in the heaven. The sun describes his circuit in the firmament, and the space of a few revolutions will bring every man among us to his destiny. The decree passes abroad against the poor child of insatiation. It meets him in the full career of hope and of enterprise. He sees the dark curtain of mortality falling upon the world, and upon all its interests. That busy, restless heart, so crowded with its plans, and feelings, and anticipations, forgets to play, and all its fluttering anxieties are hushed for ever.—DR CHALMERS.

FEMALE DEPARTMENT.

Mental improvement should always be made conducive to moral advancement: to render a young woman wise and good, to prepare her mind for the duties and trials of life, is the great purpose of education. Accomplishments, however desirable and attractive, must always be considered as secondary objects, when compared with those virtues which form the character and influence the power of woman in society. Home has justly been called “her empire;” and it is certain that to her it is a hallowed circle, in which she may diffuse the greatest earthly happiness, or inflict the

most positive misery: it is never so narrow but from thence may stream many a benignant ray to illumine a neighbour's dwelling, and it may be wide enough to give light to thousands. The virtues of a woman of rank and fortune extend far beyond the mansion where she resides, or the cottage which she protects, by the example she offers, even in the most unostentatious manner, and in the most trivial actions, to those around her and below her. Gently, imperceptibly, but most certainly, will she imbue with her own purity and beneficence the atmosphere in which she moves; softening the obdurate, correcting the depraved, and encouraging the timid. Those who are not placed by Providence in so brilliant a sphere may, by their conduct, produce the same effects, in a more limited circle, and in a less degree, but with equal honour and satisfaction to themselves.

The virtues of the heart must be cultivated not less than the acquirements of the mind, or we shall look in vain for the fruit we desire; nor must we expect mere girls to exhibit those flowers which only experience can supply, or labour attain, in either case; but as it is certain that knowledge and virtue may, and generally do, grow up together, so we may earnestly entreat the young to give to this subject their most anxious attention.

In examining their own conduct, analysing motives and correcting errors, repressing those faults to which they know that they are prone, and resolving to cultivate virtues in which they have proved themselves defective,—females, at all ages, are, it is evident, exceedingly well employed, but more especially so at that happy season of life when prejudice and habits have taken no deep root; when passions are generally easy of control, whilst the sensibilities and affections of the heart, and all its better impulses, are awakened to aid us in the task.

Such is the basis of our natural dispositions toward some particular modification of good or evil, that it is a difficult task so to offer advice in the management of temper and inclination, to girls in general, as to bring it home to the feelings of any particular individual. There is no occasion to recommend gentleness to the timid, nor courage to the bold; to inspire the ambitious with emulation, or recommend ingenuousness to the open and sincere; we, nevertheless, will venture to lay before our young readers what may be termed a list of virtues, not one of which can be

dispensed with in the female character, since all will, unquestionably, be called for, at one period or other, in their path through life, as a means of security to themselves and of benefit to others, and which are positively demanded by the religion which they profess as Christians.

Piety, integrity, fortitude, charity, obedience, consideration, sincerity, prudence, activity, and cheerfulness, with the dispositions which spring from, and the amiable qualities which rise out of them, may, we presume, nearly define those moral properties called for in the daily conduct and habitual deportment of young ladies. On some of these I beg to dilate a little, not merely for the purpose of explaining what will be self-evident to every reflecting mind; but in order to impress more deeply on the memory assertions and facts too frequently forgotten in the confusion of multifarious engagements, or more amusing disquisitions. Allow me to say, I would do more; I would address myself warmly, tenderly, to the heart of every young creature who casts her eye over these pages; entreating her, by every affectionate epithet, and every powerful motive, to consider their importance to herself, and all whom she loves or may love—their consequences through life and after death.

PIETY includes faith, devotion, resignation, and that love and gratitude to God which stimulates us to inquire his will, and perform it, so far as the weakness and imperfection of our nature permit. It offers the best foundation, not only for solid happiness, but for that serenity of temper, and disposition to innocent gaiety, which is at once the charm and the privilege of youth. No idea can be more fallacious than the supposition that the refined and rational pleasures of society are incompatible with those acts of devotion, and that occasional abstraction of the mind from worldly pursuits, practised by every pious person. The lofty aspirations, the deep humility, and unshrinking confidence of a Christian, in those moments when the soul may be said “to commune with her God,” can have no other effect on any well-regulated mind than that of adding sweetness to the usual intercourse, and interest to the common incidents of life. It increases the endearing submission of the daughter, the fond affection of the sister, the kindness of the friend, and the generous forbearance of the superior, by a perpetual sense of the abiding presence of Him from whom we have received the blessings, or by whom we are exercised by the

trials these dear connexions may impart, and extends our sympathy to the whole human race. I lately had the pleasure of witnessing the deep interest taken by two amiable sisters in two younger branches of the family, at the period of their confirmation, and shall not soon forget the peculiar tenderness, the lively attention, with which each party regarded the other the remainder of the day. A new and holy tie seemed added to their former bonds; a sweet seriousness, by no means allied to sadness, sate on the face of the younger; while smiles, as of welcome to new blessings and enlarged affections, illumined the countenances of the elder, who were both still under nineteen—most elegant and accomplished young women, moving in the first circles of society. I am well aware that all high-wrought emotions, however pure and exalted, must subside; but they leave, like the rose, fragrance when their bloom is faded; and I am justified in believing that these sisters played their next duet together, contrived a new dress for their mother, or engaged in any of the common occupations of life, with increased attachment and more lively interest, in consequence of the sympathy in devotional feelings they had experienced for and with each other.

INTEGRITY is a virtue of great extent; it includes rectitude of intention, honesty of action, an aversion from all deceit, and that sense of justice which prevents us from injuring our fellow-creatures, not only in word or deed, but even in thought. The world is extremely deficient in that common honesty, which every one would blush to have doubted; therefore, it well becomes us all to examine our claims to being considered persons of sound principles; and young people should closely look into their own bosoms, and determinately subdue in themselves all those propensities which militate against their own sense of uprightness. They should remember that all extravagance has a direct tendency to great evil, and has rendered more persons unjust than any other failing. It is one of the most pernicious branches of selfishness, which always seeks to appropriate that which it desires without considering the claims of another; whereas, a generous and noble spirit would renounce its own wishes for another's good; and a simply honest mind would at least scrupulously weigh its own rights, lest it should encroach on another's. It is the more necessary to gain proper ideas on this subject, because the farther you advance

in life the more you will be tried. In my opinion, all young persons, on leaving school, ought to have a regular income, to which, whether it be large or small, they should accommodate their expenses. Wise parents will render it suitable to their rank in life, and the necessities their daughter may happen to have for her appearance in society. Too much, or too little, will be found alike injurious: the former will render an unthinking girl profuse, and a prudent one covetous: in one case, money will be wasted to no good end; in the other, accumulated for no beneficial purpose. Too small an allowance, though the lesser evil of the two, should also be avoided, as being likely to induce envious dispositions, petty meannesses, and to prove injurious to that strict sense of integrity, that undeviating rectitude, which is not only the best bond of social life, but the hinge on which domestic happiness and individual respectability are continually turning.

FORTITUDE, like integrity, may be termed one of the severer virtues; but it is not the less necessary for the weaker sex, since with less physical strength, and fewer opportunities of improving it, either mentally or corporeally, woman is yet called upon to exert great powers of endurance, both actively and passively. The pains of sickness, the misfortunes of life, the afflictions of calumny, call upon her for patience under suffering, and firmness, resolution, and perseverance in conduct; without these qualities, a woman, however engaging or attractive as a companion, must be found deficient in all the nearer relationships of life, and incapable of fulfilling its most important duties, all of which, in her own person, or that of some near connexion, demand the assistance this virtue, in one of its many forms, can alone supply.

CHARITY. The sweet exercise of this virtue seems so congenial to the nature of youth, that I would rather seek to regulate its impulses than recommend it to an attention, I trust, already attained. A young lady, rich in the possession of friends and fortune, who is devoid of pity, incapable of the offices of humanity, or withholding the aid of charity, appears to me an anomaly in creation. To this fair miser—this scentless flower, which shall blossom without esteem, and fall without regret, I offer no advice on the subject; but to the generous, tender, and kind-hearted girl, whose wishes run beyond her means,—to the scrupulous and prudent, who fears lest she should commit an error

while she indulges a virtuous inclination,—I would suggest a few admonitions.

Whether you are the mistress of a regular allowance, or the proprietor of casual sums, never fail to appropriate some portion of your pocket-money to a charity-purse. When you are making purchases, and, after due deliberation, see that of two articles the cheaper will answer your purpose, add the money you thus save to the same sacred deposit, by which means you will seldom be placed in the painful situation of eagerly desiring to give, whilst you are conscious that in prudence and justice you have nothing to bestow. Economy is the handmaid of Charity; without her aid the melting heart and the tearful eye are of no avail, therefore never despise her assistance, even in trifles; but as cases will occur so pressing on the claims of humanity for present and larger help than the purse in question can supply, you may sometimes encroach, without blame, upon your general store; in which case, make up the deficiency by some new act of self-denial; for regularity is as necessary a duty as charity is an agreeable one.

Do not forget that charity has a much wider signification than alms-giving. Affability of manners; gentleness of demeanour; attention to the courtesies of life; compassion towards all who suffer, whether high or low; a kind construction of all the words and actions of our fellow-creatures; and patient forbearance, or generous forgiveness, towards those who have grieved or injured us, are also demanded by this virtue. "Charity suffereth long and is kind;—Charity envieth not;—Charity vaunteth not itself,"—is the language of that apostle who best understood its nature, and has so touchingly concentrated its qualities.

OBEEDIENCE is so much demanded in the female character, that many persons have conceived it was the one virtue called for in woman, as it must be deemed by all to be such in a child. If man, as the guide and head of woman, were himself a perfect creature, this would, unquestionably, be true; but as a being, accountable to her Creator, and endowed by him with reason, unqualified and implicit obedience to a creature like herself, liable to many errors, cannot, consistently, be required. It is, however, certain, that in whatever situation of life a woman is placed, from her cradle to her grave, a spirit of obedience and submission,

pliability of temper, and humility of mind, are required from her; and the most highly-gifted cannot quit the path thus pointed out by habit, nature, and religion, without injury to her own character. Modesty, which may be termed the inherent virtue, and the native grace of woman—which she may be exhorted to retain, but will seldom be entreated to acquire—renders obedience, in general, easy and habitual to her, especially at that period of life when she is placed under paternal care, and “the yoke is easy, the burden light.” There are, however, gay and buoyant spirits, haughty and self-willed minds, even among the softer sex, that are not otherwise ill-disposed, who feel obedience a difficult task, and are ready to question the wisdom, or analyse the rights of “all in authority over them.” To such I would urge this virtue as a religious duty, if they could not submit to it as “a reasonable service.” I would beseech them, as females called to self-control and meekness, to obey, “for conscience’ sake,” in every case where conscience itself did not utter the command, “Hitherto shalt thou go, but no further.”

CONSIDERATION is of the utmost value in that situation where the conduct of woman has its greatest utility and most valuable influence,—the domestic circle. It combines the powers of reflection, with the sentiments of kindness, and saves from many an anxious hour, and wearisome labour, the parent who thinks for you, the teacher who instructs you, the servant who toils for you. It is a gentle and feminine virtue, unobtrusive as to appearance, but important in effect. The threatenings of incipient disease,—the ruin caused by foolish expenditure, or likely to ensue from idle speculation,—the temptations which might have misled an ignorant servant,—the disclosures that would ruin an imprudent acquaintance,—the present aid that may save a wretched family,—may be happily prevented or supplied by consideration. It is the “still, small voice,” which can allay the tempest or direct the tide of human affairs, by an agency alike mild and beneficial, powerful and unassuming.

SINCERITY has been hailed by the poet as the “first of virtues;” and it has the benefit of being, like modesty, a pretty general one to the young and artless, who cannot have so mixed with the world as to have learned deceit. Children are seldom disingenuous, but in some, extreme timidity produces this effect; the want of courage to own their faults,

or reveal their wishes, leads them to effect, by cunning, the power of veiling the one, and procuring the other. Such a tendency to error calls for no little care from the instructor ; and if her efforts have not wholly succeeded in clearing the soil, injured by the excess of its own delicacy, let the young lady herself seek diligently to recover her own esteem, by struggling against every thing in her bosom allied to concealment, lest deception should be mingled with reserve. It is the painful, but necessary, regime, to which her mind must be subjected, until she have acquired habits of sincerity, if not of openness ; and all who love her must assist the effort. Sincerity is so nearly allied to Integrity, that they can scarcely exist asunder. The love of truth and the practice of fair-dealing go hand in hand ; and whilst we regard them as virtues, lovely in their simplicity, we venerate them as the majestic foundation on which a beautiful structure shall hereafter be erected. But whilst I earnestly entreat one class of young ladies to render themselves sincere, as well as gentle, —ingenuous as well as meek,—I cannot dismiss the subject without advice to those frank and open-hearted girls, who are not liable to the sin of deceit, but who, in their scorn of flattery, and profession of extraordinary freedom, are liable to mistake rudeness for sincerity. To be blunt in reply, quick in censure, and severe in remonstrance, is not only unfeminine, unlady-like, and, as such, reprehensible, but it ought to be particularly avoided by the young ; because they cannot possibly hope to be of any utility to their fellow-creatures, by affecting the character of reprovers. To them, more particularly, may the advice of our Lord apply, “ Judge not, that ye be not judged ;” for seldom are they aware how much the pride of their own hearts, and the irritation of their own tempers, may mingle with their admonitions : but they ought to be assured, that their equals in age will not suppose them wise enough to direct ; and to their elders it must, unquestionably, seem presumption to attempt it. There may, undoubtedly, arise in early life, and especially in female life, occasions when

“The grave rebuke
Severe in youthful majesty,”

may be uttered from young lips, and glanced from young eyes, so as to prove effectual advocates for religion and virtue ; but beneficial effects, of this description, are not often found to arise from those who pique themselves upon plain

speaking. Such persons lose the power of delicate reproof, or decisive disapprobation, on the extraordinary occasions which may occur, by wasting their energies on trivial subjects, and evincing a determination to speak their hastily-formed opinions, at the expense of humility, charity, and patience. Let us never forget, my dear young friends, that "a mild answer turneth away wrath;" and that the same Divine Word which bade many "resist unto death" for a great cause, bade its followers, also, "be affable and courteous." It is, in these times, our happy and pleasant duty to add that politeness of the heart, which is produced by the Christian graces, to that polish of the manners which is the result of a sound understanding and self-controlled mind. The purest sincerity is compatible with both; and it should be an object of solicitude with every one, to be alike upright and consistent, gentle and sincere.

PRUDENCE may be termed rather a quality than a virtue; but it is so necessary for all the purposes of life, that an imprudent person seldom escapes the imputation of some vice, and the infliction of much unnecessary sorrow. The generosity and ardour of youth, too frequently lead young people to consider the lessons of prudence as allied to mistrust, fastidiousness, or avarice; but they are by no means necessarily so, though it is possible for them thus to degenerate in peculiar dispositions. Sincerity is perfectly compatible with true politeness; and prudence, with generosity, confidence, and friendship. Every young lady, who thinks before she acts, will easily see the path which prudence dictates, and rarely find that it demands any other sacrifice than those required by positive duty; and without thinking, she can neither acquire virtue nor secure happiness.

ACTIVITY and CHEERFULNESS may be linked together, for the former is frequently the cause of the latter; and both are demanded in early life, as the flowers of spring, which give beauty and gladness to the earth for the present, whilst they promise the harvest which will enrich us at a future hour. Indolence of habit creates gloominess of manner and acerbity in temper, and induces those diseases which create and increase the evil, and prove more injurious to the character and the person than sickness itself. We have all seen amiable but afflicted young people, who have endured confinement with cheerfulness—pain with fortitude; and, from motives of affection to their parents and friends, pre-

served a portion of their youthful sprightliness and energy, through days of weariness and nights of suffering; but in the listless apathy of idleness, and the languor of indifference, every virtue perishes, and every talent fades. Far better is it to have too much enthusiasm, buoyancy, and energy, in youth, than too little; for experience, care, and knowledge, will correct the redundancy: but it is, indeed, difficult to excite the cold-hearted to exertion, or woo the inert and stupid to the cultivation of taste and intellect. She who has, from a sense of duty, and the force of good principles, conquered this lethargy of the mind, is therefore entitled to the highest praise; and her future activity and cheerfulness may, indeed, be ranked in the list of virtues.

In every family, from the highest to the humblest situation, there is a necessity for active services on the part of the young ladies, too evident to require enumeration. So soon as the cares of education are over, every mother has a right to expect from her daughter such attention to the domestic arrangements, the younger branches of the family, and the entertainment of visitants, as may lighten her own burden, and impart to her the delightful satisfaction of finding a friend and companion in that beloved being, for whose welfare she has been so long solicitous. Such occupation need not, by any means, interfere with the elegant pursuits, or the common amusements of social life, if early rising be adopted; for two hours in the morning are more valuable than four at any later period, when the routine of family engagements is entered upon. It has the additional merit, to an active and modest girl, of rendering her pursuits private.

That much more might have been said, will be evident to all who duly weigh the subject; but I would not weary those whom I desire to benefit. A writer, who has for many years conscientiously endeavoured to supply to the young those lessons they greatly need, in the form they constantly desire, has a right to be considered a personal friend, since they are familiarly acquainted with her principles, feelings, thoughts, and wishes. As such, affectionately and earnestly I request their attention to subjects so deeply interesting, so immediately connected with their best interests, and which, for the first time, I venture to offer without the clothing of fiction, or the aid of anecdote.—
YOUNG LADY'S BOOK.

EARLY RISING CONDUCTIVE TO HEALTH.

Unwary belles,
 Who, day by day, the fashionable round
 Of dissipation tread, stealing from art
 The blush Eliza owns, to hide a cheek
 Pale and deserted ; come, and learn of me
 How to be ever blooming, young and fair.
 Give to the mind improvement. Let the tongue
 Be subject to the heart and head. Withdraw
 From city smoke, and trip with agile foot,
 Oft as the day begins, the steepy down
 Or velvet lawn, earning the bread you eat.
 Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed ;
 The breath of night's destructive to the hue
 Of ev'ry flower that blows. Go to the field,
 And ask the humble daisy why it sleeps
 Soon as the sun departs. Why close the eyes
 Of blossoms infinite, long ere the moon
 Her oriental veil puts off ?
 Nor let the sweetest blossom nature boasts
 Be thus exposed to night's unkindly damp.
 Well may it droop, and all its freshness lose,
 Compelled to taste the rank and poisonous steam
 Of midnight theatre, and morning ball.
 Give to repose the solemn hour she claims,
 And from the forehead of the morning, steal
 The sweet occasion. Oh, there is a charm
 Which morning has, that gives the brow of age
 A smack of youth, and makes the life of youth
 Shed perfumes exquisite. Expect it not,
 Ye who till noon upon a down-bed lie,
 Indulging fev'rous sleep,—a wakeful dream
 Of happiness, no mortal heart has felt
 But in the regions of Romance. Ye fair,
 Like you, it must be woo'd, or never won ;
 And, being lost, it is in vain ye ask
 For milk of roses, and Olympian dew.
 Cosmetic art no tincture can afford
 The faded feature to restore : no chain,
 Be it of gold, and strong as adamant,
 Can fetter beauty to the fair one's will.

—HURDIS.

ASSOCIATIONS CONNECTED WITH FLOWERS.

Botany is a science calculated to give pleasure to every mind. Though relating to living and organised beings, the prosecution of it calls for no cruel experiments, nor for any researches which could excite feelings of disgust even in the most sensitive heart. It is a study which can be turned to account in every situation, whether in the closet or in the field, on the highway, or on the hill-side, on the cultivated plain, or in the wild mountain glen. Every flower on which we tread becomes a useful object of contemplation, and a means of pleasing recreation, even amidst the cares and toils of life. The pleasure to be derived from this science is not confined to any period of life, nor to any rank of society. "In youth, when the affections are warm and the imagination vivid; in more advanced life, when sober judgment assumes the reins; in the sunshine of fortune, and the obscurity of poverty,—it can be equally enjoyed. The opening buds of spring; the warm, luxuriant blossoms of summer; the yellow bower of autumn, and the leafless, desolate groves of winter, equally afford a supply of mental amusement and gratification to the botanist."

To the admirer of natural scenery, plants possess powerful attractions. Without them the landscape loses all its charms, and their presence gives beauty to objects which would otherwise attract little notice. "Even the miserable hovel becomes picturesque when overspread with the foliage of the vine; the ruins of former magnificence acquire more reverence, and command a double share of our respect, when seen through the tracery of the ivy; and the horrors of the frowning rock are softened into beauty when mantled with pendent creepers, or with alpine shrubs. The ivy-tendrils, pendent from the orient window of the ancient ruin, lightly defined in the ray which it excludes, twining with graceful ease round some slender shaft, or woven amid the tracery of the florid arch, contributes in no small degree to give embellishment and interest to the ruin."

The love of flowers and of rural scenery is inherent in the constitution of man; and when deprived of the means of gratifying his taste in this respect, we see him adopting various expedients to supply the want.

A garden presents many points of interest, and is associated with some of the most important events which have

taken place on the earth. A garden was the habitation of our first parents in their state of innocence. "The Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden, and there he put the man whom he had formed," telling him "to dress it and keep it." A garden was the place where Christ often retired with his disciples for meditation and prayer. When man yielded to the tempter, it was in a garden. There the curse was pronounced, and there, too, the Redeemer was promised, who was to bruise the head of the serpent. It was also in a garden where the promised Messiah agonised under the withdrawal of His Father's face, when He was about to be betrayed into the hands of sinners, and to suffer the just for the unjust, that He might bring sinners unto God. The similitude of a garden is often used to represent the people of God, who are His husbandry and the trees of His planting.

Flowers form one of the first delights of early age, and they have proved a source of recreation to the most profound philosophers. Some of the greatest men, both of ancient and modern times, have been lovers of a garden. When man came forth from the hand of his Maker, a garden was selected as the fittest scene for a life of happiness. With the descriptions given, even by heathen writers, of a state of bliss, gardens have been often associated. The Elysian fields of the polished Greeks and Romans, and the paradises of other nations, bear witness to this. The emblems and badges of nations and clans are frequently derived from the vegetable kingdom. The poet was crowned with laurel, and peace was marked by the olive branch. The groves of Academus were the resort of the Grecian philosophers; and under the sacred trees of India the benighted heathen worship their idols. Even our cemeteries are converted into gardens, and their gloom is enlivened by the beauteous flowers which blossom around; while the lesson is read, "Man that is born of a woman, is of a few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down."

There is thus a natural taste for the enjoyment to be derived from the vegetation which covers the earth. Would that this taste had always been properly controlled and directed, so as to ensure man's comfort and true happiness! "Truly God gave us a source of great enjoyment when He made the wild flowers so plentiful, and when He gave them to man as common things. If we wander by the stream,

listening to its soft music, there we find them clustering on its surface, or crowding among the verdant sedges and grassy banks through which it flows. White crowfoots lie in patches, and rich blue forget-me-nots peep up among the waters; and the tall yellow-iris waves like a banner; and brooklimes, and water-violets, and water-cresses show their blue, and lilac, and snowy blossoms. On the banks, the yellow flowers of the silver-weed glisten among the grey-green leaves; and the sweet odour of the queen-of-the-meadows is wafted far away over the land, like a sweet strain of melody."

We have already attended to the beautiful tints displayed in the colours of flowers, and the skill with which they are arranged; we would now notice the regular succession in which flowers make their appearance, as indicating another wise provision of our Creator. How interesting and instructive to trace the floral productions of the seasons, from the early buds and flowers of spring to the withered stems and the lifeless boughs of winter! How does the voice of spring call us to contemplate the wonder-working Jehovah! "A few months ago, and the earth was a desert of ice, all was silent and lifeless. The plants were dry, and their beauty gone, every where they presented to us only the aspect of death. The trees stripped of their foliage, like dry bones, rattled their bare branches against each other; the brooks and torrents were arrested in their course; their motion was suspended; instead of the breath of life which animates them to-day, the north wind, like the breath of destruction, swept along over that vast cemetery. Who of us, if custom had not rendered us familiar with the prodigies of spring, would not, at the sight of all that death, have been tempted to exclaim, Lord, can all these things live again? And yet what have we seen! From the first days of spring, the Almighty has prophesied upon these dry bones; they have appeared to move, to be covered, as it were, with the nerves of life. Now they live, and they seem to be an exceeding great army to the praise of God. Has not a spirit of resurrection, a living soul, entered into nature? Has not the breath of God, from the four winds, breathed upon these dry bones? Each succeeding day these miracles of resurrection increase and spread with as much rapidity as splendour. The whole creation, as if raised from a tomb, is penetrated with life, and pulsates with joy. All these marvels preach to us the

truth and certainty of the divine promises. They repeat, in a manner most impressive, that the day is coming when the earth, hitherto cursed, shall see rising upon it the sun of an eternal spring. Flowers do not appear all at once, but in orderly rotation. "The snowdrop, foremost of the lovely train, dressed in its robe of innocence, breaks its way through the frozen soil long before the trees have ventured to unfold their leaves, and even while the icicles are pendent on our houses; next peeps out the crocus, but cautiously, and with an air of timidity; nor is the violet last in this shining embassy of the year, which, with all the embellishments that would grace a royal garden, condescends to line our hedges, and to grow at the feet of briers. The polyanthus, after adorning the border with its sparkling beauties, gives place to the auricula, with its eye of crystal and robe of the most glossy satin. Tulips then begin to raise themselves on their stately stalks, and adorn the parterre with the gayest colours." In succession appear the anemone, ranunculus, and carnation, to add fresh beauty to the scene. It is in vain to attempt to enumerate the varied flowery forms which succeed each other in the garden. There is an endless multiplicity in their character, yet an invariable order in their approaches. Every month, every week, has its peculiar ornaments; not servilely copying the works of its predecessor, but forming and executing some new design—so lavish is the fancy, yet so exact is the process of nature.

We ought never to forget, that we may look on the broad landscape smiling in summer beauty, and speak with delight of the wonders of nature, and the goodness of a beneficent God, and follow with reverence the man of science as he displays God's wisdom and power in the creation of the universe; and yet there may be no true appreciation of the character of God, no sense of his holiness, and none of that wisdom which cometh from above. "Where shall wisdom be found? or where is the place of understanding? Man knoweth not the price thereof; neither is it found in the land of the living. The depth saith, It is not in me; and the sea saith, It is not with me. It cannot be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof, for the price of wisdom is above rubies. Behold the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom; and to depart from evil is understanding."

The study of the economy of vegetation in all its bearings makes the devout mind exclaim, in wonder and praise, "O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all; the earth is full of thy riches." "The works of the Lord are great, sought out of them that have pleasure therein." The more we examine into all God's ways and doings in providence and grace, the more are we led to see the force of the apostle's statement, "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are His judgments, and His way past finding out!"

The contemplation of God's handiwork, whether displayed in the starry heavens, where He hath set a tabernacle for the sun, or in those stars of the earth—the flowers—should ever, as in the case of the Psalmist, be accompanied by the heartfelt conviction that "The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple: the statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes: the fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever: the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."—BALFOUR.

FLOWERS.

Spake full well, in language quaint and olden,
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.

Stars they are, wherein we read our history,
As astrologers and seers of old;
Yet not wrapped about with awful mystery,
Like the burning stars which they beheld.

Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,
God hath written in those stars above;
But not less in the bright flow'rets under us
Stands the revelation of His love.

Bright and glorious is that revelation,
Written all over this great world of ours,
Making evident our own creation,
In these stars of earth,—these golden flowers.

And the poet, faithful and far-seeing,
Sees, alike in stars and flowers, a part
Of the self-same universal Being,
Which is throbbing in his brain and heart.

Gorgeous flowers in the sunlight shining,
Blossoms flaunting in the eye of day;
Tremulous leaves, with soft and silver lining,
Buds that open only to decay :

Brilliant hopes, all woven in gorgeous tissues,
Flaunting gaily in the golden light ;
Large desires, with most uncertain issues,
Tender wishes, blossoming at night !

These in flowers and men are more than seeming ;
Workings are they of the self-same Power,
Which the poet, in no idle dreaming,
Seeth in himself and in the flower.

Every where about us are they glowing,
Some, like stars, to tell us Spring is born ;
Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing,
Stand, like Ruth, amid the golden corn.

Not alone in Spring's armorial bearing,
And in Summer's green-emblazon'd field,
But in arms of brave old Autumn's wearing,
In the centre of his brazen shield ;

Not alone in meadows and green alleys,
On the mountain-top, and by the brink
Of sequestered pools in woodland valleys,
Where the slaves of nature stoop to drink ;

Not alone in her vast dome of glory,
Not on graves of bird and beast alone,
But in old cathedrals, high and hoary,
On the tombs of heroes, carved in stone ;

In the cottage of the rudest peasant,
In ancestral homes, whose crumbling towers,
Speaking of the Past unto the Present,
Tell us of the ancient games of flowers.

In all places, then, and in all seasons,
 Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
 Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
 How akin they are to human things.

And with childlike, credulous affection,
 We behold their tender buds expand;
 Emblems of our own great resurrection,
 Emblems of the bright and better land."

—LONGFELLOW.

THE GRECIAN ORACLES.

Oracles were undoubtedly of high antiquity, though the precise time of their commencement or cessation is not known. They were considered the highest and most sacred form of divination; proceeding more directly from their supposed deities. The places in which those oracles were delivered, were conceived to be the peculiar residence of those imaginary gods to whom they were consecrated. There the secrets of futurity were to be explored—there counsel and direction were to be sought—there doubts and mysteries were to be solved. It was esteemed the duty of persons of all ranks, in all affairs of importance, whether public or private, to consult some of these oracles, whose instructions were supposed to be infallible.

The most ancient of the Grecian oracles was that of Jupiter, at Dodona, which was at first a simple altar, or probably a hollow oak, out of which an obscure prophetess delivered oracular responses to her deluded votaries; but afterwards grew into a superb temple and college of priests, enriched with the costly offerings of superstitious devotees.

The success of the Dodonean oracle gave rise to several others, some of which were supposed to belong to Jupiter, and others to Apollo. Amongst the former was that of Olympia, which was frequented before the institution of the Olympic games. This oracle was once famous, but did not continue long in repute. The temple of Jupiter erected there was long preserved in its ancient splendour, and magnificently adorned; but the oracle was quickly superseded by the increasing fame and superior wisdom of the Delphic oracle.

After having belonged, according to ancient fable, to

many different gods and goddesses, the far-famed oracle at Delphos at length devolved to Apollo, who was supposed to preside over all kinds of auguries and divinations. It was situated on the southern side of Parnassus, where the mountain crags formed a natural amphitheatre, exceedingly difficult of access. In the centre of this space was a deep cavern, which discharged, from a small orifice, a vapour that produced a sort of intoxicating frenzy in those who inhaled it. The Pythoness, a priestess of Apollo, who uttered the oracle, was seated on a tripod over the mouth of this cavern, and usually became inebriated, or even violently convulsed, by the fumes that ascended. Whatever incoherent words she then uttered, were collected by the priests, rendered into verse, and delivered as the infallible predictions of the Pythian Apollo. If the persons consulting the oracle were rich and powerful—if they had made costly offerings to Apollo's shrine—or if, by their authority, they were able to overawe the ministers of that temple—the response was for the most part favourable to their wishes. But, in other cases, either the answers were delayed, or they were so ambiguous and unintelligible, as completely to perplex the deluded inquirer. In almost every instance, the sentence of the oracle admitted of so various, and even opposite, interpretations, that its credit was saved, and even its reputation heightened, whatever might be the issue of events.

In giving a brief account of the Grecian oracles, it would be inexcusable to omit mentioning the oracle of Trophonius at Lebadea, a city of Bœotia. This place was a dark cave, so low, that the person consulting the oracle was obliged to enter it on his hands and knees, and lying on the ground to wait the response. The situation, the mysterious noises that proceeded from the depths of the cavern, the thick darkness in which they were enveloped—all were calculated to produce a powerful effect on the deluded votaries. Their senses were deceived, their feelings highly excited, terror shook their frames; and, under these strong impressions of body and mind, they were prepared to receive with awe whatever reply the artifices of the priest might suggest. The Greeks used, therefore, to say of a very melancholy person, "He has been consulting the oracle of Trophonius."

All that has been recorded concerning these ancient oracles, conspires to prove that they were most egregious impostures of human contrivance, founded on superstition, and

supported by policy and interest. It is not, indeed, unlikely, that the idea first originated in some traditions respecting divine revelation, and the communications of JEHOVAH to the Jewish patriarchs and prophets, which the Greeks had received through the medium of the Egyptians. But if this were the case, what a superstructure of ignorance and vice was erected on this base! What a strong delusion grew out of traditions, in themselves true, but grossly perverted by the wickedness of man!

Considered merely as a political engine, the oracles were of no ordinary importance. Legislators found it highly advantageous to obtain their sanction. Kings and generals of armies depended greatly on their decisions for the popularity, and consequently, in part, for the success of their measures. Rival states, when on the eve of war, were sometimes conciliated, and their mutual jealousies removed by the interference of the oracle. Not unfrequently were all the energies of Greece called out, either to repel an invading foe, or to engage in some foreign expedition, at the command of the Delphic Apollo. Besides these political uses, the oracles were of advantage to literature. Poetry was the more honoured and cultivated, because the responses of the oracles were delivered in verse. Taste and science were tributary to them, as is most evident from the "Hymns to Apollo," and other similar relics of antiquity.

But, when considered in connection with their moral and religious influence, they must be confessed to have been most baneful. By their well-known venality, they sanctioned every species of bribery and corruption. By their dissimulation, they gave encouragement to falsehood and duplicity, and led to the frequent violation of public faith. By their mysterious (for they cannot be denominated religious) rites, they deepened the gloom of superstition, and strengthened the bonds of iniquity. They were the colossal pillars that supported, during many ages, the temple of Ignorance—the fortresses that surrounded the throne, and guarded the empire of "the god of this world." At whatever period they ceased, the words of Jesus were then verified, "I beheld Satan, as lightning, fall from heaven."

The more we compassionate their condition, who were under these strong delusions of the "father of lies," the more highly should we esteem those lively oracles, to which we have free access—the oracles of eternal truth. These

we are not only permitted, but commanded, frequently to consult. They reveal the solemn realities of a future state; they bring life and immortality to light; they discover the mind of JEHOVAH, as far as it is necessary to be known by mortals. Their counsels may be safely followed in all the exigencies of human life; their predictions cannot fail of accomplishment in due time. Never did any trust in them, and were confounded. In coming to these sacred oracles, no costly offerings are required—no painful or expensive sacrifices are demanded. An humble, a sincere, a contrite heart, is the only prerequisite they claim. No partiality, no respect of persons, has ever appeared in them; for, to the wise and ignorant, to the rich and poor, to the bond and free, without money and without price, they speak “the words of truth and soberness.” They fill none but the guilty conscience with terror; they convulse not the outward frame, but they penetrate to the inmost soul: for “they are quick and powerful, sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and are a discerners of the thoughts and intents of the heart.”

Those corrupt and fictitious oracles, of which Greece boasted, yet served, on many occasions, to unite the separate states; to conciliate their discordant tempers; and awaken them to a sense of their common interest. And shall not the Sacred Oracles much rather tend to peace and union amongst Christians? Shall they not prove a bond that unites them more closely—a standard round which they rally, prepared to encounter, with combined energies, the common foe? In prompt obedience to the command of these oracles of the living God, let Christians lay aside their narrow jealousies, their selfish party-views—let them cease from their mutual strifes and contentions—let them love as brethren, and labour diligently for the good of the whole body—let them put on the whole armour of God, and go forth to contend with “spiritual wickedness in high places!”

That heathens should make their religion subservient to state policy, and use their most revered ceremonies as mere engines of interest or ambition, excites no surprise. And it must be confessed, that their religious system (if it deserves the name), was admirably fitted to answer such purposes. But shall the gospel of Christ be thus dishonoured, profaned, prostituted? Shall our holy religion be constrained

to bow to measures of worldly policy, of secular interest, of political ambition? God forbid, that the nature and genius of the Christian religion should ever be so mistaken by its professed advocates, or debased by its false friends, as to be thus perverted! Let the words of its divine Founder never be forgotten by us: "My kingdom is not of this world."—**MORELL.**

SCRIPTURE AND GEOLOGY. -

Though we cannot assign a *cause* for the general reduction of the reptile class, save simply the will of the All-Wise Creator, the *reason* why it should have taken place seems easily assignable. It was a bold saying of the old philosophic heathen, that "God is the soul of brutes;" but writers on instinct in even our own times have said less warrantable things. God *does* seem to do for many of the inferior animals of the lower divisions, that, though devoid of brain and vertebral column, are yet skilful chemists and accomplished architects and mathematicians, what he enables man, through the exercise of the reasoning faculty, to do for himself; and the ancient philosopher meant no more. And in clearing away the giants of the reptile dynasty, when their kingdom had passed away, and then reintroducing the class as much shrunken in their proportions as restricted in their domains, the Creator seems to have been doing for the mammals what man, in the character of a "mighty hunter before the Lord," does for himself. There is in nature very little of what can be called war. The cities of this country cannot be said to be in a state of war, though their cattle-markets are thronged every week with animals for slaughter, and the butcher and fishmonger find their places of business thronged with customers. And such, in the main, is the condition of the animal world. It consists of its two classes, animals of prey, and the animals upon which they prey: its wars are simply those of the butcher and fisher, lightened by a dash of the enjoyments of the sportsman.

"The creatures see of flood and field,
And those that travel on the wind,
With them no strife can last: they live
In peace and peace of mind."

Generally speaking, the carnivorous mammalia respect one another: lion does not war with tiger, nor the leopard con-

tend with the hyena. But the carnivorous reptiles manifest no such respect for the carnivorous mammals. There are fierce contests in their native jungles, on the banks of the Ganges, between the gavial and the tiger; and in the steaming forests of South America, the boa-constrictor casts his terrible coil scarce less readily round the puma than the antelope. A world which, after it had become a home of the higher herbivorous and more powerful carnivorous mammals, continued to retain the gigantic reptiles of its earlier ages, would be a world of horrid, exterminating war, and altogether rather a place of torment than a scene of intermediate character, in which, though it sometimes re-echoes the groans of suffering nature, life is, in the main, enjoyment. And so—save in a few exceptional cases, that, while they establish the rule as a fact, serve also as a key to unlock that principle of the Divine government on which it appears to rest—no sooner was the reptile removed from his place in the forefront of creation, and creatures of a higher order introduced into the consolidating and fast-ripening planet of which he had been so long the monarch, than his bulk shrank and his strength lessened, and he assumed a humility of form and aspect at once in keeping with his reduced circumstances, and compatible with the general welfare. But though the *reason* of the reduction appears obvious, I know not that it can be referred to any other *cause* than simply the will of the All-Wise Creator.

There hangs a mystery greatly more profound over the fact of the *degradation* than over that of the *reduction* and *diminution* of classes. We can assign what at least *seems* to be a sufficient *reason* why, when reptiles formed as a class the highest representatives of the vertebrata, they should be of imposing bulk and strength, and altogether worthy of that post of precedence which they then occupied among the animals. We can also assign a *reason* for the strange reduction which took place among them in strength and bulk immediately on their removal from the first to the second place. But why not only *reduction*, but also *degradation*? Why, as division started up in advance of division—first the reptiles in front of the fishes, then the quadrupedal mammals in front of the reptiles, and, last of all, man in front of the quadrupedal mammals—should the supplanted classes—two of them, at least—fishes and reptiles—for there seem to have been no additions made to.

the mammals since man entered upon the scene—why should they have become the receptacles of orders and families of a degraded character, which had no place among them in their monarchical state? The fishes removed beyond all analogy with the higher vertebrata, by their homocercal tails,—the fishes with their four limbs slung in a belt round their necks,—flat fishes that, in addition to this deformity, are so twisted to a side, that while the one eye occupies a single orbit in the middle of the skull, the other is thrust out to its edge,—the irregular fishes generally (sun-fishes, frog-fishes, hippocampi, &c.) were not introduced into the ichthyic division until after the full development of the reptile dynasty; nor did the Hand that makes no slips in its working “form the crooked serpent,” footless, groveling, venom-bearing,—the authorised type of a fallen and degraded creature,—until after the introduction of the mammals. What can this fact of degradation mean? Species and genera seem to be greatly more numerous in the present age of the world than in any of the geologic ages. Is it not possible that the extension of the chain of being which has thus taken place,—not only, as we find, through the addition of the higher divisions of animals to its upper end, but also through the interpolations of *lower links* into the previously existing divisions,—may have borne reference to some predetermined scheme of well-proportioned gradation, or, according to the poet,

“Of general ORDER since the whole began!”

May not, in short, what we term degradation be merely one of the modes resorted to for filling up the voids in creation, and thereby perfecting a scale which must have been originally not merely a scale of narrow compass, but also of innumerable breaks and blanks, hiatuses and chasms? Such certainly would be the reading of the enigma which a Soame Jenyns, or a Bolingbroke, would suggest; but the geologist has learned from his science that the completion of a chain of at least contemporary being, perfect in its gradations, cannot possibly have formed the design of Providence. Almost ever since God united vitality to matter, the links in this chain of animated nature, as if composed of a material too brittle to bear their own weight when stretched across the geologic ages, have been dropping, one after one, from his hand, and sinking, fractured and broken, into the

rocks below. It is urged by Pope, that were "we to press on superior powers," and rise from our own assigned place to the place immediately above it, we would, in consequence of the transposition,

"In the full creation leave a void,
Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroy'd.
From Nature's chain, whatever link we strike,
Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike."

But though I can assign neither *reason* nor *cause* for the fact, I cannot avoid the conclusion, that it is associated with certain other great facts in the moral government of the universe, by those threads of analogical connection which run through the entire tissue of Creation and Providence, and impart to it that character of unity which speaks of the single producing Mind. The first idea of every religion on earth which has arisen out of what may be termed the spiritual instincts of man's nature, is that of a future state; the second idea is, that in this state men shall exist in two separate classes—the one in advance of their present condition, the other far in the rear of it. It is on these two great beliefs that conscience everywhere finds the fulcrum from which it acts upon the conduct; and it is, we find, wholly inoperative as a force without them. And in that one religion among men that, instead of retiring, like the pale ghosts of the others, before the light of civilization, brightens and expands in its beams, and in favour of whose claim as a revelation from God the highest philosophy has declared, we find these two master ideas occupying a still more prominent place than in any of those merely indigenous religions that spring up in the human mind of themselves. The special lesson which the adorable Saviour, during his ministry on earth, oftenest enforced, and to which all the others bore reference, was the lesson of a final separation of mankind into two great divisions—a division of God-like men, of whose high standing and full-orbed happiness, man, in the present scene of things, can form no adequate conception; and a division of men finally lost, and doomed to unutterable misery and hopeless degradation. There is not in all Revelation a single doctrine which we find oftener or more clearly enforced, than that there shall continue to exist, throughout the endless cycles of the future, a race of degraded men and of degraded angels.

Now, it is truly wonderful how thoroughly, in its general scope, the revealed pieces on to the geologic record. We know, as geologists, that the dynasty of the fish was succeeded by that of the reptile; that the dynasty of the reptile was succeeded by that of the mammiferous quadruped; and that the dynasty of the mammiferous quadruped was succeeded by that of man as man now exists—a creature of mixed character, and subject, in all conditions, to wide alternations of enjoyment and suffering. We know, further—so far, at least, as we have yet succeeded in deciphering the record—that the several dynasties were introduced, not in their lower, but in their higher forms; that, in short, in the imposing programme of creation it was arranged, as a general rule, that in each of the great divisions of the procession, the magnates should walk first. We recognise yet further the fact of degradation specially exemplified in the fish and the reptile. And then, passing on to the revealed record, we learn that the dynasty of man in the mixed state and character is not the final one, but that there is to be yet another creation, or, more properly, *re-creation*, known theologically as the Resurrection, which shall be connected in its physical components, by bonds of mysterious paternity, with the dynasty which now reigns, and be bound to it mentally by the chain of identity, conscious and actual; but which, in all that constitutes superiority, shall be as vastly its superior as the dynasty of responsible man is superior to even the lowest of the preliminary dynasties. We are further taught, that at the commencement of this last of the dynasties there will be a re-creation of not only elevated, but also of degraded beings—a re-creation of the *lost*. We are taught yet further, that though the present dynasty be that of a lapsed race, which at their first introduction were placed on higher ground than that on which they now stand, and sank by their own act, it was yet part of the original design, from the beginning of all things, that they should occupy the existing platform; and that Redemption is thus no after-thought, rendered necessary by the fall, but, on the contrary, part of a general scheme, for which provision had been made from the beginning; so that the Divine Man, through whom the work of restoration has been effected, was in reality, in reference to the purposes of the Eternal, what he is designated in the remarkable text, "*the Lamb slain from the Foundations of the world.*" Slain from the foundations of

the world ! Could the assertors of the stony science ask for language more express ? By piecing the two records together—that revealed in Scripture and that revealed in the rocks—records which, however widely geologists may mistake the one, or commentators misunderstand the other, have emanated from the same great Author—we learn that in slow and solemn majesty has period succeeded period, each in succession ushering in a higher and yet higher scene of existence ; that fish, reptiles, mammiferous quadrupeds, have reigned in turn ; that responsible man, “made in the image of God,” and with dominion over all creatures, ultimately entered into a world ripened for his reception ; but, further, that this passing scene, in which he forms the prominent figure, is not the final one in the long series, but merely the last of the *preliminary* scenes ; and that that period to which the bygone ages, incalculable in amount, with all their well-proportioned gradations of being, form the imposing vestibule, shall have perfection for its occupant, and eternity for its duration. I know not how it may appear to others ; but for my own part, I cannot avoid thinking that there would be a lack of proportion in the series of being, were the period of perfect and glorified humanity abruptly connected, without the introduction of an intermediate creation of *responsible* imperfection, with that of the dying, irresponsible brute. That scene of things in which God became man and suffered, *seems*, as it no doubt *is*, a necessary link in the chain.

I am aware that I stand on the confines of a mystery which man, since the first introduction of sin into the world till now, has “vainly aspired to comprehend.” But I have no new reading of the enigma to offer. I know not why it is that moral evil exists in the universe of the All-Wise and the All-Powerful, nor through what occult law of Deity it is that “perfection should come through suffering.” The question, like that satellite, ever attendant upon our planet, which presents both its sides to the sun, but invariably the same side to the earth, hides one of its faces from man, and turns it to but the Eye from which all light emanates. And it is in that God-ward phase of the question that the mystery dwells. We can map and measure every protuberance and hollow which roughens the nether disk of the moon, as, during the shades of night, it looks down upon our path to cheer and enlighten ; but what can we know of the other ? It would, however, seem that, even in this field of mystery,

the extent of the inexplicable and the unknown is capable of reduction, and that the human understanding is vested in an ability of progressing towards the central point of that dark field throughout all time, mayhap all eternity, as the asymptote progresses upon its curve. Even though the essence of the question should for ever remain a mystery, it may yet, in its reduced and defined state, serve as a key for the laying of other mysteries open. The philosophers are still as ignorant as ever respecting the intrinsic nature of gravitation ; but, regarded simply as a force, how many enigmas has it not served to unlock ! And that moral gravitation towards evil, manifested by the only two classes of responsible beings of which there is aught known to man, and of which a degradation linked by mysterious analogy with a class of facts singularly prominent in geologic history is the result, occupies apparently a similar place, as a force, in the moral dynamics of the universe, and seems suited to perform a similar part. Inexplicable itself, it is yet a key to the solution of all the minor inexplicabilities in the scheme of Providence.

In a matter of such extreme niceness and difficulty, shall I dare venture on an illustrative example ?

So far as both the geologic and the scriptural evidence extends, no species or family of existences seems to have been introduced by creation into the present scene of being since the appearance of man. In Scripture the formation of the human race is described as the terminal act of a series, "good" in all its previous stages, but which became "very good" then ; and geologists, judging from the modicum of evidence which they have hitherto succeeded in collecting on the subject—evidence still meagre, but, so far as it goes, independent and distinct—pronounce "post-Adamic creations" at least "improbable." The naturalist finds certain animal and vegetable species restricted to certain circles, and that in certain foci in these circles they attain to their fullest development and their maximum number. And these foci he regards as the original centres of creation, whence, in each instance in the process of increase and multiplication, the plant or creature propagated itself outwards in circular wavelets of life, that sank at each stage as they widened, till at length, at the circumference of the area, they wholly ceased. Now, we find it argued by Professor Edward Forbes, that "since man's appearance, certain geological areas,

both of land and water, have been formed, presenting such physical conditions as to entitle us to expect within their bounds one, or in some instances more than one, centre of creation, or *point of maximum of a zoological or botanical province*. But a critical examination renders evident," the Professor adds, "that instead of showing distinct foci of creation, they have been in all instances peopled by colonization; i.e., by migration of species from pre-existing, and in every case pre-Adamic, provinces. Among the terrestrial areas, the British isles may serve as an example; among marine, the Baltic, Mediterranean, and Black seas. The British islands have been colonised from various centres of creation in (now) continental Europe; the Baltic Sea from the Celtic region, although it runs itself into the conditions of the Boreal one; and the Mediterranean, as it now appears, from the fauna and flora of the more ancient Lusitanian province." Professor Forbes, it is stated farther, in the report of his paper to which I owe these details—a paper read at the Royal Institution in March last—"exhibited, in support of the same view, a map, showing the relation which the centres of creation of the air-breathing molluscs in Europe bear to the geological history of the respective areas, and proving that the whole snail population of its northern and central extent (the portion of the Continent of newest and probably post-Adamic origin) had been derived from foci of creation seated in pre-Adamic lands. And these remarkable facts have induced the Professor," it was added, "to maintain the improbability of post-Adamic creations."

With the introduction of man into the scene of existence, creation, I repeat, seems to have ceased. What is it that now takes its place and performs its work? During the previous dynasties, all elevation in the scale was an effect simply of creation. Nature lay dead in a waste theatre of rock, vapour, and sea, in which the insensate laws, chemical, mechanical, and electric, carried on their blind, unintelligent processes: the *creative fiat* went forth, and, amid waters that straightway teemed with life in its lower forms, vegetable and animal, the dynasty of the fish was introduced. Many ages passed, during which there took place no farther elevation: on the contrary, in not a few of the newly introduced species of the reigning class there occurred for the first time examples of an asymmetrical misplacement of parts, and, in at least one family of fishes, instances of defect

of parts: there was the manifestation of a downward tendency towards the degradation of monstrosity, when the elevatory fiat again went forth, and, *through an act of creation*, the dynasty of the reptile began. Again many ages passed by, marked apparently by the introduction of a warm-blooded oviparous animal, the bird, and of a few marsupial quadrupeds, but in which the prevailing class reigned undeposed, though at least unelevated. Yet again, however, the elevatory fiat went forth, and *through an act of creation* the dynasty of the mammiferous quadruped began. And after the further lapse of ages, the elevatory fiat went forth yet once more *in an act of creation*; and with the human, heaven-aspiring dynasty, the moral government of God, in its connection with at least the world which we inhabit, "took beginning." And then creation ceased. Why? Simply because God's moral government *had* begun—because, in necessary conformity with the institution of that government, there was to be a thorough identity maintained between the glorified and immortal beings of the terminal dynasty, and the dying magnates of the dynasty which now is; and because, in consequence of the maintenance of this identity as an essential condition of this moral government, mere *acts of creation* could no longer carry on the elevatory process. The work analogous in its end and object to those *acts of creation* which gave to our planet its successive dynasties of higher and yet higher existences, is the work of **REDEMPTION**. It is the elevatory process of the present time—the only possible provision for that final act of *re-creation* "to everlasting life," which shall usher in the terminal dynasty.

I cannot avoid thinking that many of our theologians attach a too narrow meaning to the remarkable reason "annexed to the Fourth Commandment" by the Divine Lawgiver. "God rested on the seventh day," says the text, "from all his work which He had created and made; and God blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it." And such is the reason given in the Decalogue why man should also rest on the seventh day. God rested on the Sabbath, and sanctified it; and therefore man ought also to rest on the Sabbath, and keep it holy. But I know not where we shall find grounds for the belief that that Sabbath-day during which God rested was merely commensurate in its duration with one of the Sabbaths of short-lived man—a brief period, measured by a single revolution of the earth on its axis. We

have not, as has been shown, a shadow of evidence that He resumed his work of creation on the morrow: the geologist finds no trace of post-Adamic creation—the theologian can tell us of none. God's Sabbath of rest may still exist—the *work of REDEMPTION may be the work of his Sabbath-day*. That elevatory process through successive acts of creation, which engaged him during myriads of ages, was of an ordinary week-day character; but when the term of his moral government began, the elevatory process proper to it assumed the divine character of the Sabbath. This special view appears to lend peculiar emphasis to the reason embodied in the commandment. The collation of the passage with the geologic record seems, as if by a species of re-translation, to make it enunciate as its injunction, "Keep this day, not merely as a day of memorial related to a past fact, but also as a day of co-operation with God in the work of elevation in relation both to a present fact and a future purpose. God keeps his Sabbath," it says, "in order that he may save; keep yours also, in order that ye may be saved." It serves, besides, to throw light on the prominence of the Sabbatical command, in a digest of law, of which no part or tittle can pass away until the fulfilment of all things. During the present dynasty of probation and trial, that special work of both God and man on which the character of the future dynasty depends, is the Sabbath-day work of saving and being saved.

It is in this dynasty of the future that man's moral and intellectual faculties will receive their full development. The expectation of any very great advance in the present scene of things—great, at least, when measured by man's large capacity of conceiving of the good and fair—seems to be, like all human hope when restricted to time, an expectation doomed to disappointment. There are certain limits within which the race improves—civilization is better than the want of it, and the taught superior to the untaught man. There is a change, too, effected in the moral nature, through that Spirit, which, by working belief in the heart, brings its aspirations into harmony with the realities of the unseen world, that, in at least its relation to the future state, cannot be estimated too highly. But conception can travel very far beyond even its best effects in their merely secular bearing; nay, it is peculiarly its nature to show the men most truly the subjects of it how miserably they fall short of the high

standard of conduct and feeling which it erects, and to teach them, more emphatically than by words, that their degree of happiness must of necessity be as low as their moral attainments are humble. Further: man, though he has been increasing in knowledge ever since his appearance on earth, has not been improving in faculty—a shrewd fact, which they who expect most from the future of this world would do well to consider. The ancient masters of mind were in no respect inferior in calibre to their predecessors. We have not yet shot ahead of the old Greeks in either the perception of the beautiful, or in the ability of producing it; there has been no improvement in the inventive faculty since the *Iliad* was written, some three thousand years ago; nor has taste become more exquisite, or the perception of the harmony of numbers more nice, since the age of the *Æneid*. Science is cumulative in its character; and so its votaries in modern times stand on a higher pedestal than their predecessors. But though nature produced a Newton some two centuries ago, as she produced a Goliath of Gath at an earlier period, the modern philosophers, as a class, do not exceed in actual stature the worse informed ancients—the Euclids, the Archimedeses, and Aristotles. We would be without excuse if, with the Bacon, Milton, and Shakspeare of these latter ages of the world full before us, we recurred to the obsolete belief that the human race is deteriorating; but then, on the other hand, we have certain evidence that, since genius first began unconsciously to register in its works its own bulk and proportions, there has been no increase in the mass or improvement in the quality of individual mind. As for the dream that there is to be some extraordinary elevation of the general platform of the race achieved by means of education, it is simply the hallucination of the age—the world's present alchemical expedient for converting farthings into guineas sheerly by dint of scouring. Not but that education is good: it exercises, and in the ordinary mind develops, faculty. But it will not anticipate the terminal dynasty. Yet further: man's average capacity of happiness seems to be as limited and as incapable of increase as his average reach of intellect,—it is a mediocre capacity at best; nor is it greater by a shade now, in these days of power-looms and portable manures, than in the times of the old patriarchs. So long, too, as the law of increase continues, man must be subject to the law of death, with its stern attendants, suffer-

ing and sorrow; for the two laws go necessarily together; and so long as death reigns, human creatures, in even the best of times, will continue to quit this scene of being without professing much satisfaction at what they have found either in it or themselves. It will no doubt be a less miserable world than it is now when the good come, as there is reason to hope they one day shall, to be a majority; but it will be felt to be an inferior sort of world even then, and be even fuller than now of wishes and longings for a better. Let it improve as it may, it will be a scene of probation and trial till the end. And so faith, undeceived by the mirage of the midway desert, whatever form or name, political or religious, the phantasmagoria may bear, must continue to look beyond its unsolid and tremulous glitter—its bare rocks exaggerated by the vapour into air-drawn castles, and its stunted bushes magnified into goodly trees—and, fixing her gaze upon the re-creation yet future, the terminal dynasty yet unbegun, she must be content to enter upon her final rest—for she will not enter upon it earlier—"at return"

"Of Him, the Woman's Seed,
Last in the clouds, from heaven to be revealed
In glory of the Father, to dissolve
Satan with his perverted world, then raise
From the conflagrant mass, purged and refined,
New heavens, new earth, ages of endless date,
Founded in righteousness, and peace, and love,
To bring forth fruits—joy and eternal bliss."

But it may be judged that I am trespassing on a field into which I have no right to enter. Save, however, for its close proximity with that in which the geologist expatiates as properly his own, this little volume would never have been written. It is the fact that man must believably co-operate with God in the work of preparation for the final dynasty, or exist throughout its never-ending cycles as a lost and degraded creature, that alone renders the development hypothesis formidable. By inculcating that the elevatory process is one of natural law, not of moral endeavour—by teaching, inferentially at least, that in the better state of things which is coming there is to be an identity of race with that of the existing dynasty, but no identity of individual consciousness—that, on the contrary, the life after death which we are to inherit is to be merely a horrid life of wriggling impurities, originated in the putrefactive mucus—and that thus the men

who now live possess no real stake in the kingdom of the future,—it is its direct tendency, so far as its influence extends, to render the required co-operation with God an impossibility; for that co-operation cannot exist without belief as its basis. The hypothesis involves a misreading of the geologic record, which not merely affects its meaning in relation to the mind, and thus, in a question of science, substitutes error for truth, but which also threatens to affect the record itself, in relation to the destiny of every individual perverted and led astray. It threatens to write down among the degraded and the lost, men who, under the influence of an unshaken faith, might have risen at the dawn of the terminal period to enjoy the fulness of eternity among the glorified and the good.—HUGH MILLER.

THE INTELLECTUAL CHRISTIAN.

That “there are diversities of gifts but the same Spirit,” was the declaration of an inspired man regarding the apostolic church; and the same remark is applicable, though in a modified sense, to the churches still. We cannot look on the religious soul, or trace the mental movements of those who are in earnest preparing to meet their God—the men who believe the five grand realities, God, Sin, Death, Judgment, and Immortality—without observing an exhaustless variety in the Holy Spirit’s work. The one Lord, the one faith, the one baptism, are held or rejoiced in by all whom that Spirit has taught; but the complexional distinctions of Christian experience are so manifold as to baffle our endeavours to describe them.

But before proceeding farther with an account of these varieties, it may be well to repeat what we mean by *Christian experience*, and we think that a definition is not difficult. It certainly is not the result of those intuitions which, according to some, constitute true religion. It is not the mere development of our own consciousness along the various channels in which man’s emotions run. It is just the written truth of God exemplified in the life of man. It is the heart corresponding to what the Scriptures say of a believer’s heart. It is the understanding existing in the conditions ascribed to the Christian understanding by the Spirit of God. It is the will moving in harmony with the laws

by which it should be regulated, according to the revelation of Jehovah's mind. It is, in short, the whole man rejoicing, lamenting, hoping, fearing, aspiring, doing, suffering, all according to the mind of the Supreme, as unfolded in his unerring Word. Now, it will at once be seen that there is much in the life even of some earnest Christians which cannot be brought under this definition or description of experience; for there is often very much that is in direct opposition to the will of God. There is the prevalence of unbelief, declining to accept of the gospel—and that can be no ingredient in Christian experience, in any proper sense. There is the morbid and self-consuming spirit of the legal—and neither is that possessed of aught that is properly Christian. It is rather the mind in a state of disease, than the mind guided to the dwellings in which, David says, “the melody of joy and health is heard.” There is the overwrought and feverish excitement which signalises some minds at seasons of awakening and revival. Neither can that be comprehended in any right definition of Christian experience. In short, the experience of a Christian is one thing; but Christian experience may be a widely different thing. With the former, much ignorance or error may mingle from time to time—in the latter, there can be nothing but what is according to the mind of Christ; it is the living epistle of the Lord Jesus; and were this distinction carefully kept in view, it would often preserve the truth from being injured in the house of a friend, as well as deliver the soul from the error of supposing that its condition may be right and safe while declining to close with God's offer of mercy, or mixing up the divine specific against sin and misery with man's own corruptions, his errors, and perversions of the simple truth.

The peculiarity, then, to which we would here refer, in regard to Christian experience, may be called the experience of the intellectual man. That the intellect should hold a prominent place in our religion, as in all that man finds to do, only fanaticism will question. Every gift of God is good; and, while consecrated to his service, a powerful intellect, far from conflicting with spirituality of mind, may supply grand materials, on which the soul may ruminate and grow strong, or ascend to those lofty regions to which only the few can soar. To pronounce a divorce, as some have done, between intellect and godliness, and assume a

necessary union between feeble mental faculties, and the faith of God's people, is to injure religion, and outrage the order of things. It is the declaration of Paul, that he "would pray with the Spirit, and pray with the understanding also—he would sing with the Spirit, and sing with the understanding also;" and the same should be the determination of all who know that the religion of the God of truth is adapted to the whole man, and is meant to subdue and spiritualise our faculties, not to extirpate or overlay them.

On the other hand, however, while some would displace the intellect, or look with suspicion on its use in religion, others would allow it too prominent a sphere, and this is never done without detriment to the power and ascendancy of spiritual truth in the soul. It is clearly the mind of God that the most gifted in point of intellect cannot penetrate into the mysteries of the spiritual kingdom by any self-derived strength. The very attempt to do so implies a misapprehension of one of the first principles of the oracles of God; for here the gifted and the feeble are utterly on a level. If it be true that "no man can say that Jesus is the Lord but by the Holy Ghost;" if it be "not by wisdom, nor by might, but by the Spirit" of the living God, that all saving truth is known—then the attempt to know it by mortal power implies direct antagonism to revelation. The mystery hid from ages continues hidden still from the wise and the prudent, while it is often revealed unto babes; and the oblivion of this leads, we repeat, to spiritual detriment, or often to shipwreck in the faith.

We need only glance at the condition of the churches to see illustrations of this. When the intellectual preponderates in the mind of men, even though conversion may have taken place, it is not uncommon to notice a coldness—almost a scepticism—on the subject of vital godliness, as the Scriptures describe it, or as the heart of the Spirit-taught Christian rejoices over it. Religion is regarded rather as a thing to be judged than submitted to—rather as a subject on which to exercise ingenuity, than a system designed to permeate and sway the whole heart and soul, and strength and mind. It is mainly objective in its character; its truths are studied with the calmness or the coldness which characterises the manipulations of the algebraist, not with the earnestness which becomes us when life or death for ever is at

stake; and it has happened, within the range of our own observation, that men of this class, who had given trustworthy reasons to believe that they were indeed converted and transformed by the renewing of their minds, were suspected of being merely nominal Christians, by some more ardent and sanguine followers of the Lamb. We do not refer at present to that pitiable error by which some are led astray, and are inflated by the idea of their intellectual superiority—so that nothing but an intellectual gospel, and intellectual grace, and intellectual spirituality, were such combinations of words not utterly incongruous, can meet the high demands of their minds. These are the great swelling words of the intellectually vain, which indicate too surely that the character of the model disciple is not yet theirs,—they are at once to be suspected as ranking amongst those who are without. But we refer to men of whom something more than charity bids us believe that they have passed from death to life; and some such we know who are suspected of being still in the gall of bitterness, because of the coldness which characterises their religion. It may have the steadfastness of principle; but it imparts no impulse—it generates no warmth. It resembles a cold winter scene, whose chief decorations are icicles or hoar frost, rather than the green and goodly scenes which greet the eye when the Sun of righteousness is shining, and his genial heat, if not his glowing fervour, is felt in the soul.

Place such a believer in a pulpit. He will announce dogmas as accurate, perhaps, as the mathematics; but as cold, and as remotely related to spiritual *life*. He may reason like Butler, or criticise like Bentley; but the whole tends to chill rather than to generate a healthful glow—it is as if the Scriptures did not contain the words, “It is good to be zealously affected always in a good thing.” In brief, there may be light shining; but it is not into the heart. No irradiation reaches it. All is cold, cheerless, unattractive; and unless God had provided some better thing for us, the understanding might have been stored, but the heart would never have been warmed, roused, impelled. Who has not seen such a preacher, environed, perhaps, by not a few like-minded hearers—dragging, perhaps, the Word of God to the tribunal of man’s judgment, and rejecting or receiving at the bidding of the intellect of man—not as we are taught by the Spirit of the living God?

Many are weak and sickly among us, and some sleep, because of this tendency and tone.

Or place such a man by a deathbed side. Is the dying one unprepared to meet his God? How unfit is the merely intellectual believer, when his own soul is not glowing with love—but rather chilled by a species of formality—to rouse, to urge, to persuade! Or is the dying one a child of God? Is the land Beulah in sight? Is the soul hovering on wing to be there? How unfit are those in whom the merely intellectual element preponderates, either to sympathise in the joys, or to comprehend the aspirations of the departing spirit! All that he can advance is felt to be vapid and unavailing; and it is well if he do not rank those prelibations of heaven, which are sometimes granted to the dying believer, among the results of enthusiasm. It is the heart-felt and the Spirit-produced that is adapted to such an occasion. The merely intellectual, however correct, consistent, and formally scriptural, can only put lead upon the wings of the soaring spirit. “Heart-light,” one has said, “is life-light; warm, fervent, kindling others. Mere intellectual light is cold, pale, unattractive.”—W. K. TWEEDIE.

THE TRANSITORY NATURE OF VISIBLE THINGS.

The assertion that the things which are seen are temporal, holds true in the absolute and universal sense of it. They had a beginning, and they will have an end. Should we go upward through the stream of ages that are past, we come to a time when they were not. Should we go onward through the stream of ages that are before us, we come to a time when they will be no more. It is indeed a most mysterious flight which the imagination ventures upon, when it goes back to the eternity that is behind us—when it mounts its ascending way through the millions and the millions of years that are already gone through, and stop where it may, it finds the line of its march always lengthening beyond it, and losing itself in the obscurity of as far removed a distance as ever. It soon reaches the commencement of visible things, or that point in its progress when God made the heavens and the earth. They had a beginning, but God had none; and what a wonderful field for the fancy to expatiate on, when we get above the era of created worlds,

and think of that period when, in respect of all that is visible, the immensity around us was one vast and unpeopled solitude. But God was there in his dwelling-place, for it is said of Him that he inhabits eternity; and the Son of God was there, for we read of the glory which He had with the Father before the world was. The mind cannot sustain itself under the burden of these lofty contemplations. It cannot lift the curtain which shrouds the past eternity of God. But it is good for the soul to be humbled under a sense of its incapacity. It is good to realise the impression, which too often abandons us, that He made us, and not we ourselves. It is good to feel how all that is temporal lies in passive and prostrate subordination before the will of the uncreated God. It is good to know how little a portion it is that we see of Him and of his mysterious ways. It is good to lie at the feet of His awful and unknown majesty—and while secret things belong to Him, it is good to bring with us all the helplessness and docility of children to those revealed lessons which belong to us and to our children.

But this is not the sense in which the temporal nature of visible things is taken up by the apostle. It is not that there is a time past in which they did not exist—but that there is a time to come in which they will exist no more. He calls them temporal, because the time and the duration of their existence will have an end. His eye is full upon futurity. It is the passing away of visible things in the time that is to come, and the ever-during nature of invisible things through the eternity that is to come, which the apostle is contemplating. Now, on this one point we say nothing about the positive annihilation of the matter of visible things. There is reason for believing, that some of the matter of our present bodies may exist in those more glorified and transformed bodies which we are afterwards to occupy. And for any thing we know, the matter of the present world, and of the present system, may exist in those new heavens and that new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness. There may be a transfiguration of matter without a destruction of it—and, therefore it is, that when we assert with the apostle in the text, how things seen are temporal, we shall not say more than that the substance of these things, if not consigned back again to the nothing from which they had emerged, will be employed in the for-

mation of other things totally different—that the change will be so great, as that all old things may be said to have passed away and all things to become new—that after the wreck of the last conflagration, the desolated scene will be repeopled with other objects ; the righteous will live in another world, and the eye of the glorified body will open on another field of contemplation from that which is now visible around us.

Even those objects which men are most apt to count upon as unperishable, because, without any sensible decay, they have stood the lapse of many ages, will not weather the lapse of eternity. This earth will be burnt up. The light of yonder sun will be extinguished. These stars will cease from their twinkling. The heavens will pass away as a scroll—and as to those solid and enormous masses which, like the firm world we tread upon, roll in mighty circuit through the immensity around us, it seems the solemn language of revelation of one and all of them, that from the face of Him who sitteth on the throne, the earth and the heavens will fly away, and there will be found no place for them.

Even apart from the Bible, the eye of observation can witness, in some of the hardest and firmest materials of the present system, the evidence of its approaching dissolution. What more striking, for example, than the natural changes which take place on the surface of the world, and which prove that the strongest of Nature's elements must at last yield to the operation of time and of decay—that yonder towering mountain, though propped by the rocky battlements which surround it, must at last sink under the power of corruption—that every year brings it nearer to its end—that, at this moment, it is wasting silently away, and letting itself down from the lofty eminence which it now occupies—that the torrent which falls from its side never ceases to consume its substance, and to carry it off in the form of sediment to the ocean—that the frost which assails it in winter loosens the solid rock, detaches it in pieces from the main precipice, and makes it fall in fragments to its base—that the power of the weather scales off the most flinty materials, and that the wind of heaven scatters them in dust over the surrounding country—that even though not anticipated by the sudden and awful convulsions of the day of God's wrath, nature contains within itself the rudiments of

decay—that every hill must be levelled with the plains, and every plain be swept away by the constant operation of the rivers which run through it—and that, unless renewed by the hand of the Almighty, the earth on which we are now treading must disappear in the mighty roll of ages and of centuries. We cannot take our flight to other worlds, or have a near view of the changes to which they are liable. But surely if this world, which, with its mighty apparatus of continents and islands, looks so healthful and so firm after the wear of many centuries, is posting visibly to its end, we may be prepared to believe that the principles of destruction are also at work in other provinces of the visible creation—and that though, of old, God laid the foundation of the earth, and the heavens are the work of his hands, yet they shall perish; yea, all of them shall wax old like a garment, and as a vesture shall He change them, and they shall be changed.

But there is another way in which the objects that are seen are temporal. The object may not merely be removed from us, but we may be removed from the object. The disappearance of this earth, and of these heavens from us, we look upon through the dimness of a far-placed futurity. It is an event, therefore, which may regale our imagination; which may lift our mind by its sublimity; which may disengage us in the calm hour of meditation from the littleness of life, and of its cares; and which may even throw a clearness and a solemnity over our intercourse with God. But such an event as this does not come home upon our hearts with the urgency of a personal interest. It does not carry along with it the excitement which lies in the nearness of an immediate concern. It does not fall with such vivacity upon our conceptions, as practically to tell on our pursuits or any of our purposes. It may elevate and solemnise us; but this effect is perfectly consistent with its having as little influence on the walk of the living, and the moving, and the acting man, as a dream of poetry. The preacher may think that he has done great things with his eloquence—and the hearers may think that great things have been done upon them—for they felt a fine glow of emotion, when they heard of God sitting in the majesty of His high counsels over the progress and the destiny of created things. But the truth is, that all this kindling of devotion which is felt upon the contemplation of His great-

ness, may exist in the same bosom, with an utter distaste for the holiness of His character ; with an entire alienation of the heart and of the habits from the obedience of His law ; and, above all, with a most nauseous and invincible contempt for the spiritualities of that revelation, in which He has actually made known His will and His ways to us. The devotion of mere taste is one thing—the devotion of principle is another. And as surely as a man may weep over the elegant sufferings of poetry, yet add to the real sufferings of life by peevishness in his family and insolence among his neighbours ; so surely may a man be awakened to rapture by the magnificence of God, while his life is deformed by its rebellions, and his heart rankles with all the foulness of idolatry against Him.

Well, then, let us try the other way of bringing the temporal nature of visible things to bear upon your interests. It is true, that this earth and these heavens will at length disappear ; but they may outlive our posterity for many generations. However, if they disappear not from us, we most certainly shall disappear from them. They will soon cease to be any thing to you ; and though the splendour and variety of all that is visible around us should last for thousands of centuries, your eyes will soon be closed upon them. The time is coming when this goodly scene shall reach its positive consummation. But, in all likelihood, the time is coming much sooner, when you shall resign the breath of your nostrils, and bid a final adieu to every thing around you. Let this earth and these heavens be as enduring as they may, to you they are fugitive as vanity. Time, with its mighty strides, will soon reach a future generation, and leave the present in death and in forgetfulness behind it. The grave will close upon every one of you, and that is the dark and the silent cavern where no voice is heard, and the light of the sun never enters.—CHALMERS.

NATURE'S CONSUMMATION.

The groans of Nature in this nether world,
Which Heaven has heard for ages, have an end.
Foretold by prophets, and by poets sung,
Whose fire was kindled at the prophets' lamp,
The time of rest, the promised Sabbath, comes.

Six thousand years of sorrow have wellnigh
Fulfilled their tardy and disastrous course
Over a sinful world ; and what remains
Of this tempestuous state of human things
Is merely as the working of a sea
Before a calm, that rocks itself to rest :
For He, whose car the winds are, and the clouds
The dust that waits upon his sultry march,
When sin hath moved Him, and His wrath is hot,
Shall visit earth in mercy ; shall descend
Propitious in His chariot paved with love ;
And what His storms have blasted and defaced
For man's revolt, shall with a smile repair.

Sweet is the harp of prophecy ; too sweet
Not to be wrong'd by a mere mortal touch :
Nor can the wonders it records be sung
To meaner music, and not suffer loss.
But when a poet, or when one like me,
Happy to rove among poetic flowers,
Though poor in skill to rear them, lights at last
On some fair theme, some theme divinely fair,
Such is the impulse and the spur he feels,
To give it praise proportion'd to its worth,
That not to attempt it, arduous as he deems
The labour, were a task more arduous still.

Oh, scenes surpassing fable, and yet true,
Scenes of accomplish'd bliss ! which who can see,
Though but in distant prospect, and not feel
His soul refresh'd with foretaste of the joy ?
Rivers of gladness water all the earth,
And clothe all climes with beauty ; the reproach
Of barrenness is past. The fruitful field
Laughs with abundance ; and the land, once lean,
Or fertile only in its own disgrace,
Exults to see its thistly curse repeal'd.
The various seasons woven into one,
And that one season an eternal spring,
The garden fears no blight, and needs no fence,
For there is none to covet, all are full.
The lion, and the libbard, and the bear,
Graze with the fearless flocks ; all bask at noon
Together, or all gamble in the shade
Of the same grove, and drink one common stream.

Antipathies are none. No foe to man
Lurks in the serpent now : the mother sees,
And smiles to see, her infant's playful hand
Streached forth to dally with the crested worm,
To stroke his azure neck, or to receive,
The lambent homage of his arrowy tongue.
All creatures worship man, and all mankind
One Lord, one Father. Error has no place :
That creeping pestilence is driven away ;
The breath of Heaven has chased it. In the heart
No passion touches a discordant string,
But all is harmony and love. Disease
Is not : the pure and uncontaminated blood
Holds its due course, nor fears the frost of age.
One song employs all nations ; and all cry,
" Worthy the Lamb, for He was slain for us !"
The dwellers in the vales and on the rocks
Shout to each other, and the mountain-tops
From distant mountains catch the flying joy ;
Till, nation after nation taught the strain,
Earth rolls the rapturous hosanna round.
Behold the measure of the promise fill'd ;
See Salem built, the labour of a God !
Bright as a sun the sacred city shines ;
All kingdoms and all princes of the earth
Flock to that light ; the glory of all lands
Flows into her ; unbounded is her joy,
And endless her increase. Thy rams are there,
Nebaioth, and the flocks of Kedar there ;
The looms of Ormus, and the mines of Ind,
And Saba's spicy groves, pay tribute there.
Praise is in all her gates : upon all her walls,
And in her streets, and in her spacious courts,
Is heard salvation. Eastern Java there,
Kneels with the native of the furthest west ;
And Æthiopia spreads abroad the hand,
And worships. Her report has travelled forth
Into all lands. From every clime they come
To see thy beauty, and to share thy joy,
O Sion ! an assembly such as earth
Saw never, such as Heaven stoops down to see.
Thus heavenward all things tend. For all were once
Perfect, and all must be at length restored.

So God has greatly purposed ; who would else
In his dishonour'd works himself endure
Dishonour and be wronged without redress.
Haste, then, and wheel away a shatter'd world,
Ye slow-revolving seasons ! we would see
(A sight to which our eyes are strangers yet)
A world, that does not dread and hate His laws,
And suffer for its crime ; would learn how fair
The creature is that God pronounces good,
How pleasant in itself what pleases Him.
Here every drop of honey hides a sting ;
Worms wind themselves into our sweetest flowers ;
And even the joy that haply some poor heart
Derives from Heaven, pure as the fountain is,
Is sullied in the stream, taking a taint
From touch of human lips, at best impure.
O for a world in principle as chaste
As this is gross and selfish ! over which
Custom and prejudice shall bear no sway,
That govern all things here, should ring aside
The meek and modest Truth, and forcing her
To seek a refuge from the tongue of Strife
In nooks obscure, far from the ways of men ;
Where Violence shall never lift the sword,
Nor Cunning justify the proud man's wrong,
Leaving the poor no remedy but tears ;
Where he that fills an office shall esteem
Th' occasion it presents of doing good
More than the perquisite ; where Law shall speak
Seldom, and never but as Wisdom prompts
And Equity ; not jealous more to guard
A worthless form, than to decide aright ;
Where fashion shall not sanctify abuse,
Nor smooth Good-breeding (supplemental grace)
With lean performance ape the work of Love !
Come then, and, added to thy many crowns,
Receive yet one, the crown of all the earth,
Thou who alone art worthy ! It was Thine
By ancient covenant, ere Nature's birth ;
And Thou hast made it Thine by purchase since,
And overpaid its value with Thy blood.
Thy saints proclaim Thee King ; and in their hearts
Thy title is engraven with a pen

Dipp'd in the fountain of eternal love.
 Thy saints proclaim Thee King ; and Thy delay
 Gives courage to their foes, who, could they see
 The dawn of Thy last advent, long desir'd,
 Would creep into the bowels of the hills,
 And flee for safety to the falling rocks.
 The very spirit of the world is tired
 Of its own taunting question, ask'd so long,
 " Where is the promise of your Lord's approach ?"
 The infidel has shot his bolts away,
 Till, his exhausted quiver yielding none,
 He gleans the blunted shafts, that have recoil'd,
 And aims them at the shield of Truth again.
 The veil is rent, rent too by priestly hands,
 That hides Divinity from mortal eyes ;
 And all the mysteries to faith propos'd,
 Insulted and traduc'd, are cast aside
 As useless to the moles and to the bats.
 They now are deem'd the faithful, and are prais'd,
 Who, constant only in rejecting Thee,
 Deny thy Godhead with a martyr's zeal,
 And quit their office for their error's sake.
 Blind, and in love with darkness, yet even these
 Worthy, compar'd with sycophants, who kneel
 Thy name adoring, and then preach the man !
 So fares Thy church. But how Thy church may fare
 The world takes little thought. Who will may preach,
 And what they will. All pastors are alike
 To wand'ring sheep, resolv'd to follow none.
 Two gods divide them all—Pleasure and Gain :
 For these they live, they sacrifice to these,
 And in their service wage perpetual war
 With Conscience and with Thee. Lust in their hearts,
 And mischief in their hands, they roam the earth,
 To prey upon each other : stubborn, fierce,
 High-minded, foaming out their own disgrace,
 Thy prophets speak of such ; and noting down
 The features of the last degenerate times,
 Exhibit every lineament of these.
 Come then, and, added to Thy many crowns,
 Receive yet one, as radiant as the rest,
 Due to Thy last and most effectual work,
 Thy word fulfill'd, the conquest of a world !

COWPER.

PART SECOND.—CHARACTER AND CRITICISM.

THE NEW YEAR.

Ere our sheet shall have passed from the press into the hands of our readers, we shall have entered on a new year. It is barely ninety degrees distant from us at the present moment. It landed on the eastern extremity of Asia at the 1st of January 1845, just as we were rising from our breakfasts in Edinburgh on the 31st of December 1844; and it has been gliding westwards towards us, in the character of *one o'clock in the morning*, ever since. In a few hours more it will be sliding across the backwoods of America, in its seven-league boots, and careering over the Pacific in its canoe. And then, at some indefinable point, not yet fixed by the philosopher, it will find itself transformed from the first into the second day of the year; and thus it will continue to roll on, round and round like an Archimedes screw, picking up at every gyration an additional unit, until the three hundred and sixty-five shall be complete. The past year has witnessed many curious changes, as a dweller in time; the coming year has already looked down on many a curious scene, as a journeyer over space. It has seen Cochin-China, with all its unmapped islands, and the ancient empire of Japan, with its cities and provinces unknown to Europe. It has heard the roar of a busy population amid the thousand streets of Pekin, and the wild dash of the midnight tides as they fret the rocks of the Indian Archipelago. It has been already with our friends in Hindustan; it has been greeted, we doubt not, with the voice of prayer, as the slow iron hand of the city clock indicated its arrival to the missionaries at Madras; it has swept over the fever jungles of the Ganges, where the scaled crocodile startles the thirsty

tiger as he stoops to drink, and the exposed corpse of the benighted Hindu floats drearily past. It has travelled over the land of pagodas, and is now entering on the land of mosques. Anon it will see the moon in her wane, casting the dark shadows of columned Palmyra over the sands of the desert ; and the dim walls of Jerusalem looking out on a silent and solitary land, that has cast forth its interim tenants, and waits unappropriated for the old predestined race, its proper inhabitants. In two short hours it will be voyaging along the cheerful Mediterranean; greeting the rower in his galley among the isles of Greece, and the seaman in his barque embayed in the Adriatic. And then, after marking the red glare of *Ætna* reflected in the waves that slumber around the moles of *Syracuse*—after glancing on the towers of the Seven-hilled City, and the hoary snows of the Alps—after speeding over France, over Flanders, over the waves of the German Sea—it will be with ourselves ; and the tall ghostly tenements of *Dun-Edin* will re-echo the shouts of the High Street. Away, and away, it will cross the broad Atlantic, and visit watchers in their beacon-towers on the deep, and the immigrant in his log-hut, among the brown woods of the West ; it will see the fire of the red man umbering with its gleam tall trunks and giant branches in some deep glade of the forest ; and then mark, on the far shores of the Pacific, the rugged bear stalking sullenly over the snow. Away, and away, and the vast globe shall be girdled by the zone of the new-born year. Many a broad plain shall it have traversed that is still unbroken from the waste—many a moral wilderness, on which the Sun of Righteousness has not yet arisen. Nearly eighteen and a half centuries shall have elapsed since the shepherds first heard the midnight song in *Bethlehem* : “ Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth ; goodwill to the children of men ; ” and yet the coming year shall pass, in its first visit, over prisons, and gibbets, and penal settlements, and battle-fields on which the festering dead moulder unburied. It will see the shotted gun, and the spear, and the crease, and the murdering tomahawk—slaves in their huts, and captives in their dungeons. It will look down on uncouth idols in their temples—worshippers of the false prophet in their mosques—the Papist in his confessional—the Puseyite in his stone allegory—and on much idle and bitter controversy among those holders of the true faith whose proper work is the conversion of the world. But the years shall

pass, and a change shall come ; the Sacrifice on Calvary was not offered up in vain, nor in vain hath the adorable Saviour conquered and ascended to reign as King and Lord over the nations. The kingdoms shall become His kingdoms, the people His people. The morning rises slowly and in clouds, but the dawn has broken ; and it shall shine forth more and more, until the twilight shadows shall have dispersed, and the sulphureous fogs shall have dissipated, and all shall be peace and gladness amid the blaze of the perfect day.—HUGH MILLER.

ESTIMATE OF DR CHALMERS.

Dr Chalmers was one of those who come to take their place in the company of historic persons. He was a man whose mind and soul, whose energies and opinions, and whose public conduct, so impressed his personal image upon the religious and moral aspects of his country, as that his likeness can never be thence effaced, nor himself forgotten ? A century or two hence it will not be that the name of Chalmers has gone to his final resting-place in forgotten books. The youth of Scotland, some hundred years on, will not be putting any such question as this to their sires—"Thomas Chalmers !—who was he ?" The religious cottager of Scotland's remotest glens, after a generation or two has passed away, will not need to be told that he owes an endless debt of love and reverence to the memory of Thomas Chalmers. None of these things will happen, or not unless social catastrophes shall in the interval sweep Scotland clean of its true heart, its fervent mind, and its retentive memory ! Scotland, we think, will forget Chalmers when it has forgotten Knox, and when it forgets the worthies of its age of martyrs ; or to say what we mean in a word, when Scotland shall be Scotland no more.

In thus speaking, we are not borne aloft above the level of sobriety by the prejudices of national feeling—for we are not of North Britain ; nor again do we lose sight of cold realities, blinded by exaggerated notions of Dr Chalmers's merits, powers, or accomplishments, as a philosopher, or as a writer, or as a statesman. . We shall use no disguise in showing our entire freedom from any such tumid suppositions, as to the precise place which should be assigned him

in some of the above-named characters. There may be room here for differences of opinion, and our own opinion may differ a little, in certain respects, from that of his most ardent admirers, or of his countrymen generally; but among those—at least among any whose happiness it may have been to pass an entire day in his company, there will be no difference of opinion when we say—Thomas Chalmers was a great man. All the characteristics of genuine greatness marked him as he stood among others. It was not that he surpassed all men around him in pure intelligence, or in any single element of moral excellence; but, taking altogether, mind and heart, and visible bearing, you gave him involuntarily, and he naturally took, the foremost position in almost any assemblage of notable persons with whom he had to do. The unassumingness of a child did not avail to screen him from that homage of which he was the object. The admitted merits and talents of others, on the right hand or the left, did not render that homage ambiguous—did not abate it. There might often be men near him who surpassed him in talent, but they did not dislodge him, in the view of others, from his place.

All was harmony in Chalmers's conformation. His figure and attitude very nearly accorded with the ideal of such a man, after Michael Angelo; and if it showed a rusticity to which that great artist would have applied his chisel, there was beneath the rugged surface a refinement, an intellectuality, to which only the hand of Raphaelle could have given expression. On an occasion, dating not many days before his death, he stood in the midst of a company—urging an argument—with hands uplifted, just as a Michael Angelo or a Raphaelle might have wished to catch him, when in search of a study. With his broad build, and square massive contour, shoulders, cranium, he seemed to take immovable possession of the ground that sustained his weight—not in elegant antithesis of limb to limb—not in easy mobile equipoise of the person, as if floating in air; but solidly, and as if really he had a muscular consciousness of the round world beneath him, and stood, statue-like, surmounting its great curvatures. Yet this man of mass and weight was flexible toward every human sympathy. He remembered you, even as to the items of your individual and domestic weal; he felt with you; and in a moment he was on your level; he was courteous as the most polished; ge-

nuine and sincere as the most home-bred. He was firm as man should be, loving as woman, transparent as a child.

We have said, that whatever abatements there might be room to make on certain grounds, Thomas Chalmers was a great man. And what does this greatness which we claim for him imply? It has these elements: *first*, it implies amplitude of soul in the three dimensions of height, depth, and breadth; and what we mean is this.—He who is great, intellectually and morally, has a stature *loftier* than that of other men, so that he commands a clearer view of the high heavens above him; and so that his thoughts tend thither, as if by a spontaneous upward gravitation. Leave him alone at any time, distract him not with the things of earth, let his soul go whither it would go, whither it is wont to go, and you will be sure to find that he is conversing with the upper world—that he has soared—not, indeed, as if to spurn the earth, but as if to bespeak his entrance upon heaven. That we may show that we do not thus speak of Chalmers at the impulse of a mindless inflation, we say his mind had this altitude more by moral instinct, or *tendency*, than absolutely by intellectual stature. And thus also *depth* was his. John Foster's depth was that which makes a man tranquilly at home while treading or exploring the lowest profound of sombre meditation. Chalmers's depth was not of this sort: he was far too buoyant in temper to follow easily where Foster went; but he could approach the brink of the abyss, and gaze into that chaos, long enough to bring thence a settled solemnity of spirit, an awe, a seriousness, that gave force to his every energy while labouring for the good of his fellow-men.

Breadth, that other characteristic of greatness, most conspicuously belonged to Chalmers, both in mind and heart. Whether or not we go with him in his doctrines, as a political economist, or as an ecclesiastical theorist, the view he took of social interests was always wide, comprehensive, statesmanlike. Right or wrong in his principles, it was never a narrow ground that he occupied: never was it a pinched-in aspect of things that held his attention. He thought of institutions with approval or with disapproval, according to their bearing, in *his* view, upon the social system at large. In heart, and as to his sympathies, his benign affections, his hopeful temperament, his laborious benevolence, his scorning of selfish cavils, and over-caution, when

good on a great scale might be done or attempted, what breadth of soul was his! How wide was that bosom! So wide was it, that within its compass, thoughts and purposes embracing the welfare of the human family found their constant home and lodgment! In breadth of soul, even more than in height or depth, Chalmers was great. Great, also, in that further characteristic, so constant in all the instances to which, with a spontaneous readiness, we apply the term;—that is to say, Momentum. He to whom this property belongs, how mild soever he may be in temper, and even if he be sweet-natured as a child, yet inspires, among all around him, not merely respect and awe, but a sort of dread; for one feels, that to stand in his path, or to hold up the hand, as if to beckon him to stop in his course, is to risk, for one's-self, the being crushed. A mass, ample in its dimensions, is in rapid movement; it is speeding itself onward by its own forces; it is power in progress; it will not easily be turned aside; it will not wait for the tardy, for the inert, for the half-hearted, for the double-minded.

Nearly allied to this onward force, this *momentum*, was that unity of intention, or moral homogeneousness, which is the mark always of men of a high order—or, as we say, of great men; and Chalmers had it. This does not mean that there is a paucity of ingredients in the intellectual and moral structure of the man; but that all faculties, intellectual and moral, take a single direction, and obey a sovereign and unresisted law. One's recollections of some men, known and conversed with on very different occasions, do not cohere: it is easier to frame two or three ideal men out of those recollections, than to cluster them into one. One's recollection of some men is simple and uniform, just because it is poor and meagre; but Chalmers lives in the memory, as do certain images of natural objects, which are great, bright, rich, and yet all of a piece. So it is that one thinks of a sunset in the tropics, with its flaming arches over head, and its burning fringes in the west; so one thinks of the heaving of the ocean, seen in a windless swell, midway of the Atlantic; so of an Alpine precipice, when a curtain of cloud is hastily drawn up from its foot to its snowy summit.

There is yet one other feature of greatness—and in how signal a degree did it belong to Thomas Chalmers! This was the transparent simplicity of his nature. What this means is not the contrary of duplicity; it is not precisely, or it is

not merely, guilelessness and probity in speech and feeling ; but rather it is the opposite of what is factitious in mind and manner. Most of us would suffer great loss if all that is conventional were by some rude hand torn away from us ;— and as to some men, what would there be left of them at all but a shred, if *they* and the *conventional* were rent asunder ! Chalmers's simplicity was that of a full-fraught soul, that has worked out, from and for itself, all that it is ; all it wants, as to its impulses, sentiments, and principles of action. In *character* he had not derived himself from other men's notions, or listened to their dictation : he was home-spun ; this was his simplicity. As to speculative principles, or his philosophy, or his notions of abstract theology, we do not intend to claim for him a foremost place among those who have wrought at the forge of thought in every case for themselves, and who have borrowed nothing from others.

Robust, forceful, impulsive, as nature had made him, he was also by constitution—as all men are upon whose shoulders great public cares are to come—self-confiding, self-esteeming, highly susceptible of ambition, covetous of applause, impatient of control, and irritable ;—he was a man not to be sported with. Such, we think, was he by *temperament* ; and thus the reader of his early journal and letters cannot fail to think of the “ Mr Thomas Chalmers ” who is therein depicted ; and the thoughtful reader of the first volume of his memoirs will judge indulgently of that feeling, on the part of the Editor, which has given place to these personal materials so copiously, seeing that by this means we are shown the vast extent of that change which Christianity effected in this instance. It is reckoned a triumph of the gospel when a man of the ordinary stamp, whose passions have carried him far from the path of virtue, is brought back thereto and reformed. But should it be thought a less triumph of the same heavenly energy, when the most intense of all the impulses to which human nature is liable—the ambition of a master spirit—yields itself, gives in, and learns to submit itself to motives of a higher order ? In the instance of Chalmers, this substitution of the sense of duty, as a Christian and as a minister, and this dislodgment of the ambition and the self-seeking of the man, presents itself as perhaps the centre-lesson which his memoirs convey to the heart of the seriously-minded reader.

This subordination of the man, and this supremacy of a motive more pure, was a revolution which (as we may well suppose) went on for many years, bringing itself gradually to its culminating point. But effectively and substantially, the change occupied a very brief transition period. The conflict between the man and the Christian was brought to a crisis within a few months, or even weeks.—ISAAC TAYLOR.

THE PROPHETIC LANGUAGE.

For understanding the prophecies, we are, in the first place, to acquaint ourselves with the figurative language of the prophets. This language is taken from the analogy between the world natural, and an empire or kingdom considered as a world politic.

Accordingly, the whole world natural, consisting of heaven and earth, signifies the whole world politic, consisting of thrones and people; or so much of it as is considered in the prophecy. And the things in that world signify the analogous things in this. For the heavens, and the things therein, signify thrones and dignities, and those who enjoy them; and the earth, with the things thereon, the inferior people; and the lowest parts of the earth, called Hades, or Hell, the lowest or most miserable part of them. Whence, ascending towards heaven, and descending to the earth, are put for rising and falling in power and honour; rising out of the earth or waters, and falling into them, for the rising up to any dignity or dominion, out of the inferior state of the people, or falling down from the same into that inferior state; descending into the lower parts of the earth, for descending to a very low and unhappy state; speaking with a faint voice out of the dust, for being in a weak and low condition; moving from one place to another, for translation from one office, dignity, or dominion to another; great earthquakes, and the shaking of heaven and earth, for the shaking of dominions, so as to distract or overthrow them; the creating a new heaven and earth, and the passing away of an old one, or the beginning and end of the world, for the rise and reign of the body politic signified thereby.

In the heavens, the sun and moon are, by the interpreters of dreams, put for the person of kings and queens. But in sacred prophecy, which regards not single persons, the sun

is put for the whole species and race of kings, in the kingdom or kingdoms of the world politic, shining with regal power and glory; the moon for the body of the common people, considered as the king's wife; the stars for subordinate princes and great men, or for bishops and rulers of the people of God, when the sun is Christ; light for the glory, truth, and knowledge, wherewith great and good men shine and illuminate others; darkness for obscurity of condition, and for error, blindness, and ignorance; darkening, smiting, or setting of the sun, moon, and stars, for the ceasing of a kingdom, or for the desolation thereof, proportional to the darkness; darkening the sun, turning the moon into blood, and falling of the stars, for the same; new moons, for the return of a dispersed people into a body politic or ecclesiastic.

Fire and meteors refer to both heaven and earth, and signify as follows:—Burning any thing with fire, is put for the consuming thereof by war; a conflagration of the earth, or turning a country into a lake of fire, for the consumption of a kingdom by war; the being in a furnace, for the being in slavery under another nation; the ascending up of the smoke of any burning thing for ever and ever, for the continuation of a conquered people under the misery of perpetual subjection and slavery; the scorching heat of the sun, for vexatious wars, persecutions, and troubles inflicted by the king; riding on the clouds, for reigning over much people; covering the sun with a cloud, or with smoke, for oppression of the king by the armies of an enemy; tempestuous winds, or the motion of clouds, for wars; thunder, or the voice of a cloud, for the voice of a multitude; a storm of thunder, lightning, hail, and overflowing rain, for a tempest of war descending from the heavens and clouds politic on the heads of their enemies; rain, if not immoderate, and dew, and living water, for the graces and doctrines of the Spirit; and the defect of rain, for spiritual barrenness.

In the earth, the dry land and congregated waters, as a sea, a river, a flood, are put for the people of several regions, nations, and dominions; embittering of waters, for great affliction of the people by war and persecution; turning things into blood, for the mystical death of bodies politic, that is, for their dissolution; the overflowing of a sea or river, for the invasion of the earth politic, by the people of

the waters ; drying up of waters, for the conquest of their regions by the earth ; fountains of waters for cities, the permanent heads of rivers politic ; mountains and islands, for the cities of the earth and sea politic, with the territories and dominions belonging to those cities ; dens and rocks of mountains, for the temples of cities ; the hiding of men in those dens and rocks, for the shutting up of idols in their temples ; houses and ships, for families, assemblies, and towns in the earth and sea politic ; and a navy of ships of war, for an army of that kingdom that is signified by the sea.

Animals also, and vegetables, are put for the people of several regions and conditions ; and particularly trees, herbs, and land animals, for the people of the earth politic ; flags, reeds, and fishes, for those of the waters politic ; birds and insects, for those of the politic heaven and earth ; a forest, for a kingdom ; and a wilderness, for a desolate and thin people.

If the world politic, considered in prophecy, consists of many kingdoms, they are represented by as many parts of the world natural, as the noblest by the celestial frame, and then the moon and clouds are put for the common people ; the less noble, by the earth, sea, and rivers, and by the animals or vegetables, or buildings therein ; and then the greater and more powerful animals and taller trees are put for kings, princes, and nobles. And because the whole kingdom is the body politic of the king, therefore the sun, or a tree, or a beast, or bird, or a man, whereby the king is represented, is put in a large signification for the whole kingdom ; and several animals, as a lion, a bear, a leopard, a goat, according to their qualities, are put for several kingdoms and bodies politic ; and sacrificing of beasts, for slaughtering and conquering of kingdoms ; and friendship between beasts, for peace between kingdoms. Yet sometimes vegetables and animals are, by certain epithets or circumstances, extended to other significations ; as a tree, when called the " tree of life " or " of knowledge ; " and a beast, when called " the old serpent," or worshipped.—
SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

ORATORY.

Oratory is the art of speaking gracefully upon any subject, with a view to instruct, persuade, and please. The

scope of this art is, to support truth and virtue, to maintain the rights and liberties of mankind, to alleviate the miseries and distresses of life, or to defend the innocent and accuse the guilty. The masters of rhetoric among the Greeks and Romans have considered an oration as consisting of three or four parts, called the *exordium*, or mere beginning; the *narration* and *confirmation*, extending from thence to the *peroration*, or recapitulation and conclusion of what has been said. Now, as these parts of an oration differ widely in nature from each other, so they require a difference of style. A discourse may open in a variety of ways, bespeaking the favour and attention of the audience, as by an address to those who preside in chief; with an apology; with setting forth the design of the point in debate; or with any other form, arising from the speaker's consideration of his own situation, or the person of his hearers. But, from whatever occasion the *exordium* may take its rise, in general it should be short, plain, and modest. Swelling introductions to plain subjects are ridiculous, and to great actions unnecessary, because they sufficiently show and magnify themselves; not but, on some occasions, it may be proper to begin with spirit and fire. Examples of this kind are found in Cicero. The language, too, must be plain, simple, and concise in the narration, which is the part for stating the subject, and setting forth its consideration under one or more propositions; the fewer and clearer the better. Neither must the speaker rise much in the confirmation, where he is to prove the point under consideration, by proper illustrations, apt, short, and plain examples, by expressive similitudes, cogent arguments, and just observations, backed and supported by authorities divine and human. Here the speaker must make his way to the judgment and conviction of his audience, by words and matter weighty and significant; in sentences grave and unaffected;—in short, rather by strong good sense in familiar language, than by trifling observations in hard words and studied ornaments. The subject being opened, explained, and confirmed, in the three first parts; that is to say, the speaker, having gained the attention and judgment of his audience, must proceed in the peroration to complete his conquest over the passions, such as imagination, admiration, surprise, hope, joy, love, fear, grief, anger. To these some application may be made in the *exordium*; but now the court must be paid wholly to them, in managing which is

required no small skill and address. Now, therefore, the speaker must begin to exert himself. Here it is that a fine genius may display itself in the use of amplification, enumeration, interrogation, metaphor, and every ornament that can render a discourse entertaining, winning, striking, and enforcing. Thus the orator may gain the ascendant over his audience, can turn the current of their minds his own way, either like the rapid Severn, with uplifted head rushing on impetuous, or like the smooth-gliding Thames, gently rising by almost imperceptible advances.

It is only necessary, in fact, for the orator to keep one man in view amidst the multitude that surrounds him; and, excepting those enumerations which require some variety in order to paint the passions, conditions, and characters, he ought merely, whilst composing, to address himself to that one man whose mistakes he laments, and whose foibles he discovers. This man is to him as the genius of Socrates, standing continually at his side, and by turns interrogating him, or answering his questions. This is he whom the orator ought never to lose sight of in writing, till he obtain a conquest over his prepossessions. The arguments which will be sufficiently persuasive to overcome *his* opposition, will equally control a large assembly.

The orator will derive still farther advantages from a numerous concourse of people, where all the impressions made at the time will convey the finest triumphs of the art, by forming a species of action and reaction between the auditory and the speaker. It is in this sense that Cicero is right in saying, "That no man can be eloquent without a multitude to hear him." The auditor came to hear a discourse; the orator attacks him, accuses him, makes him abashed; addresses him at one time as his confidant, at another as his mediator or his judge. See with what address he unveils his most concealed passions; with what penetration he shows him his most intimate thoughts; with what energy he annihilates his best framed excuses! The culprit repents. Profound attention, consternation, confusion, remorse, all announce that the orator has penetrated, in his retired meditations, into the recesses of the heart. Then, provided no ill-timed sally of wit follow to blunt the strokes of Christian eloquence, there may be in the church two thousand auditors, yet there will be but one thought, but one

opinion; and all those individuals united, form that ideal man whom the orator had in view while composing his discourse.

But, you may ask, where is this ideal man, composed of so many different traits, to be found, unless we describe some chimerical being? Where shall we find a phantom like this, singular but not outré, in which every individual may recognise himself, although it resembles not any one? Where shall we find him? In your own heart. Often retire there. Survey all its recesses. *There* you will trace both the pleas for those passions which you will have to combat, and the source of those false reasonings which you must point out. To be eloquent we must enter within ourselves. The first productions of a young orator are generally too far-fetched. His mind, always on the stretch, is making continual efforts, without his ever venturing to commit himself to the simplicity of nature, until experience teach him that, to arrive at the sublime, it is, in fact, less necessary to elevate his imagination, than to be deeply impressed with his subject.

If you have studied the sacred books; if you have observed men; if you have attended to writers on morals, who serve you instead of historians; if you have become familiar with the language of orators, make trial of your eloquence upon yourself, become, so to speak, the auditor of your own discourses; and thus, by anticipating the effect which they ought to produce, you will easily delineate true characters; you will perceive that, notwithstanding the shades of difference which distinguish them, all men bear an interior resemblance to one another, and that their vices have a uniformity, because they always proceed either from weakness or interest. In a word, your descriptions will not be indeterminate; and the more thoroughly you shall have examined what passes within your own breast, with more ability will you unfold the hearts of others.

When Christian orators begin their career, the zeal for the salvation of souls which animates them doth not render them always unmindful of the glory which follows great success. A blind desire to shine and to please is often at the expense of that substantial honour which might be obtained, were they to give themselves up to the pure emotions of piety, which so well agree with the sensibility necessary to eloquence.

It is unquestionably to be wished, that he who devotes himself to the arduous labour which preaching requires, should be wholly ambitious to render himself useful to the cause of religion. To such, reputation can never be a sufficient recompense. But if motives so pure have not sufficient sway in your breast, calculate, at least, the advantages of self-love, and you may perceive how inseparably connected these are with the success of your ministry.

Is it on your own account that you preach? Is it for you that religion assembles her votaries in a temple? You ought never to indulge so presumptuous a thought. However, I only consider you as an orator. Tell me, then, what is this you call eloquence? Is it the wretched trade of imitating that criminal, mentioned by a poet in his satires, who "balanced his crimes before his judges with antithesis?" Is it the puerile secret of forming jejune quibbles? of rounding periods? of tormenting one's self by tedious studies, in order to reduce sacred instruction into a vain amusement? Is this, then, the idea which you have conceived of that divine art which disdains frivolous ornaments—which sways the most numerous assemblies, and which bestows on a single man the most personal and majestic of all sovereignties? Are you in quest of glory? You fly from it. Wit alone is never sublime; and it is only by the vehemence of the passions that you can become eloquent.

Reckon up all the illustrious orators. Will you find among them conceited, subtle, or epigrammatic writers? No; these immortal men confined their attempts to affect and persuade; and their having been always simple, is that which will always render them great. How is this? You wish to proceed in their footsteps, and you stoop to the degrading pretensions of a rhetorician! And you appear in the form of a mendicant, soliciting commendations from those very men who ought to tremble at your feet. Recover from this ignominy. Be eloquent by zeal, instead of being a mere declaimer through vanity. And be assured, that the most certain method of preaching well for yourself, is to preach usefully to others.—MAURY.

THE STUDY OF NATURE.

In considering the study of physical phenomena, not merely in its bearings on the material wants of life, but in its general influence on the intellectual advancement of mankind, we find its noblest and most important result to be a knowledge of the chain of connection, by which all natural forces are linked together, and made mutually dependent upon each other; and it is the perception of these relations that exalts our views and ennobles our enjoyments. Such a result can, however, only be reaped as the fruit of observation and intellect, combined with the spirit of the age, in which are reflected all the varied phases of thought. He who can trace, through bygone times, the stream of our knowledge to its primitive source, will learn from history how, for thousands of years, man has laboured, amid the ever-recurring changes of form, to recognise the invariability of natural laws, and has thus by the force of mind gradually subdued a great portion of the physical world to his dominion. In interrogating the history of the past, we trace the mysterious course of ideas yielding the first glimmering perception of the same image of a Cosmos, or harmoniously ordered whole, which, dimly shadowed forth to the human mind in the primitive ages of the world, is now fully revealed to the maturer intellect of mankind as the result of long and laborious observation.

Each of these epochs of the contemplation of the external world—the earliest dawn of thought, and the advanced stage of civilization—has its own source of enjoyment. In the former, this enjoyment, in accordance with the simplicity of the primitive ages, flowed from an intuitive feeling of the order that was proclaimed by the invariable and successive reappearance of the heavenly bodies, and by the progressive development of organised beings; whilst in the latter, this sense of enjoyment springs from a definite knowledge of the phenomena of nature. When man began to interrogate nature, and, not content with observing, learnt to evoke phenomena under definite conditions; when once he sought to collect and record facts, in order that the fruit of his labours might aid investigation after his own brief existence had passed away, the *philosophy of Nature* cast aside the vague and poetic garb in which she had been

enveloped from her origin, and having assumed a severer aspect, she now weighs the value of observations, and substitutes induction and reasoning for conjecture and assumption. The dogmas of former ages survive now only in the superstitions of the people and the prejudices of the ignorant, or are perpetuated in a few systems, which, conscious of their weakness, shroud themselves in a veil of mystery. We may also trace the same primitive intuitions in languages exuberant in figurative expressions; and a few of the best chosen symbols engendered by the happy inspiration of the earliest ages, having by degrees lost their vagueness through a better mode of interpretation, are still preserved amongst our scientific terms.

Nature considered *rationaly*, that is to say, submitted to the process of thought, is a unity in diversity of phenomena; a harmony, blending together all created things, however dissimilar in form and attributes; one great whole animated by the breath of life. The most important result of a rational inquiry into nature is, therefore, to establish the unity and harmony of this stupendous mass of force and matter, to determine with impartial justice what is due to the discoveries of the past and to those of the present, and to analyse the individual parts of natural phenomena without succumbing beneath the weight of the whole. Thus, and thus alone, is it permitted to man, while mindful of the high destiny of his race, to comprehend nature, to lift the veil that shrouds her phenomena, and, as it were, submit the results of observation to the test of reason and of intellect.

In reflecting upon the different degrees of enjoyment presented to us in the contemplation of nature, we find that the first place must be assigned to a sensation, which is wholly independent of an intimate acquaintance with the physical phenomena presented to our view, or of the peculiar character of the region surrounding us. In the uniform plain bounded only by a distant horizon, where the lowly heather, the cistus, or waving grasses, deck the soil; on the ocean shore, where the waves, softly rippling over the beach, leave a track, green with the weeds of the sea; everywhere, the mind is penetrated by the same sense of the grandeur and vast expanse of nature, revealing to the soul, by a mysterious inspiration, the existence of laws that regulate the forces of the universe. Mere communion with

nature, mere contact with the free air, exercise a soothing yet strengthening influence on the wearied spirit, calm the storm of passion, and soften the heart when shaken by sorrow to its inmost depths. Everywhere, in every region of the globe, in every stage of intellectual culture, the same sources of enjoyment are alike vouchsafed to man. The earnest and solemn thoughts awakened by a communion with nature intuitively arise from a presentiment of the order and harmony pervading the whole universe, and from the contrast we draw between the narrow limits of our own existence and the image of infinity revealed on every side, whether we look upwards to the starry vault of heaven, scan the far-stretching plain before us, or seek to trace the dim horizon across the vast expanse of ocean.

The contemplation of the individual characteristics of the landscape, and of the conformation of the land in any definite region of the earth, gives rise to a different source of enjoyment, awakening impressions that are more vivid, better defined, and more congenial to certain phases of the mind, than those of which we have already spoken. At one time the heart is stirred by a sense of the grandeur of the face of nature, by the strife of the elements, or, as in Northern Asia, by the aspect of the dreary barrenness of the far-stretching steppes; at another time, softer emotions are excited by the contemplation of rich harvests wrested by the hand of man from the wild fertility of nature, or by the sight of human habitations raised beside some wild and foaming torrent. Here I regard less the degree of intensity, than the difference existing in the various sensations that derive their charm and permanence from the peculiar character of the scene.

If I might be allowed to abandon myself to the recollections of my own distant travels, I would instance, among the most striking scenes of nature, the calm sublimity of a tropical night, when the stars, not sparkling, as in our northern skies, shed their soft and planetary light over the gently-heaving ocean;—or I would recall the deep valleys of the Cordilleras, where the tall and slender palms pierce the leafy veil around them, and waving on high their feathery and arrow-like branches, form, as it were, “a forest above a forest;”—or I would describe the summit of the Peak of Teneriffe, when a horizontal layer of clouds, dazzling in whiteness, has separated the cone of cinders from

the plain below, and suddenly the ascending current pierces the cloudy veil, so that the eye of the traveller may range from the brink of the crater, along the vine-clad slopes of Orotava, to the orange-gardens and banana-groves that skirt the shore. In scenes like these, it is not the peaceful charm uniformly spread over the face of nature that moves the heart, but rather the peculiar physiognomy and conformation of the land, the features of the landscape, the ever-varying outline of the clouds, and their blending with the horizon of the sea, whether it lies spread before us like a smooth and shining mirror, or is dimly seen through the morning mist. All that the senses can but imperfectly comprehend, all that is most awful in such romantic scenes of nature, may become a source of enjoyment to man, by opening a wide field to the creative powers of his imagination. Impressions change with the varying movements of the mind, and we are led by a happy illusion to believe that we receive from the external world that with which we have ourselves invested it.

When, far from our native country, after a long voyage, we tread for the first time the soil of a tropical land, we experience a certain feeling of surprise and gratification in recognising, in the rocks that surround us, the same inclined schistose strata, and the same columnar basalt covered with cellular amygdaloids, that we had left in Europe, and whose identity of character, in latitudes so widely different, reminds us, that the solidification of the earth's crust is altogether independent of climatic influences. But these rocky masses of schist and of basalt are covered with vegetation of a character with which we are unacquainted, and of a physiognomy wholly unknown to us; and it is then, amid the colossal and majestic forms of an exotic flora, that we feel how wonderfully the flexibility of our nature fits us to receive new impressions, linked together by a certain secret analogy. We so readily perceive the affinity existing amongst all the forms of organic life, that although the sight of a vegetation similar to that of our native country might at first be most welcome to the eye, as the sweet familiar sounds of our mother tongue are to the ear, we nevertheless, by degrees, and almost imperceptibly, become familiarised with a new home and a new climate. As a true citizen of the world, man everywhere habituates himself to that which surrounds him; yet fearful, as it were, of breaking the links

of association that bind him to the home of his childhood, the colonist applies to some few plants in a far distant clime the names he had been familiar with in his native land ; and by the mysterious relations existing among all types of organization, the forms of exotic vegetation present themselves to his mind as nobler and more perfect developments of those he had loved in earlier days. Thus do the spontaneous impressions of the untutored mind lead, like the laborious deductions of cultivated intellect, to the same intimate persuasion, that one sole and indissoluble chain binds together all nature.—HUMBOLDT.

SCOTCH AND ENGLISH CONTRASTED.

It was something to get the eye familiarised with the externals of English life, and to throw one's self in the way of those chance opportunities of conversation with the common people, which loiterings by the lanes and road-sides present. My ear was now gradually becoming acquainted with the several varieties of the English dialect, and my eye with the peculiarities of the English form and countenance. How comes it that in Great Britain, and, I suppose, everywhere else, every six or eight square miles of area, nay, every little town or village, has its own distinguishing intonations, phrases, modes of pronunciation, in short, its own style of speaking the general language, almost always sufficiently characteristic to mark its inhabitants? There are not two towns or counties in Scotland that speak Scotch after exactly the same fashion ; and I now found in the sister country, varieties of English quite as marked, parcelled out into geographical patches as minute. In workmen's barracks, where parties of mechanics, gathered from all parts of the country, spend the greater part of a twelvemonth together at a time, I have, if I mistake not, marked these colloquial peculiarities in the forming. There are few men who have not their set phrases and forms of speech, acquired inadvertently, in most cases at an early period, when the habit of giving expression to their ideas is in the forming,—phrases and set forms which they learn to use a good deal oftener than the necessities of their thinking require; and I have seen in the course of a few months, the peculiarities of this kind of some one or two of the

more intelligent and influential mechanics of a party, caught all unwittingly by almost all its members, and thus converted, to a considerable extent, into peculiarities of the party itself; and peculiar tones, inflections, modes of pronunciation, at first, mayhap, chance-derived, seem at least equally catching. A single stuttering boy has been known to infect a whole class; and no young person, with the imitative faculty active within him, ever spent a few months in a locality distant from his home, without bringing back with him, on his return, a sensible twang of its prevalent intonations and idioms. Of course, when the language of a town or district differs greatly from that of the general standard of the country, or very nearly approximates to it, there must have been some original cause of the peculiarity, which imparted aim and object to the imitative faculty. For instance, the Scotch spoken in Aberdeen differs more from the pure English standard than that of any other town in Scotland; whereas the Scotch spoken in Inverness, if Scotch it may be called, most nearly approximates to it; and we may detect a producing cause in both cases. The common dialect of Inverness, though now acquired by the ear, was originally, and that at no very remote period, the book-taught English of an educated Celtic people, to whom Gaelic was the mother tongue; while in Aberdeen,—one of the old seats of learning in the country, and which seems to have been brought, in comparatively an early age, under the influence of the ancient Scotch literature,—the language of Barbour and Dunbar got a firm lodgment among the educated classes, which, from the remoteness of the place, the after influence of the English Court served but tardily to affect. Obviously, in some other cases, the local peculiarity, when it involves a marked departure from the existing standard, has to be traced, not to literature, but to the want of it. But at least the great secondary cause of all such peculiarities,—the invariable ever-operative cause in its own subordinate place,—seems to be that faculty of unconscious imitation universally developed in the species, which the philosophic Hume deemed so actively operative in the formation of national character, and one of whose special vocations it is to transfer personal traits and characteristics from leading, influential individuals, to sects and communities. Next to the degree of surprise that a stranger feels in England that the language should be spoken so variously by the

people, is that of wonder that it should in most cases be spoken so ill. Lord Nugent, in remarking, in his "Lands Classical and Sacred," that "the English language is the one which, in the present state of the habitable globe,—what with America, India, and Australia,—is spoken by the greatest number of people," guards his statement by a sly proviso; that is, he adds, if we recognise as English "what usually passes for such in most parts of Scotland and the United States." Really his Lordship might not have been so particular. If the rude dialects of Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Northumberland, stand muster as part and parcel of the language written by Swift and Addison, and spoken by Burke and Bolingbroke, that of Old Machar and Kentucky may be well suffered to pass.

I had entered a considerable way into England ere I was struck by the peculiarities of the English face and figure. There is no such palpable difference between the borderers of Northumberland and those of Roxburghshire, as one sometimes marks in the inhabitants of contiguous counties in Scotland itself; no such difference, for instance, as obtains between the Celtic population of Sutherland, located on the southern side of the Ord Hill, and the Scandinavian population of Caithness, located on its northern side. But as the traveller advances on the midland counties, the English cast of person and countenance becomes very apparent. The harder frame and thinner face of the northern tribes disappear shortly after one leaves Newcastle; and one meets, instead, with ruddy, fleshy, compactly-built Englishmen, of the true national type. There is a smaller development of bone; and the race, on the average, seem less tall; but the shoulders are square and broad, the arms muscular, and the chest full; and if the lower part of the figure be not always in keeping with the upper, its inferiority is perhaps rather an effect of the high state of civilization at which the country has arrived, and the consequent general pursuit of mechanical arts that have a tendency to develop the arms and chest, and to leave the legs and thighs undeveloped, than an original peculiarity of the English as a race. The English type of face and person seems peculiarly well adapted to the female countenance and figure; and the proportion of pretty women to the population,—women with clear fair complexions, well-turned arms, soft features, and fine busts,—seems very great. Even the not very feminine employment of the

naileresses of Hales Owen, though hereditary in their families for generations, has failed to render their features coarse or their forms masculine. To my eye, however, my countrymen,—and I have now seen them in almost every district of Scotland,—present an appearance of rugged strength which the English, though they take their place among the more robust European nations, do not exhibit; and I find the carefully-constructed tables of Professor Forbes, based on a large amount of actual experiment, corroborative of the impression. As tested by the *dynamometer*, the average strength of the full-grown Scot exceeds that of the full-grown Englishman by about one-twentieth,—to be sure, no very great difference, but quite enough in a prolonged contest, hand to hand, and man to man, with equal skill and courage on both sides, decidedly to turn the scale. The result of the conflict at Bannockburn, where, according to Barbour, steel rung upon armour in hot, close fight for hours, and at Otterburn, where, according to Froissart, the English fought with the most obstinate bravery, may have a good deal hinged on this purely physical difference.—HUGH MILLER.

FEMALE POETS—MRS HEMANS.

Women, we fear, cannot do every thing; nor even every thing they attempt. But what they can do, they do, for the most part excellently, and much more frequently with an absolute and perfect success, than the aspirants of our rougher and more ambitious sex. They cannot, we think, represent naturally the fierce and sullen passions of men, nor their coarser vices, nor even scenes of actual business or contention, nor the mixed motives, and strong and faulty characters, by which affairs of moment are usually conducted on the great theatre of the world. For much of this they are disqualified by the delicacy of their training and habits, and the still more disabling delicacy which pervades their conceptions and feelings; and from much they are excluded by their necessary inexperience of the realities they might wish to describe—by their substantial and incurable ignorance of business—of the way in which serious affairs are actually managed—and the true nature of the agents and impulses that give movement and direction to the stronger currents of ordinary life. Perhaps they are also incapable of

long moral or political investigations, where many complex and indeterminate elements are to be taken into account, and a variety of opposite probabilities to be weighed before coming to a conclusion. They are generally too impatient to get at the ultimate results, to go well through with such discussions; and either stop short at some imperfect view of the truth, or turn aside to repose in the shade of some plausible error. This, however, we are persuaded, arises entirely from their being seldom set on such tedious tasks. Their proper and natural business is the practical regulation of private life, in all its bearings, affections, and concerns; and the questions with which they have to deal in that most important department, though often of the utmost difficulty and nicety, involve, for the most part, but few elements; and may generally be better described as delicate than intricate; requiring for their solution rather a quick tact and fine perception, than a patient or laborious examination. For the same reason, they rarely succeed in long works, even on subjects the best suited to their genius; their natural training rendering them equally averse to long doubt and long labour.

For all other intellectual efforts, however, either of the understanding or the fancy, and requiring a thorough knowledge either of man's strength or his weakness, we apprehend them to be, in all respects, as well qualified as their brethren of the stronger sex: while, in their perceptions of grace, propriety, ridicule—their power of detecting artifice, hypocrisy, and affectation—the force and promptitude of their sympathy, and their capacity of noble and devoted attachment, and of the efforts and sacrifices it may require, they are, beyond all doubt, our superiors.

Their business being, as we have said, with actual or social life, and the colours it receives from the conduct and dispositions of individuals, they unconsciously acquire, at a very early age, the finest perception of character and manners, and are almost as soon instinctively schooled in the deep and more dangerous learning of feeling and emotion; while the very minuteness with which they make and meditate on these interesting observations, and the finer shades and variations of sentiment which are thus treasured and recorded, trains their whole faculties to a nicety and precision of operation, which often discloses itself to advantage in their application to studies of a different character. When women,

accordingly, have turned their minds, as they have done but too seldom, to the exposition or arrangement of any branch of knowledge, they have commonly exhibited, we think, a more beautiful accuracy, and a more uniform and complete justness of thinking, than their less discriminating brethren. There is a finish and completeness, in short, about every thing they put out of their hands, which indicates not only an inherent taste for elegance and neatness, but a habit of nice observation, and singular exactness of judgment.

We think the poetry of Mrs Hemans a fine exemplification of female poetry, and we think it has much of the perfection which we have ventured to ascribe to the happier productions of female genius.

It may not be the best imaginable poetry, and may not indicate the very highest or most commanding genius, but it embraces a great deal of that which gives the very best poetry its chief power of pleasing, and would strike us, perhaps, as more impassioned and exalted, if it were not regulated and harmonised by the most beautiful taste. It is singularly sweet, elegant, and tender—touching, perhaps, and contemplative, rather than vehement and overpowering; and not only finished throughout with an exquisite delicacy, and even severity of execution, but informed with a purity and loftiness of feeling, and a certain sober and humble tone of indulgence and piety, which must satisfy all judgments, and allay the apprehensions of those who are most afraid of the passionate exaggerations of poetry. The diction is always beautiful, harmonious, and free; and the themes, though of great variety, uniformly treated with a grace, originality, and judgment, which mark the same master hand. These themes she has occasionally borrowed, with the peculiar imagery that belongs to them, from the legends of different nations, and the most opposite states of society, and has contrived to retain much of what is interesting and peculiar in each of them, without adopting along with it any of the revolting or extravagant excesses which may characterise the taste or manners of the people, or the age from which it has been derived. She has transfused into her German or Scandinavian legends the imaginative and daring tone of the originals, without the mystical exaggerations of the one, or the painful fierceness and coarseness of the other; she has preserved the clearness and elegance of the French, without their coldness or affectation; and the tenderness and simpli-

city of the early Italians, without their diffuseness or languor. Though occasionally expatiating, somewhat fondly and at large, amongst the sweets of her own planting, there is, on the whole, a great condensation and brevity in most of her pieces, and, almost without exception, a most judicious and vigorous conclusion. The great merit, however, of her poetry is undoubtedly in its tenderness and its beautiful imagery. The first requires no explanation; but we must be allowed to add a word as to the peculiar charm and character of the latter.

It has always been our opinion, that the very essence of poetry, apart from the pathos, the wit, or the brilliant description which may be embodied in it, but may exist equally in prose, consists in the fine perception and vivid expression of that subtle and mysterious analogy which exists between the physical and the moral world—which makes outward things and qualities the natural types and emblems of inward gifts and emotions, or leads us to ascribe life and sentiment to every thing that interests us in the aspects of external nature. The feeling of this analogy, obscure and inexplicable as the theory of it may be, is so deep and universal in our nature, that it has stamped itself on the ordinary language of men of every kindred and speech; and that to such an extent, that one-half of the epithets by which we familiarly designate moral and physical qualities, are in reality so many metaphors, borrowed reciprocally, upon this analogy, from those opposite forms of existence. The very familiarity, however, of the expression, in these instances, takes away its poetical effect, and indeed, in substance, its metaphorical character. The original sense of the word is entirely forgotten in the derivative one to which it has succeeded, and it requires some etymological recollection to convince us that it was originally nothing else than a typical or analogical illustration. Thus we talk of a sparkling wit, and a furious blast—a weighty argument, and a gentle stream, without being at all aware that we are speaking in the language of poetry, and transferring qualities from one extremity of the sphere of being to another. In these cases, accordingly, the metaphor, by ceasing to be felt, in reality ceases to exist, and the analogy being no longer intimated, of course can produce no effect. But whenever it is intimated, it does produce an effect, and that effect we think is poetry.

It has substantially two functions, and operates in two

directions. In the *first* place, when material qualities are ascribed to mind, it strikes vividly out, and brings at once before us the conception of an inward feeling or emotion, which it might otherwise have been difficult to convey, by the presentment of some bodily form or quality, which is instantly felt to be its true representative, and enables us to fix and comprehend it with a force and clearness not otherwise attainable; and, in the *second* place, it vivifies dead and inanimate matter with the attributes of living and sentient mind, and fills the whole visible universe around us with objects of interest and sympathy, by tinting them with the hues of life, and associating them with our own passions and affections. This magical operation the poet too performs, for the most part, in one of two ways—either by the direct agency of similes and metaphors, more or less condensed or developed, or by the mere graceful presentment of such visible objects on the scene of his passionate dialogues or adventures, as partake of the character of the emotion he wishes to excite, and thus form an appropriate accompaniment or preparation for its direct indulgence or display. The former of those methods has perhaps been most frequently employed, and certainly has most attracted attention. But the latter, though less obtrusive, and perhaps less frequently resorted to of set purpose, is, we are inclined to think, the most natural and efficacious of the two, and is often adopted, we believe unconsciously, by poets of the highest order, the predominant emotion of their minds overflowing spontaneously on all the objects which present themselves to their fancy, and calling out from them, and colouring with their own hues, those that are naturally emblematic of its character, and in accordance with its general expression. It would be easy to show how habitually this is done, by Shakspeare and Milton especially, and how much many of their finest passages are indebted, both for force and richness of effect, to this general and diffusive harmony of the external character of their scenes with the passions of their living agents—this harmonising and appropriate glow with which they kindle the whole surrounding atmosphere, and bring all that strikes the sense into unison with all that touches the heart.

But it is more to our present purpose to say, that we think the fair writer before us is eminently a mistress of this poetical secret; and, in truth, it was solely for the purpose of illustrating this great charm and excellence in her imagery,

that we have ventured upon this little dissertation. Almost all her poems are rich with fine descriptions, and studded over with images of visible beauty. But these are never idle ornaments; all her pomps have a meaning; and her flowers and her gems are arranged, as they are said to be among Eastern lovers, so as to speak the language of truth and of passion. This is peculiarly remarkable in some little pieces which seem at first sight to be purely descriptive, but are soon found to tell upon the heart with a deep moral and pathetic impression. But it is, in truth, nearly as conspicuous in the greater part of her productions, where we scarcely meet with any striking sentiment that is not ushered in by some such symphony of external nature, and scarcely a lovely picture that does not serve as an appropriate foreground to some deep or lofty emotion.—JEFFREY.

MAN—RACES—LANGUAGE.

The present races of animals have been produced by the combined action of many different internal, as well as external conditions, the nature of which cannot in all cases be defined, the most striking varieties being found in those families which are capable of the greatest distribution over the surface of the earth. The different races of mankind are forms of one sole species, by the union of two of whose members descendants are propagated. They are not different species of a genus, since in that case their hybrid descendants would remain unfruitful. But whether the human races have descended from several primitive races of men, or from one alone, is a question that cannot be determined from experience.

Languages, as intellectual creations of man, and as closely interwoven with the development of mind, are, independently of the *national* form which they exhibit, of the greatest importance in the recognition of similarities or differences in races. This importance is especially owing to the clue which a community of descent affords in treading that mysterious labyrinth in which the connection of physical powers and intellectual forces manifests itself in a thousand different forms. The brilliant progress made within the last half century, in Germany, in philosophical philology, has greatly facilitated our investigations into the *national* cha-

acter of languages, and the influence exercised by descent. But here, as in all domains of ideal speculation, the dangers of deception are closely linked to the rich and certain profit to be derived.

Positive ethnographical studies, based on a thorough knowledge of history, teach us that much caution should be applied in entering into these comparisons of nations, and of the languages employed by them at certain epochs. Subjection, long association, the influence of a foreign religion, the blending of races, even when only including a small number of the more influential and cultivated of the immigrating tribes, have produced, in both continents, similarly recurring phenomena ; as, for instance, in introducing totally different families of languages amongst one and the same race, and idioms, having one common root, amongst nations of the most different origin. Great Asiatic conquerors have exercised the most powerful influence on phenomena of this kind.

But language is a part and parcel of the history of the development of mind ; and, however happily the human intellect, under the most dissimilar physical conditions, may unfettered pursue a self-chosen track, and strive to free itself from the dominion of terrestrial influences, this emancipation is never perfect. There ever remains, in the natural capacities of the mind, a trace of something that has been derived from the influences of race or of climate, whether they be associated with a land gladdened by cloudless azure skies, or with the vapoury atmosphere of an insular region. As, therefore, richness and grace of language are unfolded from the most luxuriant depths of thought, we have been unwilling wholly to disregard the bond which so closely links together the physical world with the sphere of intellect and of the feelings, by depriving this general picture of nature of those brighter lights and tints, which may be borrowed from considerations, however slightly indicated, of the relations existing between races and languages.

Whilst we maintain the unity of the human species, we at the same time repel the depressing assumption of superior and inferior races of men. There are nations more susceptible of cultivation, more highly civilised, more ennobled by mental cultivation than others—but none in themselves nobler than others. All are in like degree designed for freedom—a freedom which in the ruder conditions of

society belongs only to the individual, but which in social states enjoying political institutions appertains as a right to the whole body of the community. If we would indicate an idea which throughout the whole course of history has ever more and more widely extended its empire—or which, more than any other, testifies to the much contested and still more decidedly misunderstood perfectibility of the whole human race—it is that of establishing our common humanity—of striving to remove the barriers which prejudice and limited views of every kind have erected amongst men, and to treat all mankind without reference to religion, nation, or colour, as one fraternity, one great community, fitted for the attainment of one object, the unrestrained development of the moral faculties. This is the ultimate and highest aim of society, identical with the direction implanted by nature in the mind of man towards the indefinite extension of his existence. He regards the earth in all its limits, and the heavens, as far as his eye can scan their bright and starry depths, as inwardly his own, given to him as the objects of his contemplation, and as a field for the development of his energies. Even the child longs to pass the hills or the seas which enclose his narrow home; yet when his eager steps have borne him beyond those limits, he pines, like the plant, for his native soil; and it is by this touching and beautiful attribute of man—this longing for that which is unknown, and this fond remembrance of that which is lost—that he is spared from an exclusive attachment to the present. Thus deeply rooted in the innermost nature of man, and even enjoined upon him by his highest tendencies, the recognition of the bond of humanity becomes one of the noblest leading principles in the history of mankind.

With these words, which draw their charm from the depths of feeling, let a brother be permitted to close this general description of the natural phenomena of the universe. From the remotest nebulae, and from the revolving double stars, we have descended to the minutest organisms of animal creation, whether manifested in the depths of ocean or on the surface of our globe, and to the delicate vegetable germs which clothe the naked declivity of the ice-crowned mountain summit; and here we have been able to arrange these phenomena according to partially known laws; but other laws of a more mysterious nature rule the higher spheres of

the organic world, in which is comprised the human species in all its varied conformation, its creative intellectual power, and the languages to which it has given existence. A physical delineation of nature terminates at the point where the sphere of intellect begins, and a new world of mind is opened to our view. It marks the limit, but does not pass it.—HUMBOLDT.

THE DEVELOPMENT HYPOTHESIS.

Every individual, whatever its species or order, begins and increases until it attains to its state of fullest development under certain fixed laws, and *in consequence* of their operation. The microscopic monad develops into a foetus, the foetus into a child, the child into a man; and, however marvellous the process, in none of its stages is there the slightest mixture of miracle; from beginning to end, all is progressive development, according to a determinate order of things. Has *Nature*, during the vast geologic periods, been pregnant, in like manner, with the human race? and is the species, like the individual, an effect of progressive development, induced and regulated by law? The assertors of the revived hypothesis of Maillet and Lamarck reply in the affirmative. Nor, be it remarked, is there positive atheism involved in the belief. God might as certainly have *originated* the species by a law of development, as he *maintains* it by a law of development. The existence of a First Great Cause is as perfectly compatible with the one scheme as with the other: and it may be necessary thus broadly to state the fact, not only in justice to the Lamarckians, but also fairly to warn their non-geological opponents, that in this contest the old anti-atheistic arguments, whether founded on the evidence of design or on the preliminary doctrine of final causes, cannot be brought to bear.

There are, however, beliefs in no degree less important to the moralist or the Christian, than even that in the being of a God, which seem wholly incompatible with the development hypothesis. If, during a period so vast as to be scarce expressible by figures, the creatures now human have been rising, by *almost* infinitesimals, from compound microscopic cells,—minute vital globules within globules, begot by electricity on dead gelatinous matter,—until they have at length

become the men and women whom we see around us, we must hold either the monstrous belief that all the vitalities, whether those of monads or of mites, of fishes or of reptiles, of birds or of beasts, are individually and inherently immortal and undying, or that human souls are *not* so. The difference between the dying and the undying—between the spirit of the brute that goeth downward, and the spirit of the man that goeth upward—is not a difference infinitesimally, or even atomically *small*. It possesses all the breadth of the eternity to come, and is an *infinitely great* difference. It cannot, if I may so express myself, be shaded off by infinitesimals or atoms; for it is a difference which—as there can be no class of beings intermediate in their nature between the dying and the undying—admits not of gradation at all. What mind, regulated by the ordinary principles of human belief, can possibly hold that every one of the thousand vital points which swim in a drop of stagnant water, are inherently fitted to maintain their individuality throughout eternity? Or how can it be rationally held that a mere progressive step, in itself no greater or more important than that effected by the addition of a single brick to a house in the building state, or of a single atom to a body in the growing state, could ever have produced immortality? And yet, if the *spirit* of a monad or of a mollusc be not immortal, then must there either have been a point in the history of the species at which a dying brute—differing from its offspring merely by an inferiority of development, represented by a few atoms, mayhap by a single atom—produced an undying man, or man in his present state must be a mere animal, possessed of no immortal soul, and as irresponsible for his actions to the God before whose bar he is, in consequence, never to appear, as his presumed relatives and progenitors, the beasts that perish. Nor will it do to attempt escaping from the difficulty, by alleging that God at some certain link in the chain *might* have converted a mortal creature into an immortal existence, by breathing into it a “living soul;” seeing that a renunciation of any such direct interference on the part of Deity in the work of creation forms the prominent and characteristic feature of the scheme—nay, that it constitutes the very nucleus round which the scheme has originated. And thus, though the development theory be not atheistic, it is at least practically tantamount to atheism. For, if man be a dying creature, restricted in his existence

to the present scene of things, what does it really matter to him, for any one moral purpose, whether there be a God or no? If, in reality, on the same religious level with the dog, wolf, and fox, that are by nature *atheists*—a nature most properly coupled with irresponsibility—to what one practical purpose should he know or believe in a God whom he, as certainly as they, is never to meet as his Judge? or why should he square his conduct by the requirements of the moral code, farther than a low and convenient expediency may chance to demand?

Nor does the purely Christian objection to the development hypothesis seem less, but even more insuperable, than that derived from the province of natural theology. The belief which is, perhaps of all others, most fundamentally essential to the revealed scheme of salvation, is the belief that "God created man upright," and that man, instead of proceeding onward and upward from this high and fair beginning, to a yet higher and fairer standing in the scale of creation, sank, and became morally lost and degraded. And hence the necessity for that second dispensation of recovery and restoration which forms the entire burden of God's revealed message to man. If, according to the development theory, the progress of the "first Adam" was an upward progress; the existence of the "second Adam,"—that "happier man," according to Milton, whose special work it is to "restore" and "regain the blissful seat" of the lapsed race,—is simply a meaningless anomaly. Christianity, if the development theory be true, is exactly what some of the more extreme Moderate divines of the last age used to make it—an idle and unsightly excrescence on a code of morals that would be perfect were it away.

I may be in error in taking this serious view of the matter; and, if so, would feel grateful to the man who could point out to me that special link in the chain of inference at which, with respect to the bearing of the theory on the two theologies—natural and revealed—the mistake has taken place. But if I be in error at all, it is an error into which I find not a few of the first men of the age—represented, as a class, by our Professor Sedgwick and Sir David Brewsters—have also fallen; and until it be shown to be an error, and that the development theory is in no degree incompatible with a belief in the immortality of the soul—in the responsibility of man to God as the final Judge, or in the Christian

scheme of salvation—it is every honest man's duty to protest against any *ex parte* statement of the question that would insidiously represent it as ethically an indifferent one, or as unimportant in its theologic bearing, save to "little religious sects and scientific coteries." In an address on the fossil flora, made in September last by a gentleman of Edinburgh, to the St Andrew's Horticultural Society, there occurs the following passage on this subject:—"Life is governed by external conditions, and new conditions imply new races; but then, as to their creation, that is the '*mystery of mysteries*.' Are they created by an immediate fiat and direct act of the Almighty? or has He originally impressed life with an elasticity and adaptability, so that it shall take upon itself new forms and characters, according to the conditions to which it shall be subjected? Each opinion has had, and still has, its advocates and opponents; but the truth is, that *science*, so far as it knows, or rather so far as it has had the honesty and courage to avow, has yet been unable to pronounce a satisfactory decision. *Either way, it matters little, physically or morally*; either mode implies the same omnipotence, and wisdom, and foresight, and protection; and it is only your little religious sects and scientific coteries which make a pother about the matter,—sects and coteries of which it may be justly said, that they would almost exclude God from the management of his own world, if not managed and directed in the way that they would have it." Now, this is surely a most unfair representation of the consequences, ethical and religious, involved in the development hypothesis. It is not its compatibility with belief in the existence of a Great First Cause that has to be established, in order to prove it harmless; but its compatibility with certain other all-important beliefs, without which simple Theism is of no moral value whatever—a belief in the immortality and responsibility of man, and in the scheme of salvation by a Mediator and Redeemer. Dissociated from these beliefs, a belief in the existence of a God is of as little *ethical* value as a belief in the existence of the great sea-serpent.

Let us see whether we cannot determine what the testimony of geology on this question of creation by development really is. It is always perilous to under estimate the strength of an enemy; and the danger from the development hypothesis to an ingenious order of minds, smitten

with the novel fascinations of physical science, has been under estimated very considerably indeed. Save by a few studious men, who to the cultivation of geology, and the cognate branches, add some acquaintance with metaphysical science, the general correspondence of the line of assault taken up by this new school of infidelity, with that occupied by the old, and the consequent ability of the assailants to bring, not only the recently forged, but also the previously-employed artillery into full play along its front, has not only not been marked, but even not so much as suspected. And yet, in order to show that there actually *is* such a correspondence, it can be but necessary to state, that the great antagonist points in the array of the opposite lines are simply the *law* of development *versus* the *miracle* of creation. The evangelistic churches cannot, in consistency with their character, or with a due regard to the interests of their people, slight or overlook a form of error at once exceedingly plausible and consummately dangerous, and which is telling so widely on society, that one can scarce travel by railway or in a steam-boat, or encounter a group of intelligent mechanics, without finding decided trace of its ravages.—HUGH MILLER.

BYRON.

If the finest poetry be that which leaves the deepest impression on the minds of its readers—and this is not the worst test of its excellence—Lord Byron, we think, must be allowed to take precedence of all his distinguished contemporaries. He has not the variety of Scott, nor the delicacy of Campbell, nor the absolute truth of Crabbe, nor the polished sparkling of Moore; but in force of diction, and inextinguishable energy of sentiment, he clearly surpasses them all. “Words that breathe, and thoughts that burn,” are not merely the ornaments, but the common staple of his poetry; and he is not inspired or impressive only in some happy passages, but through the whole body and tissue of his composition. It was an unavoidable condition, perhaps, of this higher excellence, that his scene should be narrow, and his persons few. To compass such ends as he had in view, it was necessary to reject all ordinary agents, and all trivial combinations. He could not possibly be amusing, or ingenious, or playful; or hope to maintain the requisite

pitch of interest by the recitation of sprightly adventures, or the opposition of common characters. To produce great effects, in short, he felt that it was necessary to deal only with the greater passions—with the exaltations of a daring fancy, and the errors of a lofty intellect—with the pride, the terrors, and the agonies of strong emotion—the fire and air alone of our human elements.

In this respect, and in his general notion of the end and the means of poetry, we have sometimes thought that his views fell more in with those of the Lake poets than of any other existing party in the poetical commonwealth. And, in some of his later productions especially, it is impossible not to be struck with his occasional approaches to the style and manner of this class of writers. Lord Byron, however, it should be observed, like all other persons of a quick sense of beauty, and sure enough of their own originality to be in no fear of paltry imputations, is a great mimic of styles and manners, and a great borrower of external character. He and Scott, accordingly, are full of imitations of all the writers from whom they have ever derived gratification; and the two most original writers of the age might appear, to superficial observers, to be the most deeply indebted to their predecessors. In this particular instance, we have no fault to find with Lord Byron; for undoubtedly the finer passages of Wordsworth and Southey have in them wherewithal to lend an impulse to the utmost ambition of rival genius; and their diction and manner of writing is frequently both striking and original. But we must say, that it would afford us still greater pleasure to find these tuneful gentlemen returning the compliment which Lord Byron has here paid to their talents, and forming themselves on the model rather of his imitations, than of their own originals. In those imitations they will find that, though he is sometimes abundantly mystical, he never, or at least very rarely, indulges in absolute nonsense—never takes his lofty flights upon mean or ridiculous occasions—and, above all, never dilutes his strong conceptions, and magnificent imaginations, with a flood of oppressive verbosity. On the contrary, he is, of all living writers, the most concise and condensed; and, we would fain hope, may go far, by his example, to redeem the great reproach of our modern literature—its intolerable prolixity and redundancy. In his nervous and manly lines, we find no elaborate amplification of common sentiments—no ostenta-

tious polishing of pretty expressions; and we really think that the brilliant success which has rewarded his disdain of those paltry artifices, should put to shame for ever that puling and self-admiring race, who can live through half a volume on the stock of a single thought, and expatiate over diverse fair quarto pages with the details of one tedious description. In Lord Byron, on the contrary, we have a perpetual stream of thick-coming fancies—an eternal spring of fresh-blown images, which seem called into existence by the sudden flash of those glowing thoughts and overwhelming emotions, that struggle for expression through the whole flow of his poetry—and impart to a diction that is often abrupt and irregular, a force and a charm which frequently realise all that is said of inspiration.

With all these undoubted claims to our admiration, however, it is impossible to deny that the noble author before us has still something to learn, and a good deal to correct. He is frequently abrupt and careless, and sometimes obscure. There are marks, occasionally, of effort and straining after an emphasis, which is generally spontaneous; and, above all, there is far too great a monotony in the moral colouring of his pictures, and too much repetition of the same sentiments and maxims. He delights too exclusively in the delineation of a certain morbid exaltation of character and of feeling—a sort of demoniacal sublimity, not without some traits of the ruined archangel. He is haunted almost perpetually with the image of a being feeding and fed upon by violent passions, and the recollections of the catastrophes they have occasioned; and, though worn out by their past indulgence, unable to sustain the burden of an existence which they do not continue to animate—full of pride, and revenge, and obduracy—disdaining life and death, and mankind and himself—and trampling, in his scorn, not only upon the falsehood and formality of polished life, but upon its tame virtues and slavish devotion: yet envying, by fits, the very beings he despises, and melting into mere softness and compassion, when the helplessness of childhood or the frailty of woman make an appeal to his generosity. Such is the person with whom we are called upon almost exclusively to sympathise in all the greater productions of this distinguished writer:—in *Childe Harold*, in the *Corsair*, in *Lara*, in the *Siege of Corinth*, in *Parisina*, and in most of the smaller pieces,

It is impossible to represent such a character better than Lord Byron has done in all these productions, or indeed to represent any thing more terrible in its anger, or more attractive in its relenting. In point of effect, we readily admit, that no one character can be more poetical or impressive. But it is really too much to find the scene perpetually filled by one character, not only in all the acts of each several drama, but in all the different dramas of the series; and grand and impressive as it is, we feel at last that these very qualities make some relief more indispensable, and oppress the spirits of ordinary mortals with too deep an impression of awe and repulsion. There is too much guilt, in short, and too much gloom in the leading character; and though it be a fine thing to gaze, now and then, on stormy seas, and thunder-shaken mountains, we should prefer passing our days in sheltered valleys, and by the murmur of calmer waters.

We are aware that these metaphors may be turned against us—and that, without metaphor, it may be said that men do not *pass their days* in reading poetry—and that, as they may look into Lord Byron only about as often as they look abroad upon tempests, they have no more reason to complain of him for being grand and gloomy, than to complain of the same qualities in the glaciers and volcanoes which they go so far to visit. Painters, too, it may be said, have often gained great reputation by their representations of tigers and other ferocious animals, or of caverns and banditti; and poets should be allowed, without reproach, to indulge in analogous exercises. We are far from thinking that there is no weight in these considerations, and feel how plausibly it may be said, that we have no better reason for a great part of our complaint, than that an author, to whom we are already very greatly indebted, has chosen rather to please himself, than us, in the use he makes of his talents.

This, no doubt, seems both unreasonable and ungrateful. But it is nevertheless true, that a public benefactor becomes a debtor to the public; and is, in some degree, responsible for the employment of those gifts which seem to be conferred upon him, not merely for his own delight, but for the delight and improvement of his fellows through all generations. Independent of this, however, we think there is a reply to the apology. A great living poet is not like a distant volcano, or an occasional tempest. He is a volcano in

the heart of our land, and a cloud that hangs over our dwellings; and we have some reason to complain, if, instead of genial warmth and grateful shade, he voluntarily darkens and inflames our atmosphere with perpetual fiery explosions and pitchy vapours. Lord Byron's poetry, in short, is too attractive and too famous to lie dormant or inoperative; and, therefore, if it produce any painful or pernicious effects, there will be murmurs, and ought to be suggestions of alteration. Now, though an artist may draw fighting tigers and hungry lions in as lively and natural a way as he can, without giving any encouragement to human ferocity, or even much alarm to human fear, the case is somewhat different, when a poet represents men with tiger-like dispositions—and yet more so, when he exhausts the resources of his genius to make this terrible being interesting and attractive, and to represent all the lofty virtues as the natural allies of his ferocity. It is still worse when he proceeds to show that all these precious gifts of dauntless courage, strong affection, and high imagination, are not only akin to guilt, but the parents of misery; and that those only have any chance of tranquillity or happiness in this world, whom it is the object of his poetry to make us shun and despise.

These, it appears to us, are not merely errors in taste, but perversions of morality; and, as a great poet is necessarily a moral teacher, and gives forth his ethical lessons, in general, with far more effect and authority than any of his graver brethren, he is peculiarly liable to the censures reserved for those who turn the means of improvement to purposes of corruption.

It may, no doubt, be said that poetry in general tends less to the useful than the splendid qualities of our nature—that a character poetically good has long been distinguished from one that is morally so—and that, ever since the time of Achilles, our sympathies, on such occasions, have been chiefly engrossed by persons whose deportment is by no means exemplary, and who in many points approach to the temperament of Lord Byron's ideal hero. There is some truth in this suggestion also. But other poets, in the *first* place, do not allow their favourites so outrageous a monopoly of the glory and interest of the piece, and sin less therefore against the laws either of poetical or distributive justice. In the *second* place, their heroes are not, generally, either so bad or so good as Lord Byron's, and do not indeed very much

exceed the standard of truth and nature, in either of the extremes. His, however, are as monstrous and unnatural as centaurs, and hippogriffs, and must ever figure in the eye of sober reason as so many bright and hateful impossibilities. But the most important distinction is, that the other poets who deal in peccant heroes, neither feel nor express that ardent affection for them, which is visible in the whole of this author's delineations; but merely make use of them as necessary agents in the extraordinary adventures they have to detail, and persons whose mingled vices and virtues are requisite to bring about the catastrophe of their story. In Lord Byron, however, the interest of the story, where there happens to be one, which is not always the case, is uniformly postponed to that of the character itself, into which he enters so deeply, and with so extraordinary a fondness, that he generally continues to speak in its language, after it has been dismissed from the stage; and to inculcate, on his own authority, the same sentiments which had been previously recommended by its example. We do not consider it as unfair, therefore, to say that Lord Byron appears to us to be the zealous apostle of a certain fierce and magnificent misanthropy, which has already saddened his poetry with too deep a shade, and not only led to a great misapplication of great talents, but contributed to render popular some very false estimates of the constituents of human happiness and merit.—JEFFREY.

NAPOLÉON AND WELLINGTON.

Napoleon and Wellington having risen, by the common consent of men, to the highest rank on their respective sides in the great Revolutionary contest; and the awful strife having been finally determined under their guidance on a single field, like that between Rome and Carthage under the banners of Scipio and Hannibal, the attention of men, to the end of the world, will be forcibly drawn to their characters. We know, after the lapse of two thousand years, with what eagerness we yet dwell on those of the Roman and Carthaginian leaders who met at Zama; and we may anticipate with confidence a similar undying interest in the comparison between the British and French heroes who combated at Waterloo. Happy, indeed, if the pen of the historian could

keep pace with the greatness of the subject, and the English language would afford the means of painting, in a few touches, with the hand of Livy or Tacitus, the salient point in the minds of those whose deeds are for ever engraven on the records of mankind!

Napoleon and Wellington were not merely individual characters; they were the types of the powers which they respectively headed in the contest. Napoleon had brighter genius, Wellington superior judgment; the former combated with greater energy, the latter with more perseverance. Rapid in design, instant in execution, the strokes of the French hero fell like the burning thunderbolt: cautious in counsel, yet firm in action, the resources of the British champion multiplied, like the vigour of vegetation, after the withering stroke had fallen. No campaign of Wellington's equals, in energy and activity, those of Napoleon in Italy and in France: none of Napoleon's approaches, in foresight and wisdom, that of Wellington at Torres Vedras. The vehemence of the French emperor would have exhausted, in a single season, the whole resources which, during the war, were at the disposal of the English general; the caution of Wellington would have alienated, in the very beginning, the troops which overflowed with the passions of the Revolution. Ardour and onset were alike imposed on the former by his situation, and suggested by his disposition: foresight and perseverance were equally dictated to the latter by his necessities, and in unison with his character. The one wielded at pleasure the military resources of the half of Europe, and governed a nation heedless of consequences, covetous of glory, reckless of slaughter: the other led the forces of a people distrustful of its prowess, avaricious of its blood, but invincible in its determination. And the result, both in the general war and final struggle, was in entire conformity with this distinction. Wellington retired in the outset before the fierce assault of the French legions, but he saw them, for the first time since the Revolution, permanently recoil in defeat from the rocks of Torres Vedras: he was at first repeatedly expelled from Spain, but at last he drove the invaders with disgrace across the Pyrenees. He was in the beginning assailed unawares, and wellnigh overpowered in Flanders; but in the end he baffled all Napoleon's efforts, and, rising up with the strength of a giant, crushed at once his army and his empire on the field of Waterloo.

The personal and moral character of the two chiefs was still more strikingly opposed, and emblematic of the sides they severally led. Both were distinguished by the unwearied perseverance, the steady purpose, the magnanimous soul, which are essential to glorious achievements: both were provident in council, and vigorous in execution: both possessed personal intrepidity in the highest degree: both were indefatigable in activity, and iron in constitution: both enjoyed the rarer qualities of moral courage and fearless determination. But, in other respects, their minds were as opposite as are the poles asunder. Napoleon was covetous of glory, Wellington was impressed with duty: Napoleon was reckless of slaughter, Wellington was sparing of blood: Napoleon was careless of his word, Wellington was inviolate in faith. Treaties were regarded by the former as binding only when expedient—alliances valid only when useful: obligations were regarded by the latter as obligatory, though ruinous; conventions as sacred, even when disgraceful. Napoleon's wasting warfare converted allies into enemies; Wellington's protecting discipline changed enemies into friends. The former fell, because all Europe rose up against his oppression; the latter triumphed, because all Europe joined to place itself under his guidance. There is not a proclamation of Napoleon to his soldiers, in which glory is not mentioned, nor one in which duty is alluded to: there is not an order of Wellington to his troops, in which duty is not inculcated, nor one in which glory is mentioned.

The intellectual character of the two heroes exhibited the same distinctive features as their military career and moral qualities. No man ever surpassed Napoleon in the clearness of his ideas, or the stretch of his glance into the depths of futurity; but he was often misled by the vigour of his conceptions, and mistook the dazzling brilliancy of his own genius for the steady light of truth. With less ardour of imagination, less originality of thought, less creative genius, Wellington had more justness of judgment, and a far greater power of discriminating error from truth. The young and the ardent, who have life before them, will ever turn to the St Helena memoirs for the views of a mind of the most profound and original cast, on the most important subjects of human thought. The mature and the experienced, who have known its vicissitudes, will rest with more confidence on the "Maxims and Opinions" of Wellington, and marvel at the

numerous instances in which his instinctive sagacity and prophetic judgment had, in opposition to all around him, beheld the shadow of coming events amidst the clouds with which he was surrounded. No one can read the speculations of the French emperor without admiration at the brilliancy of his ideas, and the originality of his conceptions: none can peruse the maxims of the English general, without closing the book at every page to meditate on the wisdom and justice of his opinions. The genius of the former shared in the fire of Homer's imagination: the mind of the latter exhibited the depth of Bacon's intellect.

But it was in the prevailing moral principles by which they were regulated, that the distinctive character of their minds was most striking and important. Singleness of heart was the characteristic of the British hero, a sense of duty his ruling principle: ambition pervaded the French conqueror, a thirst for glory was his invariable incentive; but he veiled it to others, and perhaps to himself under the name of patriotic spirit. The former proceeded on the belief that the means, if justifiable, would finally work out the end; the latter, that the end would in every case justify the means. Napoleon placed himself at the head of Europe, and desolated it for fifteen years with his warfare: Europe placed Wellington at the head of its armies, and he gave it thirty years of unbroken peace. The former thought only in peace of accumulating the resources of future war: the latter sought only in war the means of securing future peace, and finally sheathing the sword of conquest. The one exhibited the most shining example of splendid talents devoted to temporal ambition and national aggrandisement; the other, the noblest instance of moral influence directed to exalted purposes and national preservation. The former was in the end led to ruin, while blindly pursuing the meteor of worldly greatness; the latter was unambitiously conducted to final greatness, while only following the star of public duty. The struggle between them was the same at bottom as that which, anterior to the creation of man, shook the powers of heaven; and never was such an example of moral government afforded as the final result of their immortal contest. Wellington was a warrior, but he was so only to become a pacificator; he has shed the blood of man, but it was only to stop the shedding of human blood; he has borne aloft the sword of conquest, but it was only to plant in its stead the emblems

of mercy. He has conquered the love of glory, the last infirmity of noble minds, by the love of peace, the first grace of the Christian character.—ALISON.

THE POETRY OF SCIENCE.

The true is the beautiful. Whenever this becomes evident to our senses, its influences are of a soul-elevating character. The beautiful, whether it is perceived in the external forms of matter, associated in the harmonies of light and colour, appreciated in the modulations of sweet sounds, or mingled with those influences which are, as the inner life of creation, appealing to the soul through the vesture which covers all things, is the natural theme of the poet, and the chosen study of the philosopher.

But, it will be asked, where is the relation between the stern labours of science and the ethereal system which constitutes poetry? The fumes of the laboratory, its alkalies and acids, the mechanical appliances of the observatory, its specula and its lenses, do not appear fitted for a place in the painted bowers of the Muses. But, from the labours of the chemist in his cell, from the multitudinous observations of the astronomer on his tower, spring truths which the philosopher employs to interpret nature's mysteries, and which give to the soul of the poet those realities to which he aspires in his high imaginings.

Science solicits from the material world, by the persuasion of inductive search, a development of its elementary principles, and of the laws which these obey. Philosophy strives to apply the discovered facts to the great phenomena of being,—to deduce large generalities from the fragmentary discoveries of severe induction,—and thus to ascend from matter and its properties up to those impulses which stir the whole, floating, as it were, on the confines of sense, and indicating, though dimly, those superior powers which, more nearly related to infinity, mysteriously manifest themselves in the phenomena of mind. Poetry seizes the facts of the one and the theories of the other; unites them by a pleasing thought, which appeals for truth to the most unthinking soul, and leads the reflective intellect to higher and higher exercises; it connects common phenomena with exalted ideas; and, applying its holiest powers, it invests the human mind with the sovereign strength of the true.

Truth is the soul of the poet's thought; truth is the reward of the philosopher's toil; and their works, bearing this official stamp, live among men through all time. Science at present rejoices in her ministry to the requirements of advancing civilization, and is content to receive the reward given to applications which increase the comforts of life, or add to its luxuries. Every improvement in the arts or manufactures has a tendency to elevate the race who are benefited thereby. But because science is useful in the working days of our week, it is not to be neglected on our Sabbath, when, resting from our labours, it becomes agreeable to contemplate the few truths permitted to our knowledge, and thus enter into communion, as closely as is allowed to finite beings, with those influences which involve and interpenetrate the earth, giving to all things life, beauty, and divinity.

The human mind naturally delights in the discovery of truth; and even when perverted by the constant operations of prevailing errors, a glimpse of the real comes upon it like the smile of daylight to the sorrowing captive of some dark prison. The Psychean labours to try man's soul, and exalt it, are the search for truth beneath the mysteries which surround creation, to gather amaranths, shining with the hues of heaven, from plains upon which hang, dark and heavy, the mists of earth. The poet may pay the debt of nature, the philosopher may return to the bosom of our common mother, even their names fade in the passage of time, like planets blotted out of heaven; but the truths they have revealed to man burn on for ever with unextinguishable brightness. Truth cannot die; it passes from mind to mind, imparting light in its progress, and constantly renewing its own brightness during its diffusion. The true is the beautiful; and the truths revealed to the mind render us capable of perceiving new beauties on the earth. The gladness of truth is like the ringing voice of a joyous child, and the most remote recesses echo with the cheerful sound. To be for ever true is the science of poetry—the revelation of truth is the poetry of science.

Man—a creation endued with mighty faculties, but a mystery to himself—stands in the midst of a wonderful world, and an infinite variety of phenomena arise around him in strange form and magical disposition, like the phantasma of a restless night.

The solid rock obeys a power which brings its congeries of atoms into a thousand shapes, each one geometrically perfect. Its vegetable covering, in obedience to some external excitation, develops itself in a curious diversity of forms, from the exquisitely graceful to the singularly grotesque, and exhibits properties still more varied and opposed. The animal organism quickened by higher impulses, powers working within, and modifying the influence of the external forces, presents, from the monad to the mammoth, and through every phase of being up to man, a yet more wonderful series of combinations, and features still more strangely contrasted.


Lifting our searching gaze into the measureless space beyond our earth, we find planet bound to planet, and system chained to system, all impelled by a universal force to roll in regularity and order around a common centre. The pendulations of the remotest star are communicated through the unseen bond; and our rocking world obeys the mysterious impulse throughout all those forces which regulate the inorganic combinations of this earth, and unto which its organic creation is irresistibly compelled to bow.

The glorious sun by day, and the moon and stars in the silence and the mystery of night, are felt to influence all material nature, holding the great earth bound in a many-stranded cord which cannot be broken. The tidal flow of the vast ocean, with its variety of animal and vegetable life,—the atmosphere, bright with light, obscured by the storm-cloud, spanned by the rainbow, or rent with the explosions of electric fire,—attest to the might of these elementary bonds.

These are but a few of the great phenomena which play their part around this globe of ours, exciting men to wonder, or shaking them with terror.

The mind of man, in its progress towards its higher destiny, is tasked with the physical earth as a problem, which, within the limits of a life, it must struggle to solve. The intellectual spirit is capable of embracing all finite things. Man is gifted with powers for studying the entire circle of visible creation; and he is equal, under proper training, to the task of examining much of the secret machinery which stirs the whole.

In dim outshadowing, earth's first poets, from the loveliness of external nature, evoked beautiful spiritualizations. To them the shady forests teemed with aerial beings,—the



gushing springs rejoiced in fantastic sprites,—the leaping cataracts gleamed with translucent shades,—the cavernous hills were the abodes of genii,—and the earth-girdling ocean was guarded by mysterious forms. Such were the creations of the far-searching mind in its early consciousness of the existence of unseen powers. The philosopher picked out his way through the dark and labyrinthine path, between effects and causes, and slowly approaching towards the light, he gathered semblances of the great reality, like a mirage, beautiful and truthful, although still but a cloud-reflection of the vast unseen.

It is thus that the human mind advances from the ideal to the real, and that the poet becomes the philosopher, and the philosopher rises into the poet ; but at the same time as we progress from fable to fact, much of the soul sentiment which made the romantic holy, and gave a noble tone to every aspiration, is too frequently merged in a cheerless philosophy which clings to the earth, and reduces the mind to a mechanical condition, delighting in the accumulation of facts, regardless of the great laws by which these are regulated, and the harmony of all Telluric combinations secured. In science we find the elements of the most exalted poetry ; and in the mysterious workings of the physical forces, we discover connections with the illimitable world of thought,—in which mighty minds delight to try their powers,—as strangely complicated, and as marvellously ordered, as in the psychological phenomena which have, almost exclusively, been the objects of their studies.

In the aspect of visible nature, with its wonderful diversity of form and its charm of colour, we find the beautiful ; and in the operations of these principles, which are ever active in producing and maintaining the existing conditions of matter, we discover the sublime.

The form and colour of a flower may excite our admiration ; but when we come to examine all the phenomena, which combine to produce that piece of symmetry and that lovely hue,—to learn the physiological arrangement of its structural parts,—the chemical actions by which its woody fibre and its juices are produced,—and to investigate those laws by which is regulated the power to throw back the white sunbeam from its surface in coloured rays,—our admiration passes to the higher feeling of deep astonishment at the perfection of the processes, and of reverence for their

great Designer. There are, indeed, "tongues in trees;" but science alone can interpret their mysterious whispers, and in this consists its poetry.

To rest content with the bare enunciation of a truth, is to perform but one-half of a task. As each atom of matter is involved in an atmosphere of properties and powers, which unites it to every mass of the universe, so each truth, however common it may be, is surrounded by impulses, which being awakened, pass from soul to soul like musical undulations, and which will be repeated through the echoes of space, and prolonged for all eternity.

The poetry which springs from the contemplation of the agencies which are actively employed in producing the transformations of matter, and which is founded upon the truths developed by the aids of science, should be in no respect inferior to that which has been inspired by the beauty of the individual forms of matter, and the pleasing character of their combinations.

The imaginative view of man and his world—the creations of the romantic mind—have been, and ever will be, dwelt on with a soul-absorbing passion. The mystery of our being, and the mystery of our ceasing to be, acting upon intelligences which are for ever striving to comprehend the enigma of themselves, leads by a natural process to a love for the ideal. The discovery of those truths which advance the human mind towards that point of knowledge to which all its secret longings tend, should excite a higher feeling than any mere creation of the fancy, how beautiful soever it may be. The phenomena of reality are more startling than the phantoms of the ideal. Truth is stranger than fiction. Surely many of the discoveries of science which relate to the combinations of matter, and exhibit results which we could not by any previous efforts of reasoning dare to reckon on, results which show the admirable balance of the forces of nature, and the might of their uncontrolled power, exhibit to our senses subjects for contemplation truly poetic in their character.

We tremble when the thunder-cloud bursts in fury above our heads. The poet seizes on the terrors of the storm to add to the interest of his verse. Fancy paints a storm-king, and the genius of romance clothes his demons in lightnings, and they are heralded by thunders. These wild imaginings have been the delight of mankind; there is subject for won-

der in them: but is there any thing less wonderful in the well-authenticated fact, that the dew-drop which glistens on the flower, that the tear which trembles on the eye-lid, holds locked in its transparent cells an amount of electric fire equal to that which is discharged during a storm from a thunder-cloud?

In these studies of the effects which are continually presenting themselves to the observing eye, and of the phenomena of causes, as far as they are revealed by science in its search of the physical earth, it will be shown that beneath the beautiful vesture of the external world there exists, like its quickening soul, a pervading power, assuming the most varied aspects, giving to the whole its life and loveliness, and linking every portion of this material mass in a common bond with some great universal principle beyond our knowledge. Whether by the improvement of the powers of the human mind, man will ever be enabled to embrace within his knowledge the laws which regulate these remote principles, we are not sufficiently advanced in intelligence to determine. But if admitted even to a clear perception of the theoretical power which we regard as regulating the known forces, we must still see an unknown agency beyond us, which can only be referred to the Creator's will.—ROBERT HUNT.

CRABBE.

Mr Crabbe is distinguished from all other poets, both by the choice of his subjects, and by his manner of treating them. All his persons are taken from the lower ranks of life, and all his scenery from the most ordinary and familiar objects of nature or art. His characters and incidents, too, are as common as the elements out of which they are compounded are humble; and not only has he nothing prodigious or astonishing in any of his representations, but he has not even attempted to impart any of the ordinary colours of poetry to those vulgar materials. He has no moralising swains or sentimental tradesmen, and scarcely ever seeks to charm us by the artless graces or lowly virtues of his personages. On the contrary, he has represented his villagers and humble burghers as altogether as dissipated, and more dishonest and discontented, than the profligates of higher life; and, instead of conducting us through blooming vorges and pastoral meadows, has led us along filthy lanes and

crowded wharfs, to hospitals, alms-houses, and gin-shops. In some of these delineations, he may be considered as the satirist of low life—an occupation sufficiently arduous, and, in a great degree, new and original in our language. But by far the greater part of his poetry is of a different and a higher character, and aims at moving or delighting us by lively, touching, and finely-contrasted representations of the dispositions, sufferings, and occupations of those ordinary persons who form the far greater part of our fellow-creatures. This, too, he has sought to effect, merely by placing before us the clearest, most brief, and most striking sketches of their external condition—the most sagacious and unexpected strokes of character—and the truest and most pathetic pictures of natural feeling and common suffering. By the mere force of his art, and the novelty of his style, he forces us to attend to objects that are usually neglected, and to enter into feelings from which we are in general but too eager to escape, and then trusts to nature for the effect of the representation.

It is obvious, at first sight, that this is not a task for an ordinary hand, and that many ingenious writers, who make a very good figure with battles, nymphs, and moonlight landscapes, would find themselves quite helpless, if set down among streets, harbours, and taverns. The difficulty of such subjects, in short, is sufficiently visible, and some of the causes of that difficulty; but they have their advantages also and of these, and their hazards, it seems natural to say a few words, before entering more minutely into the merits of the work before us.

The first great advantage of such familiar subjects is, that every one is necessarily well acquainted with the originals, and is therefore sure to feel all that pleasure, from a faithful representation of them, which results from the perception of a perfect and successful imitation. In the kindred art of painting, we find that this single consideration has been sufficient to stamp a very high value upon accurate and lively delineations of objects, in themselves uninteresting and even disagreeable; and no very inconsiderable part of the pleasure which may be derived from Mr Crabbe's poetry may probably be referred to its mere truth and fidelity, and to the brevity and clearness with which he sets before his readers objects and characters with which they have been all their days familiar.

In his happier passages, however, he has a higher merit, and imparts a far higher gratification. The chief delight of poetry consists, not so much in what it directly supplies to the imagination, as in what it enables it to supply to itself;—not in warming the heart by its passing brightness, but in kindling its own latent stores of light and heat—not in hurrying the fancy along by a foreign and accidental impulse, but in setting it agoing, by touching its internal springs and principles of activity. Now, this highest and most delightful effect can only be produced by the poet's striking a note to which the heart and the affections naturally vibrate in unison; by rousing one of a large family of kindred impressions; by dropping the rich seed of his fancy upon the fertile and sheltered places of the imagination. But it is evident, that the emotions connected with common and familiar objects, with objects which fill every man's memory, and are necessarily associated with all that he has ever really felt or fancied, are of all others the most likely to answer this description, and to produce, where they can be raised to a sufficient height, this great effect in its utmost perfection. It is for this reason that the images and affections that belong to our *universal* nature, are always, if tolerably represented, infinitely more captivating, in spite of their apparent commonness and simplicity, than those that are peculiar to certain situations, however they may come recommended by novelty or grandeur. The familiar feeling of maternal tenderness and anxiety, which is every day before our eyes, even in the brute creation, and the enchantment of youthful love, which is nearly the same in all characters, ranks, and situations, still contribute far more to the beauty and interest of poetry than all the misfortunes of princes, the jealousies of heroes, and the feats of giants, magicians, or ladies in armour. Every one can enter into the former set of feelings; and but a few into the latter. The one calls up a thousand familiar and long-remembered emotions, which are answered and reflected on every side by the kindred impressions which experience or observation have traced upon every memory; while the other lights up but a transient and unfruitful blaze, and passes away without perpetuating itself in any kindred and native sensation.

Now, the delineation of all that concerns the lower and most numerous classes of society is, in this respect, on a

footing with the pictures of our primary affections—that their originals are necessarily familiar to all men, and are inseparably associated with their own most interesting impressions. Whatever may be our own condition, we all live surrounded with the poor, from infancy to age; we hear daily of their sufferings and misfortunes; and their toils, their crimes, or their pastimes, are our hourly spectacle. Many diligent readers of poetry know little, by their own experience, of palaces, castles, or camps; and still less of tyrants, warriors, and banditti; but every one understands about cottages, streets, and villages, and conceives, pretty correctly, the character and condition of sailors, ploughmen, and artificers. If the poet can contrive, therefore, to create a sufficient interest in subjects like these, they will infallibly sink deeper into the mind, and be more prolific of kindred trains of emotion, than subjects of greater dignity. Nor is the difficulty of exciting such an interest by any means so great as is generally imagined. For it is common human nature, and common human feelings, after all, that form the true source of interest in poetry of every description; and the splendour and the marvels by which it is sometimes surrounded, serve no other purpose than to fix our attention on those workings of the heart, and those energies of the understanding, which alone command all the genuine sympathies of human beings, and which may be found as abundantly in the breasts of cottagers as of kings. Wherever there are human beings, therefore, with feelings and characters to be represented, our attention may be fixed by the art of the poet—by his judicious selection of circumstances—by the force and vivacity of his style, and the clearness and brevity of his representations.

In point of fact, we are all touched more deeply, as well as more frequently, in real life, with the sufferings of peasants than of princes; and sympathise much oftener, and more heartily, with the successes of the poor, than of the rich and distinguished. The occasions of such feelings are indeed so many, and so common, that they do not often leave any very permanent traces behind them, but pass away, and are effaced by the very rapidity of their succession. The business and the cares, and the pride of the world, obstruct the development of the emotions to which they would naturally give rise; and press so close and thick upon the mind, as to shut it, at most seasons, against the reflections

that are perpetually seeking for admission. When we have leisure, however, to look quietly into our hearts, we shall find in them an infinite multitude of little fragments of sympathy with our brethren in humble life—abortive movements of compassion, and embryos of kindness and concern, which had once fairly begun to live and germinate within them, though withered and broken off by the selfish bustle and fever of our daily occupations. Now, all these may be revived and carried on to maturity by the art of the poet; and, therefore, a powerful effort to interest us in the feelings of the humble and obscure will usually call forth more deep, more numerous, and more permanent emotions, than can ever be excited by the fate of princesses and heroes. Independent of the circumstances to which we have already alluded, there are causes which make us at all times more ready to enter into the feelings of the humble than of the exalted part of our species. Our sympathy with their enjoyments is enhanced by a certain mixture of pity for their general condition, which, by purifying it from that taint of envy which almost always adheres to our admiration of the great, renders it more welcome and satisfactory to our bosoms; while our concern for their sufferings is at once softened and endeared to us by the recollection of our own exemption from them, and by the feeling that we frequently have it in our power to relieve them.

From these, and from other causes, it appears to us to be certain, that where subjects, taken from humble life, can be made sufficiently interesting to overcome the distaste and the prejudices with which the usages of polished society too generally lead us to regard them, the interest which they excite will commonly be more profound and more lasting than any that can be raised upon loftier themes; and the poet of the Village and the Borough be oftener, and longer read, than the poet of the Court or the Camp. The most popular passages of Shakspeare and Cowper, we think, are of this description: and there is much, both in these productions, and in Mr Crabbe's former publications, to which we might now venture to refer, as proofs of the same doctrine. When such representations have once made an impression on the imagination, they are remembered daily, and for ever. We can neither look around, nor within us, without being reminded of their truth and their importance; and while the more brilliant effusions of romantic fancy are recalled

only at long intervals, and in rare situations, we feel that we cannot walk a step from our own doors, nor cast a glance back on our departed years, without being indebted to the poet of vulgar life for some striking image or touching reflection, of which the occasions were always before us, but—till he taught us how to improve them—were almost always allowed to escape.—JEFFREY.

NATURE, THE FOUNDATION OF ART.

Raffaëlle has said, "The artist's object was to make things not as Nature made them, but as she *would* make them." Raffaëlle was a painter of humanity, and assuredly there is something the matter with humanity. We have most of us heard of original sin, and may perhaps, in our modest moments, conjecture that we are not quite what God, or Nature, would have us to be. Raffaëlle *had* something to mend in humanity: I should have liked to have seen him mending a daisy, or a pease-blossom, or a moth, or a mustard seed, or any other of God's slightest works. If he had accomplished that, one might have found for him more respectable employment,—to set the stars in better order, perhaps, they seem grievously scattered as they are, and to be of all manner of shapes and sizes—except the ideal shape, and the proper size—or to give us a corrected view of the ocean; that, at least, seems a very irregular and improvable thing; the very fishermen do not know, this day, how far it will reach driven up before the west wind—perhaps Some One else does, but that is not our business. Let us go down and stand by the beach of it—of the great, irregular sea—and count whether the thunder of it is not out of time. One, two; here comes a well-formed wave at last, trembling a little at the top, but, on the whole, orderly. So, crash among the shingle, and up as far as this grey pebble; now stand by and watch! Another:—Ah, careless wave! why couldn't you have kept your crest on? it is all gone away into spray, striking up against the cliffs there; I thought as much, missed the mark by a couple of feet! Another:—How now, impatient one! couldn't you have waited till your friend's reflux was done with, instead of rolling yourself up with it in that unseemly manner? You go for nothing. A fourth, and a goodly one at last. What think we of you-

der slow rise, and crystalline hollow, without a flaw? Steady, good wave; not so fast, not so fast; where are you coming to? By our architectural word, this is too bad; two yards over the mark, and ever so much of you in our face besides; and a wave which we had some hope of, behind there, broken all to pieces out at sea, and laying a great white table-cloth of foam all the way to the shore, as if the marine gods were to dine off it! Alas, for these unhappy arrow-shots of Nature; she will never hit her mark with those unruly waves of hers, nor get one of them into the ideal shape, if we wait for her a thousand years. Let us send for a Greek architect to do it for her. He comes, the great Greek architect, with measure and rule. Will he not also make the weight for the winds? and weigh out the waters by measure? and make a decree for the rain, and a way for the lightning of the thunder?

But the sea was meant to be irregular! Yes, and were not also the leaves, and the blades of grass; and, in short, as far as may be without mark of sin, even the countenance of man? Or would it be pleasanter and better to have us all alike, and numbered on our foreheads, that we might be known one from the other?

Is there, then, nothing to be done by man's art? Have we only to copy, and again copy, for ever, the imagery of the universe? Not so. We have work to do upon it; there is not any one of us so simple, nor so feeble, but he has work to do upon it. But the work is not to improve, but to explain. This infinite universe is unfathomable, inconceivable, in its whole; every human creature must slowly spell out, and long contemplate, such part of it as may be possible for him to reach; then set forth what he has learned of it for those beneath him; extricating it from infinity, as one gathers a violet out of grass. One does not improve either violet or grass in gathering it, but one makes the flower visible, and then the human being has to make its power upon his own heart visible also, and to give it the honour of the good thoughts it has raised up in him, and to write upon it the history of his own soul. And sometimes he may be able to do more than this, and to set it in strange lights, and display it in a thousand ways before unknown—ways specially directed to necessary and noble purposes, for which he had to choose instruments out of the wide armoury of God. All this he may do—and in this he is only doing

what every Christian has to do with the written, as well as the created word—"rightly *dividing* the word of truth." Out of the infinity of the written word, he has also to gather and set forth things new and old, to choose them for the season and the work that are before him, to explain and manifest them to others, with such illustration and enforcement as may be in his power, and to crown them with the history of what, by them, God has done for his soul. And, in doing this, is he improving the Word of God? Just such difference as there is between the sense in which a minister may be said to improve a text, to the people's comfort, and the sense in which an atheist might declare that he could improve the Book, which if any man shall add unto, there shall be added unto him the plagues that are written therein; just such difference is there between that which, with respect to Nature, man is, in his humbleness, called upon to do, and that which, in his insolence, he imagines himself capable of doing.

Have no fear, therefore, reader, in judging between Nature and Art, so only that you love both. If you can love one only, then let it be Nature; you are safe with her, but do not then attempt to judge the art, to which you do not care to give thought, or time. But if you love both, you may judge between them fearlessly; you may estimate the last, by its making you remember the first, and giving you the same kind of joy. If, in the square of the city, you can find a delight, finite, indeed, but pure and intense, like that which you have in a valley among the hills, then its art and architecture are right; but if, after fair trial, you can find no delight in them, nor any instruction like that of Nature, I call on you fearlessly to condemn them.—RUSKIN.

PART THIRD.—IMAGINATIVE AND DESCRIPTIVE.

TOWN AND COUNTRY LIFE.

THOUGH true worth and virtue in the mind
And genial soil of cultivated life
Thrive most, and may perhaps thrive only there,
Yet not in cities oft : in proud, and gay,
And gain-devoted cities. Thither flow,
As to a common and most noisome sewer,
The dregs and feculence of every land.
In cities, foul example on most minds
Begets its likeness. Rank abundance breeds,
In gross and pamper'd cities, sloth and lust,
And wantonness, and gluttonous excess.
In cities vice is hidden with most ease,
Or seen with least reproach : and virtue, taught
By frequent lapse, can hope no triumph there
Beyond th' achievement of successful flight.
I do confess them nurs'ries of the arts,
In which they flourish most ; where, in the beams
Of warm encouragement, and in the eye
Of public note, they reach their perfect size.
Such London is, by taste and wealth proclaim'd
The fairest capital of all the world,
By riot and incontinence the worst.
There, touch'd by Reynolds, a dull blank becomes
A lucid mirror, in which Nature sees
All her reflected features. Bacon there
Gives more than female beauty to a stone,
And Chatham's eloquence to marble lips ;
Nor does the chisel occupy alone
The powers of sculpture, but the style as much ;

Each province of her art her equal care.
 With nice incision of her guided steel
 She ploughs a brazen field, and clothes a soil
 So sterile, with what charms so'er she will,
 The richest scenery and the loveliest forms.
 Where finds Philosophy her eagle eye,
 With which she gazes at yon burning disc
 Undazzled, and detects and counts his spots?
 In London. Where her implements exact,
 With which she calculates, computes, and scans
 All distance, motion, magnitude, and now
 Measures an atom, and now girds a world?
 In London. Where has commerce such a mart,
 So rich, so throng'd, so drain'd, and so supplied,
 As London—opulent, enlarg'd, and still
 Increasing London? Babylon of old
 Not more the glory of the earth than she,
 A more accomplish'd world's chief glory now.

* * * *

God made the country, and man made the town;
 What wonder then that health and virtue, gifts
 That can alone make sweet the bitter draught
 That life holds out to all, should most abound
 And least be threaten'd in the fields and groves?
 Possess ye, therefore, ye who, borne about
 In chariots and sedans, know no fatigue
 But that of idleness, and taste no scenes
 But such as art contrives, possess ye still
 Your element; there only ye can shine;
 There only minds like yours can do no harm.
 Our groves were planted to console at noon
 The pensive wand'rer in their shades. At eve
 The moonbeam, sliding softly in between
 The sleeping leaves, is all the light they wish—
 Birds warbling all the music. We can spare
 The splendour of your lamps; they but eclipse
 Our softer satellite. Your songs confound
 Our more harmonious notes: the thrush departs
 Scared, and th' offended nightingale is mute.
 There is a public mischief in your mirth;
 It plagues your country. Folly such as yours,
 Graced with a sword, and worthier of a fan,
 Has made, what enemies could ne'er have done,

Our arch of empire, steadfast but for you,
A mutilated structure, soon to fail.

* * * *

Hail, therefore, patroness of health and ease,
And contemplation, heart-consoling joys,
And harmless pleasures, in the throng'd abode
Of multitudes unknown ; hail, rural life !
Address himself who will to the pursuit
Of honours, or emolument, or fame ;
I shall not add myself to such a chase,
Thwart his attempts, or envy his success.
Some must be great. Great offices will have
Great talents. And God gives to every man
The virtue, temper, understanding, taste
That lifts him into life, and lets him fall
Just in the niche he was ordain'd to fill.
To the deliverer of an injur'd land
He gives a tongue t' enlarge upon, a heart
To feel, and courage to redress her wrongs ;
To monarchs, dignity ; to judges, sense ;
To artists, ingenuity and skill ;
To me, an unambitious mind, content
In the low vale of life, that early felt
A wish for ease and leisure, and ere long
Found here that leisure, and that ease I wish'd.—COWPER.

SUMMER MORNING.

Up, sleeper ! dreamer ! up ; for now
There's gold upon the mountain's brow—
There's light on forests, lakes, and meadows—
The dew-drops shine on flow'ret bells ;
The village clock of morning tells.
Up, men ! out, cattle ! for the dells
And dingles teem with shadows.

Up ! out ! o'er furrow and o'er field ;
The claims of toil some moments yield
For morning's bliss, and time is fleetier
Than thought—so out ! 'tis dawning yet.
Why twilight's lovely hour forget ?
For sweet though be the workman's sweat,
The wanderer's sweat is sweeter.

Up! to the fields! through shine and stour;
What hath the dull and drowsy hour
So blest as this? the glad heart leaping
To hear morn's early song sublime,
See earth rejoicing in its prime;
The summer is the walking time—
The winter time for sleeping.

Oh, fool! to sleep such hours away,
While blushing Nature wakes to day,
On down through summer mornings snoring;
'Tis meet for thee, the winter long,
When snows blow fast and winds blow strong,
To waste the night amidst the throng,
Their vinous poisons pouring.

The very beast, that crops the flower,
Hath welcome for the dawning hour.
Aurora smiles! her beck'nings claim thee;
Listen—look round—the chirp, the hum,
Song, low, and bleat—there's nothing dumb—
All love, all life. Come, slumb'rer, come!
The meanest thing shall shame thee.

We come—we come—our wand'rings take
Through dewy field, by misty lake,
And rugged path, and woods pervaded
By branches o'er, by flowers beneath,
Making earth od'rous with their breath;
Or through the shadeless gold-gorse heath,
Or 'neath the poplars shaded.

Were we of feather, or of fin,
How blest to dash the river in,
Thread the rock-stream as it advances;
Or, better, like the birds above,
Rise to the greenest of the grove,
And sing the matin song of love
Amidst the highest branches.

Oh, thus to revel, thus to range,
I'll yield the counter, bank, or 'change;
The bus'ness crowds, all peace destroying;

The toil, with snow that roofs our brains;
 The seeds of care, which harvest pains;
 The wealth, for more which strives and strains,
 Still less and less enjoying.

Oh, happy, who the city's noise
 Can quit for Nature's quiet joys,
 Quit worldly sin and worldly sorrow;
 No more 'midst prison-walls abide,
 But, in God's temple vast and wide,
 Pour praises every eventide,
 Ask mercies every morrow.

No seraph's flaming sword hath driv'n,
 That man from Eden or from heav'n,
 From earth's sweet smiles and winning features;
 For him, by toils, and troubles tost,
 By wealth and wearying cares engross'd,
 For him a paradise is lost—
 But not for happy creatures.

Come—though a glance it may be—come,
 Enjoy, improve, and hurry home,
 For life's strong urgencies must bind us.
 Yet mourn not; morn shall wake anew,
 And we shall wake to bless it too—
 Homewards! the herds shall shake the dew
 We'll leave in peace behind us.—TOLLENS.

ADVENTURE AT JACOB'S WELL.

We expressed our intention to set out for the inspection of Jacob's Well; and a Samaritan lad, named Yákúb, offered himself as our guide. As we determined to effect, if possible, a thorough exploration of it, we took with us a supply of wax candles for its illumination, and all the ropes from our boxes that we might make of it a correct measurement. We attracted a good deal of attention as we passed through the town in our Indian travelling dresses. In the olive grove to the east of it, we found the Turkish women and the young members of their families, observing their holiday, squatted

in the shade, or swinging from the branches of the trees. They began to abuse us with their tongues as we passed; and at length they found themselves emboldened to treat us to a shower of stones. A brickbat of considerable size gave me rather a severe blow on the back.

On arriving at Jacob's Well, we found the mouth of it, which is in the middle of the ruins of a church by which it was formerly surmounted, covered with two large stones. These we were unable ourselves to remove; but a half-dozen sturdy Arabs, from a small hamlet close by, did the needful for us, in expectation, of course, of a due reward. The opening over the well is an orifice in a dome or arch, less than two feet in diameter. Our Samaritan friend was the first to enter. He held by a piece of rope, which we kept in our hands till, swinging himself across the mouth of the well, properly so called, he found footing on the margin of the excavation over which the dome extends. Mr Smith and myself, dispensing with the superfluous parts of our dresses, followed his example, our companions, whom we thought it expedient to leave without, keeping fast hold of the rope till, with the assistance of Jacob, we got a firm footing beside him. The Arabs entered one after another without difficulty. All within was hitherto darkness; but by the aid of a packet of lucifers, we lighted our candles, and were able to look down the well to a considerable depth. It was now time to disclose our plan of operation to our native attendants. "Jacob," said we, "a friend of ours, an English traveller and minister (the Rev. Andrew Bonar, of Collace), dropped the five books of Moses and the other inspired records into this well, about three years ago, and if you will descend and bring them up, we shall give you a handsome *bakshish*." "Bakshish!" said the Arabs, kindling at the sound, "if there is to be a bakshish in the case, *we* must have it, for *we* are the lords of the land." "Well, down you go," said we, throwing the rope over their shoulders, "and you shall have the bakshish." "Nay, verily," said they, "you mean to hang us; let Jacob do what he pleases." Jacob was ready at our command; and when he had tied the rope round his body below his shoulders, he received our parting instructions. We asked him to call out to us the moment that he might arrive at the surface of the water, and told him that we should so hold the rope as to prevent him from sinking, if there was any considerable depth of the element. We

told him also to pull out one of the candles with which he had stored his breast, and to ignite it when he might get below. As he looked into the fearful pit on the brink of which he stood, terror took hold of him; and he betook himself to prayer in the Hebrew tongue. We, of course, gave him no interruption in his solemn exercises, as, in the circumstances of the case, we could not but admire the spirit of devotion which he evinced. On a signal given we let him go. "The Arabs held with us the rope, and we took care that he should descend as gently as possible. When our material was nearly exhausted, he called out, "I have reached the bottom; and it is at present scarcely covered with water." Forthwith he kindled his light; and that he might have every advantage, we threw him down a quantity of dry sticks, with which he made a blaze, which distinctly showed us the whole of the well, from the top to the bottom. We saw the end of the rope at its lower part; and we put a knot upon it at the margin above, that we might have the exact measurement when Jacob might come up. After searching for about five minutes for the Bible among the stones and mud at the bottom, our kind friend joyfully called out, "It is found! it is found! it is found!" We were not slow, it may be supposed, in giving him our congratulations. The prize he carefully put into his breast; and then he declared his readiness, with our aid, to make the ascent. Ready, however, he was not to move. He was evidently much frightened at the journey which was before him to the light of day; and he was not slow to confess his fears. "Never mind," cried Mordecai to him from the top, on observing his alarm, "you will get up by the help of the God of Jacob." He betook himself again to prayer, in which he continued for a much longer time than before his descent. When we got him in motion, he dangled very uncomfortably in the air, and complained much of the cutting of the rope near his armpits. By and by he became silent. We found it no easy matter to get him pulled up, as we had to keep the rope from the edge of the well, lest it should snap asunder. When he came into our hands, he was unable to speak; and we laid him down on the margin of the well, that he might collect his breath. "*Where is the bakshish?*" were the first words which he uttered, on regaining his faculty of speech. It was immediately forthcoming to the extent of about a sovereign, and to his fullest satisfaction. A similar sum we

divided among our Arab assistants. The book, from having been so long steeped in the water and mud below, was, with the exception of the boards, reduced to a mass of pulp. In our effort to recover it, we had ascertained the depth of the well, which is exactly seventy-five feet. Its diameter is about nine feet. It is entirely hewn out of the solid rock, and is a work of great labour. It bears marks about it of the greatest antiquity. "The well is deep," was the description given of it by the woman of Samaria to our Lord. It still, as now noticed, has the same character, although to a considerable extent it is perhaps filled with the stones which are thrown into it, to sound it, by travellers and pilgrims.—
DR WILSON.

OCEAN.

Oh ! that the desert were my dwelling-place,
With one fair spirit for my minister,
That I might all forget the human race,
And, hating no one, love but only her !
Ye Elements !—in whose ennobling stir
I feel myself exalted—Can ye not
Accord me such a being ? Do I err
In deeming such inhabit many a spot ?
Though with them to converse can rarely be our lot.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar :
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll !
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore ;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain

A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee ; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth :—there let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war :
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they ?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since ; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage ; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts : not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving ;—boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible ; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made ; each zone
Obeyes thee ; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward : from a boy
I wanton'd with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight ; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.—BYRON.

TRACES OF OCEAN.

Was it the sound of the distant surf that was in mine ears, or the low moan of the breeze, as it crept through the neighbouring wood ? Oh, that hoarse voice of Ocean, never silent since time first began,—where has it not been uttered ! There is stillness amid the calm of the arid and rainless desert, where no spring rises and no streamlet flows, and the long caravan plies its weary march amid the blinding glare of the sand, and the red unshaded rays of the fierce sun. But once and again, and yet again, has the roar of Ocean been there. It is *his* sands that the winds heap up ; and it is the skeleton remains of his vassals,—shells, and fish, and the stony coral,—that the rocks underneath enclose. There is silence on the tall mountain peak, with its glittering mantle of snow, where the panting lungs labour to inhale the thin bleak air,—where no insect murmurs and no bird flies,—and where the eye wanders over multitudinous hill-tops that lie far beneath, and vast dark forests that sweep on to the distant horizon, and along long hollow valleys where the great rivers begin. And yet once and again, and yet again, has the roar of Ocean been there. The elegies of his more ancient denizens we find sculptured on the crags, where they jut from beneath the ice into the mist-wreath ; and his later beaches, stage beyond stage, terrace the descending slopes. Where has the great destroyer not been,—the devourer of continents,—the blue foaming dragon, whose vocation it is to eat up the land ? His ice-floes have alike furrowed the flat steppes of Siberia and the rocky flanks of Schehallion ; and his nummulites and fish lie embedded in great stones of the pyramids, hewn in the times of the old Pharaohs, and in rocky folds of Lebanon still

untouched by the tool. So long as Ocean exists, there must be disintegration, dilapidation, change; and should the time ever arrive when the elevatory agencies, motionless and chill, shall sleep within their profound depths, to awaken no more,—and should the sea still continue to impel its currents and to roll its waves,—every continent and island would at length disappear, and again, as of old, “when the fountains of the great deep were broken up,”

“A shoreless ocean tumble round the globe.”

Was it with reference to this principle, so recently recognised, that we are so expressly told in the Apocalypse respecting the renovated earth, in which the state of things shall be fixed and eternal, that “there shall be no more sea?” or are we to regard the revelation as the mere hieroglyphic,—the pictured shape,—of some analogous moral truth? “Reasoning from what we know,”—and what else remains to us?—an earth without a sea would be an earth without rain, without vegetation, without life,—a dead and doleful planet of waste places, such as the telescope reveals to us in the moon. And yet the Ocean does seem peculiarly a creature of time,—of all the great agents of vicissitude and change, the most influential and untiring; and to a state in which there shall be no vicissitude and no change,—in which the earthquake shall not heave from beneath, nor the mountains wear down and the continents melt away,—it seems inevitably necessary that there should be “no more sea.”—
HUGH MILLER.

HYMN TO THE SETTING SUN.

Slow, slow, mighty wanderer, sink to thy rest,
 Thy course of beneficence done;
 As glorious go down to the ocean's warm breast
 As when thy bright race was begun.
 For all thou hast done,
 Since thy rising, oh! sun,
 May thou and thy Maker be blest.
 Thou hast scattered the night from thy broad golden way,
 Thou hast given us thy light through a long happy day,
 Thou hast roused up the birds, thou hast wakened the
 flowers,
 To chant on thy path, and to perfume the hours.

Then slow, mighty wanderer, sink to thy rest,
And rise again beautiful, blessing, and blest.

Slow, slow, mighty wanderer, sink to thy rest,
Yet pause but a moment to shed
One warm look of love on the earth's dewy breast,
Ere the starr'd curtain fall round thy bed.

And to promise the time

When, awaking sublime,

Thou shalt rush all refreshed from thy rest.

Warm hopes drop like dews from thy life-giving hand,
Teaching hearts closed in darkness like flowers to expand;
Dreams wake into joys when first touched by thy light,
As glow the dim waves of the sea at thy sight.

Then slow, mighty wanderer, sink to thy rest,
And rise again beautiful, blessing, and blest.

Slow, slow, mighty wanderer, sink to thy rest

Prolonging the sweet evening hour;

Then robe again soon in the morn's golden vest,

To go forth in thy beauty and power.

Yet pause on thy way,

To the full height of day;

For thy rising and setting are blest.

When thou com'st after darkness to gladden our eyes,

Or departest in glory, in glory to rise,

May hope and may prayer still be woke by thy rays,

And thy going be marked with thanksgiving and praise.

Then slow, mighty wanderer, sink to thy rest,

And rise again beautiful, blessing, and blest.—JAMES.

THE TELESCOPE AND MICROSCOPE.

It was the telescope that, by piercing the obscurity which lies between us and distant worlds, put Infidelity in possession of the argument against which we are now contending; but, about the time of its invention, another instrument was formed, which laid open a scene no less wonderful, and rewarded the inquisitive spirit of man with a discovery, which serves to neutralise the whole of this argument. This was the microscope. The one led me to see a system in every star—the other leads me to see a world in every atom

The one taught me, that this mighty globe, with the whole burden of its people and of its countries, is but a grain of sand on the high field of immensity—the other teaches me, that every grain of sand may harbour within it the tribes and the families of a busy population. The one told me of the insignificance of the world I tread upon—the other redeems it from all its insignificance ; for it tells me that in the leaves of every forest, and in the flowers of every garden, and in the waters of every rivulet, there are worlds teeming with life, and numberless as are the glories of the firmament. The one has suggested to me, that beyond and above all that is visible to man, there may lie fields of creation which sweep immeasurably along, and carry the impress of the Almighty's hand to the remotest scenes of the universe—the other suggests to me, that within and beneath all that minuteness which the aided eye of man has been able to explore, there may lie a region of invisibles ; and that, could we draw aside the mysterious curtain which shrouds it from our senses, we might there see a theatre of as many wonders as astronomy has unfolded, a universe within the compass of a point so small, as to elude all the powers of the microscope, but where the wonder-working God finds room for the exercise of all His attributes, where He can raise another mechanism of worlds, and fill and animate them all with the evidences of His glory.

Now, mark how all this may be made to meet the argument of our infidel astronomers. By the telescope, they have discovered that no magnitude, however vast, is beyond the grasp of the Divinity ; but by the microscope, we have also discovered, that no minuteness, however shrunk from the notice of the human eye, is beneath the condescension of His regard. Every addition to the powers of the one instrument extends the limit of His visible dominions ; but, by every addition to the powers of the other instrument, we see each part of them more crowded than before with the wonders of His unwearying hand. The one is constantly widening the circle of His territory—the other is as constantly filling up its separate portions with all that is rich, and various, and exquisite. In a word, by the one I am told that the Almighty is now at work in regions more distant than geometry has ever measured, and among worlds more manifold than numbers have ever reached ; but, by the other, I am also told, that with a mind to comprehend

the whole, in the vast compass of its generality, He has also a mind to concentrate a close and a separate attention on each and on all of its particulars ; and that the same God, who sends forth an upholding influence among the orbs and the movements of astronomy, can fill the recesses of every single atom with the intimacy of his presence, and travel, in all the greatness of His unimpaired attributes, upon every one spot and corner of the universe He has formed.

They, therefore, who think that God will not put forth such a power, and such a goodness, and such a condescension, in behalf of this world, as are ascribed to Him in the New Testament, because He has so many other worlds to attend to, think of Him as a man. They confine their view to the informations of the telescope, and forget altogether the informations of the other instrument. They only find room in their minds for His one attribute of a large and general superintendence ; and keep out of their remembrance the equally impressive proofs we have for His other attribute, of a minute and multiplied attention to all that diversity of operations, where it is He that worketh all in all. And when I think, that as one of the instruments of philosophy has heightened our every impression of the first of these attributes, so another instrument has no less heightened our impression of the second of them—then I can no longer resist the conclusion, that it would be a transgression of sound argument, as well as a daring of impiety, to draw a limit around the doings of this unsearchable God—and, should a professed revelation from heaven tell me of an act of condescension, in behalf of some separate world, so wonderful, that angels desired to look into it, and the Eternal Son had to move from His seat of glory to carry it into accomplishment, all I ask is the evidence of such a revelation ; for, let it tell me as much as it may of God letting himself down for the benefit of one single province of His dominions, this is no more than what I see lying scattered, in numberless examples, before me ; and running through the whole line of my recollections ; and meeting me in every walk of observation to which I can betake myself ; and, now that the microscope has unveiled the wonders of another region, I see strewed around me, with a profusion which baffles my every attempt to comprehend it, the evidence that there is no one portion of the universe of God too minute for His notice, nor too humble for the visitations of His care.—DR CHALMERS.

THE RUINED COTTAGE

None will dwell in that cottage, for they say
Oppression reft it from the honest man,
And that a curse clings to it; hence the vine
Trails its weight of leaves upon the ground,
Hence weeds are in that garden, hence the hedge,
Once sweet with honeysuckle, is half dead,
And hence the grey moss on the apple tree.

One once dwelt there, who had been in his youth
A soldier; and when many years had pass'd,
He sought his native village, and sat down
To end his days in peace. He had one child,
A little laughing thing, whose large dark eyes,
He said, were like the mother's she had left
Buried in strangers' land: and time went on
In comfort and content—and that fair girl
Had grown far taller than the red rose tree
Her father planted on her first English birthday.
And he had trained it up against an ash
Till it became his pride—it was so rich
In blossom and in beauty, it was called
The tree of Isabel. 'Twas an appeal
To all the better feelings of the heart
To mark their quiet happiness; their home
In truth a home of love; and more than all,
To see them on the Sabbath, when they came
Among the first to church, and Isabel,
With her bright colour, and her clear glad eyes,
Bowed down so meekly in the house of prayer;
And in the hymn her sweet voice audible:
Her father looked so fond of her, and then
From her looked up so thankfully to heaven!
And their small cottage was so very neat;
Their garden filled with fruits, and herbs, and flowers;
And in the winter, there was no fireside
So cheerful as their own. But other days
And other fortunes came—an evil power.
They bore against it cheerfully, and hoped
For better times, but ruin came at last;
And the old soldier left his own dear home,

And left it for a prison: 'twas in June,
One of June's brightest days—the bee, the bird,
The butterfly, were on their lightest wing;
The fruits had their first tinge of summer light;
The sunny sky, the very leaves seemed glad,
And the old man looked back upon his cottage,
And wept aloud:—they hurried him away,
And the dear child that would not leave his side.
They led him from the sight of the blue heaven
And the green trees, into a low, dark cell,
The windows shutting out the blessed sun,
With iron grating; and for the first time
He threw him on his bed, and could not hear.
His Isabel's good night. But the next morn
She was the earliest at the prison gate,
The last on whom it closed, and her sweet voice,
And sweeter smile, made him forget to pine.
She brought him every morning fresh wild flowers;
But every morning could he mark her cheek
Grow paler and more pale, and her low tones
Get fainter and more faint, and a cold dew
Was on the hand he held. One day he saw
The sunshine through the gratings of his cell,
Yet Isabel came not; at every sound
His heart-beat took away his breath, yet still
She came not near him. But on one sad day
He marked the dull street, through the iron bars,
That shut him from the world; at length he saw
A coffin carried carelessly along,
And he grew desperate; he forced the bars;
And he stood on the street free and alone.
He had no aim, no wish for liberty—
He only felt one want, to see the corpse
That had no mourners; when they set it down,
Ere 'twas lowered into the new dug grave,
A rush of passion came upon his soul,
And he tore off the lid, and saw the face
Of Isabel, and knew he had no child!
He lay down by the coffin quietly—
His heart was broken!—LONDON.

THE BATTLE OF HOHENLINDEN.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser rolling rapidly :

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat, at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery !

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd,
To join the dreadful revelry ;

Then shook the hills with thunder riven !
Then rush'd the steed to battle driven !
And louder than the bolts of heaven,
Far flash'd the red artillery !

But redder yet those fires shall glow
On Linden's hills of stained snow ;
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser rolling rapidly !

'Tis morn—but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-cloud rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy !

The combat deepens—on, ye brave,
Who rush to glory or the grave !
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry !

Few, few shall part where many meet !
The snow shall be their winding-sheet ;
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall mark a soldier's sepulchre !—CAMPBELL.

A BETH GELERT.

The spearman heard the bugle sound,
And cheerily smiled the morn,
And many a brach, and many a hound,
Attend Llewellyn's horn :

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a louder cheer ;
" Come, Gelert ! why art thou the last
Llewellyn's horn to hear ?

" Oh, where does faithful Gelert roam ?
The flower of all his race !
So true, so brave, a lamb at home,
A lion in the chase ! "

'Twas only at Llewellyn's board
The faithful Gelert fed ;
He watch'd, he served, he cheer'd his lord,
And sentinel'd his bed.

In sooth, he was a peerless hound,
The gift of royal John ;
But now no Gelert could be found,
And all the chase rode on.

And now, as over rocks and dells
The gallant chidings rise,
All Snowdown's craggy chaos yells,
With many mingled cries.

That day Llewellyn little loved
The chase of hart or hare,
And scant and small the booty proved,
For Gelert was not there.

Unpleased, Llewellyn homeward hied,
When, near the portal seat,
His truant Gelert he espied,
Bounding his lord to greet.

But, when he gain'd his castle door,
Aghast the chieftain stood ;
The hound was smear'd with gouts of gore,
His lips and fangs ran blood !

Llewellyn gazed with wild surprise,
Unused such looks to meet ;
His favourite check'd his joyful guise,
And crouch'd and lick'd his feet.

Onward in haste Llewellyn pass'd
(And on went Gelert too),
And still, where'er his eyes were cast,
Fresh blood-gouts shock'd his view !

O'erturned his infant's bed he found,
The blood-stain'd covert rent,
And, all around, the walls and ground
With recent blood besprent.

He call'd his child—no voice replied ;
He search'd—with terror wild ;
Blood ! blood ! he found on every side,
But no where found the child !

“Hell-hound ! by thee my child's devour'd !”
The frantic father cried,
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plunged in Gelert's side !

His suppliant, as to earth he fell,
No pity could impart ;
But still his Gelert's dying yell
Pass'd heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gelert's dying yell,
Some slumberer waken'd nigh ;
What words the parent's joy can tell,
To hear his infant cry !

Conceal'd beneath a mangled heap,
His hurried search had miss'd,
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
His cherub boy he kiss'd !

Nor scratch had he, nor harm, nor dread—
But the same couch beneath
Lay a great wolf, all torn and dead—
Tremendous still in death!

Ah! what was then Llewellyn's pain!
For now the truth was clear;
The gallant hound the wolf had slain,
To save Llewellyn's heir.

Vain, vain, was all Llewellyn's wo:
"Best of thy kind, adieu!
The frantic deed which laid thee low,
This heart shall ever rue!"

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
With costly sculpture deck'd;
And marbles, storied with his praise,
Poor Gelert's bones protect.

Here never could the spearman pass,
Or forester, unmoved;
Here oft the tear-besprinkled grass
Llewellyn's sorrow proved.

And here he hung his horn and spear;
And, oft as evening fell,
In fancy's piercing sounds would hear
Poor Gelert's dying yell!—SPENCER.

SOLOMON.

There is no season of the year so exquisite as the first full burst of Summer, when east winds lose their venom, and the firmament its April fickleness; when the trees have unreefed their foliage, and under them the turf is tender; when, before going to sleep, the blackbird wakes the nightingale, and night itself is only a softer day; when the dog-star has not withered a single flower, nor the mower's scythe touched one; but all is youth and freshness, novelty and hope—as if our very earth had become a bud, of which only another Eden could be the blossom—as if, with all her green canvass

spread, our island were an argosie, floating over seas of balm to some bright Sabbath haven on the shores of Immortality.

With the Hebrew commonwealth, it was the month of June. Over all the Holy Land there rested a blissful serenity—the calm which follows when successful war is crowned with conquest—a calm which was only stirred by the proud joy of possession, and then hallowed and intensified again by the sense of Jehovah's favour. And amidst this calm the monarch was enshrined, at once its source and its symbol. In the morning he held his levee in his splendid Basilica, a pillared and spacious hall. As he sate aloft on his lion-guarded throne, he received petitions and heard appeals, and astonished his subjects by astute decisions and weighty apothegms, till every case was disposed of, and the toils of king-craft ended. Meanwhile, his chariot was waiting in the square; and with their shoeless hoofs, the light coursers pawed the pavement, impatient for their master; whilst drawn up on either side purple squadrons held the ground, and their champing chargers tossed from their flowing manes a dust of gold. And now a stir in the crowd, the straining of necks and the jingle of horse-gear announce the acme of expectation; and, preceded by the tall panoply of the commander-in-chief, and followed by the *élite* of Jerusalem, there emerges from the palace, and there ascends the chariot, a noble form arrayed in white and in silver, and crowned with a golden coronet, and the welkin rings, "God save the King;" for this is Solomon in all his glory. And, as through the Bethlehem gate, and adown the level causeway, the bickering chariot speeds, the vines on either side of the valley "give a good smell," and it is a noble sight to look back to yon marble fane and princely mansions which rear their snowy cliffs over the capital's new ramparts. It is a noble sight, this rural comfort and that civic opulence, for they evince the abundance of peace and the abundance of righteousness. And when, through orchards and corn-fields, the progress ends, the shouting concourse of the capital is exchanged for the delights of an elysian hermitage. After visiting his far-come favourites—the "apes and the peacocks,"—the bright birds and curious quadrupeds which share his retirement; after wandering along the terraces where, under the ripening pomegranates, roses of Sharon blossom, and watching the ponds where fishes bask amid the water-lilies,—we can imagine him retiring from the sunshine

into that grotto which fed these reservoirs from its fountain sealed; or in the spacious parlour, whose fluttering lattice cooled, and whose cedar wainscot embalmed, the flowing summer, sitting down to indite a poem in which celestial love should overmaster and replace the earthly passion which supplied its imagery. Dipping his pen by turns in Heaven's rainbow, and in the prismatic depths of his own felicity, with joy's own ink, this Prince of Peace inscribed that Song of Songs, which is Solomon's.

It was June in Hebrew history, the top-tide of a nation's happiness. Sitting, like an empress, between the Eastern and Western oceans, the navies of three continents poured their treasures at her feet; and, awed by her commanding name, the dromedaries of Midian and Ephah brought spontaneous tributes of spice, and silver, and precious stones. To build her palaces, the shaggy brows of Lebanon had been scalped of their cedars, Ophir had bled its richest gold. At the magical voice of the sovereign, fountains, native to distant hills, rippled down the slopes of Zion; and miraculous cities, like Palmyra, started up from the sandy waste. And whilst peace, and commerce, and the law's protection, made gold like brass, and silver shekels like stones of the street, Palestine was a halcyon-nest suspended betwixt the calm wave and the warm sky; Jerusalem was a royal infant, whose silken cradle soft winds rock, high up on a castle tower; all was serene magnificence and opulent security.

Just as the aloe shoots, and in one stately blossom pours forth the life which has been calmly collecting for a century, so it would appear as if nations were destined to pour forth their accumulated qualities in some characteristic man, and then they droop away. Macedonia blossomed, and Alexander was the flower of Greece; fiery and effeminate, voluptuous in his valour, and full of chivalrous relentings amidst his wild revenge. Rome shot up in a spike of glory, and revealed Augustus—so stern and so sumptuous, so vast in his conceptions, so unquailing in his projects, so fearless of the world, and so fond of the seven-hilled city—the imperial nest-builder. Mediæval, martial Europe blossomed, and the crusader was the flower of chivalry, Richard of the lion-heart, Richard of the hammer-hand. And modern France developed in one Frenchman the concentration of a people vain and volatile, brilliant in sentiment, and brave in battle;

and having flowered the fated once, the Gallic aloe can yield no more Napoleons. So with Palestine at the time we speak of. Half-way between the call of Abraham and the final capture of Jerusalem, it was the high summer of Jewish story, and Hebrew mind unfolded in this pre-eminent Hebrew. Full of sublime devotion, equally full of practical sagacity; the extemporiser of the noblest prayer in existence; withal, the author of the homely Proverbs; able to mount up on rapture's ethereal pinion to the region of the seraphim, but keenly alive to all the details of business, and shrewd in his human intercourse; sumptuous in his tastes, and splendid in costume, and, except in so far as intellectual vastitude necessitated, a certain catholicity—the patriot intense, the Israelite indeed: like a Colossus on a mountain-top, his sunward side was the glory toward which one millennium of his nation had all along been climbing,—his darker side, with its overlapping beams, is still the mightiest object in that nation's memory.

You have seen a blight in summer. The sky is overcast, and yet there are no clouds; nothing but a dry and stifling obscurity, as if the mouth of some pestilent volcano had opened, or as if sulphur mingled with the sunbeams. "The beasts groan; the cattle are oppressed." From the trees the new-set fruit and the remaining blossoms fall in an unnoticed shower, and the foliage curls and crumples. And whilst creation looks disconsolate, in the hedge-rows the heavy moths begin to flutter, and ominous owlets cry from the ruin. Such a blight came over the Hebrew summer. By every calculation it should still have been noon; but the sun no longer smiled on Israel's dial. There was a dark discomfort in the air. The people murmured. The monarch wheeled along with greater pomp than ever; but the popular prince had soured into the despot, and the crown sat defiant on his moody brow; and stiff were the obeisances, heartless the hosannas, which hailed him as he passed. The ways of Zion mourned; and whilst grass was sprouting in the temple courts, mysterious groves and impious shrines were rising everywhere; and whilst lust defiled the palace, Chemosh and Ashtaroah, and other Gentile abominations, defiled the Holy Land. And in the disastrous eclipse, beasts of the forest crept abroad. From his lurking-place in Egypt Hadad ventured out, and became a life-long torment to the God-forsaken monarch. And Rezin pounced on Damascus, and

made Syria his own. And from the pagan palaces of Thebes and Memphis, harsh cries were heard ever and anon, Pharaoh and Jeroboam taking counsel together, screeching forth their threatenings, and hooting insults, at which Solomon could laugh no longer. For amidst all the gloom and misery a message comes from God: the kingdom is rent; and whilst Solomon's successor will only have a fag-end and a fragment, by right Divine ten tribes are handed over to a rebel and a runaway.

What led to Solomon's apostasy? And what, again, was the ulterior effect of that apostasy on himself? As to the origin of his apostasy, the Word of God is explicit. He did not obey his own maxim. Luxury and sinful attachments made him an idolater, and idolatry made him yet more licentious, until, in the lazy enervation and languid day-dreaming of the Sybarite, he lost the perspicacity of the sage, and the prowess of the sovereign; and when he woke up from the tipsy swoon, and out of the swine-trough picked his tarnished diadem, he woke to find his faculties, once so clear and limpid, all perturbed, his strenuous reason paralysed, and his healthful fancy poisoned. He woke to find the world grown hollow, and himself grown old. He woke to see the sun bedarkened in Israel's sky, and a special gloom encompassing himself. He woke to recognise all round a sadder sight than winter—a blasted summer. Like a deluded Samson starting from his slumber, he felt for that noted wisdom which signalised his Nazarite days, but its locks were shorn; and, cross and self-disgusted, wretched and guilty, he woke up to the discovery which awaits the sated sensualist: he found that when the beast gets the better of the man, the man is cast off by God. And like one who falls asleep amidst the lights and music of an orchestra, and who awakes amidst empty benches and the scattered fragments of programmes now preterite, like a man who falls asleep in a flower garden, and who opens his eyes on a bald and locust-blackened wilderness,—the life, the loveliness, was vanished, and all the remaining spirit of the mighty Solomon yawned forth that verdict of the tired voluptuary: —“Vanity of vanities! vanity of vanities! all is vanity!” —REV. JAMES HAMILTON.

DARKNESS.

I had a dream, which was not all a dream.
The bright sun was extinguished, and the stars
Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
Rayless and pathless, and the icy earth
Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air ;
Morn came, and went, and came—and brought no day,
And men forgot their passions in the dread
Of this their desolation ; and all hearts
Were chilled into a selfish prayer for light.
And they did live by watchfires ; and the thrones,
The palaces of crowned kings, the huts,
The habitations of all things that dwell,
Were burned for beacons ; the cities were consumed,
And men were gathered round their blazing homes
To look once more into each other's face ;
Happy were those who dwelt within the eye
Of the volcanoes, and their mountain-torch.
A fearful hope was all the world contained :
Forests were set on fire, but hour by hour
They fell and faded, and the crackling trunks
Extinguished with a crash—and all was black !
The brows of men, by the despairing light,
Wore an unearthly aspect, as by fits
The flashes fell upon them. Some lay down
And hid their eyes, and wept ; and some did rest
Their chins upon their clenched hands, and smiled ;
And others hurried to and fro, and fed
Their funeral piles with fuel, and looked up
With mad disquietude on the dull sky,
The pall of a past world ; and then again,
With curses, cast them down upon the dust,
And gnashed their teeth, and howled. The wild birds
shrieked,
And, terrified, did flutter on the ground,
And flap their useless wings ; the wildest brutes
Came tame and tremulous ; the vipers crawled
And twined themselves among the multitude,
Hissing, but stingless—they were slain for food :
And War, which for a moment was no more,
Did glut himself again ; a meal was bought

With blood, and each sate sullenly apart,
Gorging himself in gloom. No love was left ;
All earth was but one thought, and that was—death,
Immediate and inglorious ; and the pang
Of famine fed upon all entrails. Men
Died, and their bones were tombless as their flesh.
The meagre by the meagre were devoured ;
Even dogs assailed their masters—all save one,
And he was faithful to a corse, and kept
The birds, and beasts, and famished men at bay,
Till hunger clung them, or the dropping dead
Lured their lank jaws ; himself sought out no food,
But, with a piteous and perpetual moan
And a quick desolate cry, licking the hand,
Which answered not with a caress—he died.
The crowd was famished by degrees ; but two
Of an enormous city did survive,
And they were enemies. They met beside
The dying embers of an altar-place,
Where had been heaped a mass of holy things
For an unholy usage ; they raked up,
And shivering scraped with their cold skeleton hands
The feeble ashes, and their feeble breath
Blew for a little life, and made a flame
Which was a mockery ; then they lifted up
Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld
Each other's aspects—saw, and shrieked, and died—
Even of their mutual hideousness they died,
Unknowing who he was upon whose brow
Famine had written FIEND. The world was void,
The powerful and the populous was a lump,
Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless,
A lump of death, a chaos of hard clay !
The rivers, lakes, and ocean, all stood still,
And nothing stirred within their silent depths ;
Ships, sailorless, lay rotting on the sea,
And their masts fell down piecemeal—as they dropped
They slept on the abyss without a surge.
The waves were dead, the tides were in their grave,
The moon, their mistress, had expired before ;
The winds were withered in the stagnant air,
And the clouds perished ; Darkness had no need
Of aid from them—she was the universe !—BYRON.

LORD WILLIAM.

No eye beheld when William plunged
Young Edmund in the stream,
No human ear but William's heard
Young Edmund's drowning scream.

Submissive all the vassals own'd
The murderer for their lord,
And he, as rightful heir, possess'd
The house of Erlingford.

The ancient house of Erlingford
Stood in a fair domain ;
And Severn's ample waters near,
Roll'd through the fertile plain.

And often the wayfaring man
Would love to linger there,
Forgetful of his onward road,
To gaze on scenes so fair.

But never could Lord William dare
To gaze on Severn's stream ;
In every wind that swept its waves,
He heard young Edmund scream.

In vain, at midnight's silent hour,
Sleep closed the murderer's eyes ;
In every dream the murderer saw
Young Edmund's form arise.

In vain, by restless conscience driven,
Lord William left his home,
Far from the scenes that saw his guilt,
In pilgrimage to roam.

To other climes the pilgrim fled—
But could not fly despair ;
He sought his home again—but peace
Was still a stranger there.

Slow were the passing hours ; yet swift
The months appeared to roll ;
And now the day return'd that shook
With terror William's soul—

A day that William never felt
Return without dismay ;
For well had conscience calendar'd
Young Edmund's dying day.

A fearful day was that ! the rains
Fell fast with tempest roar,
And the swoln tide of Severn spread
Far on the level shore.

In vain Lord William sought the feast,
In vain he quaff'd the bowl,
And strove, with noisy mirth, to drown
The anguish of his soul,—

The tempest, as its sudden swell
In gusty howlings came,
With cold and death-like feelings seem'd
To thrill his shuddering frame.

Reluctant now, as night came on,
His lonely couch he press'd ;
And, wearied out, he sunk to sleep,—
To sleep—but not to rest.

Beside that couch his brother's form,
Lord Edmund seem'd to stand,
Such, and so pale, as when in death
He grasp'd his brother's hand ;

Such, and so pale his face, as when
With faint and faltering tongue,
To William's care, a dying charge,
He left his orphan son.

“ I bade thee with a father's love
My orphan Edmund guard,—
Well, William, hast thou kept thy charge!
Now take thy due reward ! ”

He started up, each limb convulsed
With agonising fear :
He only heard the storm of night,—
’Twas music to his ear.

When, lo ! the voice of loud alarm
His inmost soul appals :
“ What, ho ! Lord William, rise in haste !
The water saps thy walls ! ”

He rose in haste : beneath the walls
He saw the flood appear ;
It hemm’d him round : ’twas midnight now,
No human aid was near !

He heard the shout of joy, for now
A boat approach’d the wall ;
And eager to the welcome aid
They crowd for safety all.

“ My boat is small,” the boatman cried,
“ ’Twill bear but one away :
Come in, Lord William ! and do ye
In God’s protection stay.”

Strange feeling filled them at his voice,
Even in that hour of wo,
That, save their Lord, there was not one
Who wish’d with him to go.

But William leapt into the boat,
His terror was so sore ;
“ Thou shalt have half my gold ! ” he cried,
“ Haste !—haste to yonder shore ! ”

The boatman plied the oar, the boat
Went light along the stream—
Sudden Lord William heard a cry
Like Edmund’s drowning scream.

The boatman paused : “ Methought I heard
A child’s distressful cry ! ”
“ ’Twas but the howling wind of night,”
Lord William made reply ;

"Haste!—haste!—ply swift and strong the oar!
Haste!—haste across the stream!"
Again Lord William heard a cry
Like Edmund's drowning scream.

"I heard a child's distressful voice,"
The boatman cried again.
"Nay, hasten on!—the night is dark—
And we should search in vain!"

"And, oh! Lord William, dost thou know
How dreadful 'tis to die?
And canst thou, without pitying, hear
A child's expiring cry?"

"How horrible it is to sink
Beneath the chilly stream,
To stretch the powerless arms in vain,
In vain for help to scream!"

The shriek again was heard: it came
More deep, more piercing loud:
That instant o'er the flood the moon
Shone through a broken cloud;

And near them they beheld a child,
Upon a crag he stood,
A little crag, and all around
Was spread the rising flood.

The boatman plied the oar, the boat
Approach'd his resting-place:
The moonbeam shone upon the child,
And show'd how pale his face.

"Now reach thine hand!" the boatman cried,
"Lord William, reach and save!"
The child stretch'd forth his little hands
To grasp the hand he gave—

Then William shriek'd; the hand he touch'd
Was cold and damp and dead!
He felt young Edmund in his arms!
A heavier weight than lead!

The boat sunk down, the murderer sunk
 Beneath the avenging stream ;
 He rose, he shriek'd—no human ear
 Heard William's drowning scream!—SOUTHEY.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A chieftain to the Highlands bound
 Cries, " Boatman, do not tarry,
 And I'll give thee a silver pound
 To row us o'er the ferry ! "

" Now who be ye would cross Lochgyle,
 This dark and stormy water ? "

" O, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
 And this, Lord Ullin's daughter :—

" And fast before her father's men,
 Three days we've fled together ;
 For should he find us in the glen,
 My blood would stain the heather—

" His horsemen hard behind us ride—
 Should they our steps discover,
 Then who would cheer my bonny bride,
 When they have slain her lover ? "

Out spoke the hardy highland wight,
 " I'll go, my chief—I'm ready:—
 It is not for your silver bright,
 But for your winsome lady !

" And, by my word, the bonny bird
 In danger shall not tarry ;
 So—though the waves are raging white—
 I'll row you o'er the ferry ! "

By this the storm grew loud apace,
 The water-wraith was shrieking,
 And in the scowl of heaven, each face
 Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,
 And as the night grew drearer,
 Adown the glen rode armed men!—
 Their trampling sounded nearer!—

“ Oh ! haste thee, haste ! ” the lady cries,
 “ Though tempests round us gather,
 I’ll meet the raging of the skies,
 But not an angry father.”—

The boat has left a stormy land,
 A stormy sea before her,—
 When—oh ! too strong for human hand!—
 The tempest gathered o’er her—

And still they rowed amidst the roar
 Of waters fast prevailing :
 Lord Ullin reach’d that fatal shore—
 His wrath was changed to wailing :

For sore dismayed, through storm and shade,
 His child he did discover !—
 One lovely arm was stretch’d for aid,
 And one was round her lover.

“ Come back ! come back ! ” he cried in grief,
 “ Across this stormy water :
 And I’ll forgive your Highland chief,
 My daughter !—oh ! my daughter ! ”—

’Twas vain !—the loud waves lash’d the shore,
 Return or aid preventing :—
 The waters wild went o’er his child—
 And he was left lamenting.—CAMPBELL.

A SABBATH PICTURE.

A really sanctified Sabbath throughout the world, would exhibit impressive proofs of the Divine benignity, and would present to the devout mind, even in its merely *picturesque* aspects, one of the most interesting spectacles that could be witnessed upon earth. Go forth at early morning, and climb

the side of an upland peak, contiguous to some thickly-peopled city. Gaze eastward, southward, westward, and northward—through the whole circuit travelled by the sun—and behold the delectable representation of Sabbath rest! Every sound breathes softer; every tint gleams brighter; every scene seems fresher. Cast thy glance across the country—pass from field to field, from rill to river, from alp to glen, from hill to valley, from grove to grove, from one cluster of human dwellings to another—and read in every softened feature of nature the sweet tranquillity of Sabbath rest!

The flocks are wandering and gambolling in the dells; the cattle are grazing on the hill-sides; and the beasts of burden, freed from their yoke, are feeding on the open plains. The plough stands where it halted in its course across the furrows; but the husbandman is gone home to cultivate his soul. The sound of the axe has ceased from the forest, and the prostrate trees lie as they fell; but the woodman is gone away to ponder on the sudden death-stroke that may lay *him* low, or is on his way to the place where the keen axe of truth will be levelled at the roots of his stubborn sins. The mills are at rest on every hill-top; but their inmates have retired to their habitations, to garner up the corn of heaven. Few men are seen abroad; they are chiefly at home—by the domestic hearth, beside the family altar, teaching groups of children, watching at the couch of sickness, or smoothing the pillow, and pouring balmy speech into the ear of the dying. Again behold, and rejoice over, the glorious benefits of Sabbath rest!

Turn next towards the great city, rearing its roofs, chimneys, steeples, monuments, and huge masses of masonry, in an atmosphere less murky and impure than that which broods over it on the other days of the week. The swarms of industry are now hived. The mingled hum of busy multitudes, the heavy tramp of traffic, the rush of enterprise, the clamour of human passions, the noise of innumerable tools and implements of handicraft, the fierce panting of engines, the ringing of anvils, and the furious racings of machinery; the shouts of crowds, the brawls of drunkenness, and the complaints of mendicant misery, are all sunk into silence, and disturb not with a ripple of agitation the still Sabbath air. The huge factories and workshops that girdle the city, and which are the fountains of its prosperity, are empty and dumb; and the swarms that carry on their earthly burrowings in those

warrens of industry, are reposing themselves in the companionship of their families. The tall ships at anchor in the harbour have furled their sails, closed down their hatches, and hid from all eyes the merchandise treasured in their holds; whilst the Bethel-flag waves amidst a forest of masts, and they that go down to the sea, and do business on the great waters, are below, studying the chart of Revelation, tracing the dangers of their life's voyage, and anticipating the glad hour, when, redeemed from every peril, and borne on the bosom of a favouring tide, they shall safely moor their bark in the haven of Eternal Life. The black and dusty wharfs, usually the Babel-scenes of confusion, are cleared of their hordes of porters, and clerks, and captains, and loitering crews, who have cast off their burdens, along with their foul skins and rough garments, and are now lading themselves with the rich freightage of the Holy Word. The merchant has quitted the desk of his dusky counting-house, and is now, in secret places, turning over the blotted leaves of his own heart. The shopman has left his counter, the weaver his loom, the joiner his bench, the smith his forge, and the broker his stall; for the new Sabbath, in its advent, has published to all its tidings of liberty and rest.

The gates of the temple of Mammon are shut; and the gods of gold and silver are forsaken by their week-day devotees. The chiming bells, sounding alike across country and town, are calling upon all men to cut the cords of their earth-bound thoughts and low cares, and go up to worship at the footstool of Jehovah. And the tapering spires, like holy fingers, are pointing significantly towards the sky.

And now the minister is descending from his study, his countenance impressed with a solemn sense of his responsibility; the saint is coming forth refreshed from his closet; the pardoned penitent is rising from his knees; the evangelist is on his way to his mission work; the Sabbath-school teacher is pleading with his class; and the Christian matron is gently leading forth her children to the mountain of the Lord's house.

At length, a new traffic fills the streets: a growing bustle stirs the air: a new scene expands before the eye. Religious assemblies are gathering the major part of the population. They come from the spacious squares and the crowded lanes: they are seen issuing alike from the lordly palace and the plebeian hut. Trooping together, are seen grey-haired sires

and sprightly youth : the widow in her weeds, and the virgin in her teens : the father in hale manhood, and the mother in her charms : the lofty in their grandeur, and the lowly in their simplicity : the mighty in their pride and the feeble in their meekness : the healthy in their bloom, and the sickly in their paleness : the saint with his pleasant gravity, and the sinner with his indifference : the coxcomb in his daintiness, and the rustic in his rudeness. They pass along, not with the swiftfootedness of week-day enterprise, but with a measured step and gait, befitting the solemn associations of the day. Gradually their numbers are diminished, and ere long the throng has disappeared ; whilst the silence of the streets is broken only by the footfall of some lonely passenger. They are gone to the places where the rich and poor meet together on terms of equality—where world-made distinctions are effaced—and where one common Father looks down, with impartial benignity and grace, on priest and people, on peer and pauper, on sovereign and slave. The bells grow dumb one by one, and the doors of the sanctuaries shut in their congregated worshippers.

Organs are pealing through the lofty roofs of cathedrals, and along the aisles of churches : anthems are swelling from scores of unseen chapels : the glad outbursts of thanksgiving and the hallelujahs of the happy, are mingling in the air, and filling the clear vault of heaven with rich harmony. Then the holy breath of prayer goes up like fragrant incense, ascending to the sky. After which the manna of the Word is scattered round the camp, and the doctrines of grace are distilled like reviving dew upon the parched hearts of men. Prayer and praise again succeed ; and then, convinced by some eloquent Apollos, or conscience-stricken by some vehement Paul, or comforted by some consoling Barnabas, or melted by some fervent John—the assemblies break up, and return, fervently ejaculating their gratitude for the priceless privileges of Sabbath rest !

Alas ! that the preceding sketch of Sabbath sanctification should seem so much like an ideal creation. Its observance in the most favoured spots of our world is but a remote approximation to its destined quietude and purity. The picture is every where blotted and blurred. Clouds of human depravity darken its divine beauty. The greed of covetousness has wrung from its hands some of its noblest blessings. While the natural impiety of man's heart, and the constraints

of his evil habits, complete the awful work of desecration. God has given the day ; and blind selfishness not only wrongs itself of the invaluable boon, but would lay an embargo upon its free blessings in relation to others also. Sloth is seen, foolishly idling away the golden hours. Profaneness is heard, uttering its coarse jests and blasphemies, in the very precincts of the sanctuary. Profligacy comes forth, meretriciously attired, and, heedless of rebuke, tracks the very footsteps of the pious. The "lovers of pleasure," transported by the wild liberty of the day, rush into scenes of sinful excitement—crowd the steamboats, riot in suburban tea-gardens, or promenade the streets, the parks, or the river's banks. Trains rush across the startled country, robbing thousands of railway servants of their heritage of rest, and pouring influxes of dissipated strangers into quiet villages and distant towns ; whence, after roaming and carousing for hours, they are again borne back by the returning train ; but not without having given an additional stimulus to all that was evil, and leaving behind them broad sowings of demoralization, destined to spring up and yield a wild produce of corruption and sorrow in future years.—JOHN ALLAN QUINTON.

THE PULPIT.

I venerate the man, whose heart is warm,
Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life,
Coincident, exhibit lucid proof
That he is honest in the sacred cause.
To such I render more than mere respect,
Whose actions say, that they respect themselves ;
But loose in morals, and in manners vain,
In conversation frivolous, in dress
Extreme, at once rapacious and profuse ;
Frequent in park with lady at his side,
Ambling and prattling scandal as he goes ;
But rare at home, and never at his books,
Or with his pen, save when he scrawls a card ;
Constant at routs, familiar with a round
Of ladyships, a stranger to the poor ;
Ambitious of preferment for its gold,
And well-prepared, by ignorance and sloth,

By infidelity and love of world,
 To make God's work a sinecure ; a slave
 To his own pleasures and his patron's pride ;
 From such apostles, O ye mitred heads,
 Preserve the church ! and lay not careless hands
 On skulls, that cannot teach, and will not learn.

Would I describe a preacher, such as Paul,
 Were he on earth, would hear, approve, and own,
 Paul should himself direct me. I would trace
 His master strokes, and draw from his design.
 I would express him simple, grave, sincere ;
 In doctrine uncorrupt ; in language plain,
 And plain in manner ; decent, solemn, chaste,
 And natural in gesture ; much impress'd
 Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
 And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
 May feel it too ; affectionate in look,
 And tender in address, as well becomes
 A messenger of grace to guilty men.
 Behold the picture !—Is it like ?—Like whom ?
 The things that mount the rostrum with a skip,
 And then skip down again ; pronounce a text ;
 Cry—hem ! and, reading what they never wrote,
 Just fifteen minutes, huddle up their work,
 And with a well-bred whisper close the scene ?

In man or woman, but far most in man,
 And most of all in man that ministers
 And serves the altar, in my soul I loathe
 All affectation. 'Tis my perfect scorn ;
 Object of my implacable disgust.
 What !—will a man play tricks, will he indulge
 A silly fond conceit of his fair form
 And just proportion, fashionable mein
 And pretty face, in presence of his God ?
 Or will he seek to dazzle me with tropes,
 As with the diamond on his lily hand,
 And play his brilliant parts before my eyes,
 When I am hungry for the bread of life ?
 He mocks his Maker, prostitutes and shames
 His noble office, and, instead of truth,
 Displaying his own beauty, starves his flock.
 Therefore avaunt all attitude, and stare,
 And start theatric, practised at the glass !

I seek divine simplicity in him
Who handles things divine ; and all besides,
Though learn'd with labour, and though much admired
By curious eyes and judgments ill inform'd,
To me is odious as the nasal twang
Heard at conventicle, where worthy men,
Misled by custom, strain celestial themes
Through the press'd nostril, spectacle-bestridden.
Some decent in demeanour while they preach,
That task perform'd, relapse into themselves ;
And having spoken wisely, at the close
Grow wanton, and give proof to every eye,
Whoe'er was edified, themselves were not !
Forth comes the pocket mirror. First we stroke
An eyebrow ; next compose a straggling lock ;
Then, with an air most gracefully perform'd
Fall back into our seat, extend an arm,
And lay it at its ease with gentle care,
With handkerchief in hand depending low ;
The better hand more busy gives the nose
Its bergamot, or aides th' indebted eye
With opera glass, to watch the moving scene,
And recognise the slow-retiring fair.
Now this is fulsome, and offends me more
Than in a churchman slovenly neglect
And rustic coarseness would. A heavenly mind
May be indifferent to her house of clay,
And slight the hovel as beneath her care ;
But how a body so fantastic, trim,
And quaint in its deportment and attire,
Can lodge a heavenly mind—demands a doubt.
He that negotiates 'tween God and man,
As God's ambassador, the grand concerns
Of judgment and of mercy, should beware
Of lightness in his speech. 'Tis pitiful
To court a grin, when you should woo a soul ;
To break a jest, when pity should inspire
Pathetic exhortation ; and t' address
The skittish fancy with facetious tales,
When sent with God's commission to the heart !
So did not Paul. Direct me to a quip
Or merry turn in all he ever wrote,
And I consent you take it for your text,

Your only one, till sides and benches fail.
 No : he was serious in a serious cause,
 And understood too well the weighty terms
 That he had ta'en in charge. He would not stoop
 To conquer those by jocular exploits,
 Whom truth and soberness assail'd in vain.—COWPER.

THE DIVER.

“OH, where is the knight or the squire so bold,
 As to dive to the howling charybdis below ?—
 I cast in the whirlpool a goblet of gold,
 And o'er it already the dark waters flow ;
 Whoever to me may the goblet bring,
 Shall have for his guerdon that gift of his King.”

He spoke, and the cup from the terrible steep,
 That, rugged and hoary, hung over the verge
 Of the endless and measureless world of the deep,
 Swirl'd into the maelstrom that madden'd the surge.
 “And where is the diver so stout to go—
 I ask ye again—to the deep below ?”

And the knights and the squires that gather'd around,
 Stood silent—and fix'd on the ocean their eyes ;
 They look'd on the dismal and savage Profound,
 And the peril chill'd back every thought of the prize.
 And thrice spoke the Monarch—“The cup to win,
 Is there never a wight who will venture in ?”

And all as before heard in silence the King—
 Till a youth with an aspect unfearing but gentle,
 'Mid the tremulous squires, stept out from the ring,
 Unbuckling his girdle, and doffing his mantle ;
 And the murmuring crowd, as they parted asunder,
 On the stately boy cast their looks of wonder.

As he strode to the marge of the summit, and gave
 One glance on the gulf of that merciless main,
 Lo ! the wave that for ever devours the wave,
 Casts roaringly up the charybdis again,
 And as with the swell of the far thunder-boom,
 Rushes foamingly forth from the heart of the gloom.

And it bubbles and seethes, and it hisses and roars,
As when fire is with water commix'd and contending,
And the spray of its wrath to the welkin up-soars,
And flood upon flood hurries on, never ending;
And it never *will* rest, nor from travail be free,
Like a sea that is labouring the birth of a sea.

Yet, at length, comes a lull o'er the mighty commotion,
And dark through the whiteness, and still thro' the swell,
The whirlpool cleaves downward and downward in ocean,
A yawning abyss, like the pathway to hell;
The stiller and darker the farther it goes,
Suck'd into that smoothness the breakers repose.

The youth gave his trust to his Maker ! Before
That path through the riven abyss closed again,
Hark ! a shriek from the gazers that circle the shore,—
And, behold ! he is whirl'd in the grasp of the main !
And o'er him the breakers mysteriously roll'd,
And the giant-mouth closed on the swimmer so bold.

All was still on the height, save the murmur that went
From the grave of the deep, sounding hollow and fell,
Or save when the tremulous sighing lament
Thrill'd from lip unto lip, "Gallant youth, fare-thee-well!"
More hollow and more wails the deep on the ear—
More dread and more dread grows suspense in its fear.

If thou shouldst in those waters thy diadem fling,
And cry, "Who may find it shall win it and wear;"
God wot, though the prize were the crown of a king—
A crown at such hazard were valued too dear.
For never shall lips of the living reveal
What the deeps that howl yonder in terror conceal.

Oh, many a bark to that breast grappled fast,
Has gone down to the fearful and fathomless grave;
Again, crash'd together the keel and the mast,
To be seen toss'd aloft in the glee of the wave !
Like the growth of a storm ever louder and clearer,
Grows the roar of the gulf rising nearer and nearer.

And it bubbles and seethes, and it hisses and roars,
As when fire is with water commix'd and contending;

And the spray of its wrath to the welkin up-soars,
 And flood upon flood hurries on, never ending,
 And as with the swell of the far thunder-boom,
 Rushes roaringly forth from the heart of the gloom.

And, lo ! from the heart of that far-floating gloom,
 Like the wing of the cygnet—what gleams on the sea?
 Lo ! an arm and a neck glancing up from the tomb !—
 Steering stalwart and shoreward : O joy, it is he !
 The left hand is lifted in triumph ; behold,
 It waves as a trophy the goblet of gold !

And he breath'd deep, and he breath'd long,
 And he greeted the heavenly delight of the day.
 They gaze on each other—they shout as they throng—
 “ He lives—lo, the ocean has render'd its prey !
 And safe from the whirlpool and free from the grave,
 Comes back to the daylight the soul of the brave ! ”

And he comes, with the crowd in their clamour and glee ;
 And the goblet his daring has won from the water,
 He lifts to the King as he sinks on his knee ;—
 And the King from her maidens has beckon'd his daughter
 She pours to the boy the bright wine which they bring,
 And thus spoke the Diver—“ Long life to the King !

“ Happy they whom the rose-hues of daylight rejoice,
 The air and the sky that to mortals are given !
 May the horror below nevermore find a voice—
 Nor Man stretch too far the wide mercy of Heaven !
 Nevermore—nevermore may he lift from the sight
 The veil which is woven with Terror and Night !

“ Quick bright'ning like lightning, the ocean rush'd o'er me,
 Wild floating, borne down fathom-deep from the day ;
 Till a torrent rush'd out on the torrents that bore me,
 And doubled the tempest that whirl'd me away.
 Vain, vain was my struggle—the circle had won me,
 Round and round in its dance the mad element spun me.

“ From the deep, then I call'd upon God—and He heard me.
 In the dread of my need, He vouchsafed to mine eye
 A rock jutting out from the grave that interr'd me ;
 I sprung there, I clung there—and Death pass'd me by.

And, lo ! where the goblet gleam'd through the abyss,
By a coral reef saved from the far Fathomless :

“ Below, at the foot of that precipice drear,
Spread the gloomy and purple and pathless Obscure !
A silence of Horror that slept on the ear,
That the eye more appall'd might the Horror endure !
Salamander, snake, dragon—vast reptiles that dwell
In the deep—coil'd about the grim jaws of their hell.

“ Dark crawl'd, glided dark the unspeakable swarms,
Clump'd together in masses, misshapen and vast ;
Here clung and here bristled the fashionless forms ;
Here the dark-moving bulk of the Hammer-fish pass'd,
And, with teeth grinning white and a menacing motion,
Went the terrible Shark—the Hyæna of Ocean.

“ There I hung, and the awe gather'd icily o'er me,
So far from the earth, where man's help there was none !
The One Human Thing, with the Goblins before me—
Alone—in a lonesomeness so ghastly—ALONE !
Deep under the reach of the sweet living breath,
And begirt with the broods of the desert of Death.

“ Methought, as I gazed thro' the darkness that now
It saw—a dread hundred-limb'd creature—its prey !
And darted, devouring ; I sprang from the bough
Of the coral, and swept on the horrible way ;
And the whirl of the mighty wave seized me once more,—
It seized me to save me, and dash to the shore.”

On the youth gazed the Monarch, and marvell'd : quoth he,
“ Bold Diver, the goblet I promised is thine ;
And this ring will I give, a fresh guerdon to thee—
Never jewels more precious shone up from the mine—
If thou'lt bring me fresh tidings, and venture again,
To say what lies hid in the *innermost* main ? ”

Then outspoke the daughter in tender emotion—
“ Ah ! father, my father, what more can there rest ?
Enough of this sport with the pitiless ocean—
He has served thee as none would, thyself hast confest.

If nothing can slake thy wild thirst of desire,
Let thy knights put to shame the exploit of the squire ! ”

The King seized the goblet, he swung it on high,
And whirling, it fell in the roar of the tide :
“ But bring back that goblet again to my eye,
And I'll hold thee the dearest that rides by my side;
And thine arms shall embrace as thy bride, I decree,
The maiden whose pity now pleadeth for thee.”

And Heaven, as he listen'd, spoke out from the space,
And the hope that makes heroes shot flame from his eyes;
He gazed on the blush in that beautiful face—
It pales—at the feet of her father she lies !
How priceless the guerdon!—a moment, a breath,
And headlong he plunges to life and to death !

They hear the loud surges sweep back in their swell,
Their coming the thunder-sound heralds along !
Fond eyes yet are tracking the spot where he fell.
They come, the wild waters, in tumult and throng,
Roaring up to the cliff—roaring back as before,
But no wave ever brings the lost youth to the shore !
—SCHILLER.

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.

My hair is grey, but not with years,
Nor grew it white
In a single night,
As men's have grown from sudden fears:
My limbs are bow'd, though not with toil,
But rusted with a vile repose,
For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
And mine has been the fate of those
To whom the goodly earth and air
Are bann'd and barr'd—forbidden fare;
But this was for my father's faith,
I suffer'd chains and courted death ;
That father perish'd at the stake
For tenets he would not forsake;
And for the same his lineal race
In darkness found a dwelling-place;

We were seven—who now are one,
Six in youth and one in age,
Finish'd as they had begun,
Proud of Persecution's rage;
One in fire, and two in field,
Their belief with blood have seal'd:
Dying as their father died,
For the God their foes denied;—
Three were in a dungeon cast,
Of whom this wreck is left the last.

There are seven pillars of Gothic mould,
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old,
There are seven columns massy and grey,
Dim with a dull imprison'd ray,
A sunbeam which hath lost its way,
And through the crevice and the cleft
Of the thick wall is fallen and left:
Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
Like a marsh's meteor lamp:
And in each pillar there is a ring,
And in each ring there is a chain;
That iron is a cankering thing,
For in these limbs its teeth remain,
With marks that will not wear away,
Till I have done with this new day,
Which now is painful to these eyes,
Which have not seen the sun to rise
For years—I cannot count them o'er,
I lost their long and heavy score
When my last brother droop'd and died,
And I lay living by his side.

They chain'd us each to a column stone,
And we were three—yet each alone;
We could not move a single pace,
We could not see each other's face,
But with that pale and livid light
That made us strangers in our sight:
And thus together—yet apart,
Fetter'd in hand, but pined in heart;
'Twas still some solace, in the dearth
Of the pure elements of earth,

To hearken to each other's speech,
 And each turn comforter to each
 With some new hope or legend old,
 Or song heroically bold ;
 But even these at length grew cold.
 Our voices took a dreary tone,
 An echo of the dungeon stone,
 A grating sound—not full and free
 As they of yore were wont to be ;
 It might be fancy—but to me
 They never sounded like our own.

I was the eldest of the three,
 And to uphold and cheer the rest
 I ought to do—and did my best—
 And each did well in his degree.
 The youngest whom my father loved,
 Because our mother's brow was given
 To him—with eyes as blue as heaven,
 For him my soul was sorely moved :
 And truly might it be distress'd
 To see such bird in such a nest ;
 For he was beautiful as day—
 (When day was beautiful to me
 As to young eagles being free)—
 A polar day, which will not see
 A sunset till its summer's gone,
 Its sleepless summer of long light,
 The snow-clad offspring of the sun :
 And thus he was as pure and bright,
 And in his natural spirit gay,
 With tears for nought but others' ills,
 And then they flow'd like mountain rills,
 Unless he could assuage the wo
 Which he abhorr'd to view below.

The other was as pure of mind,
 But form'd to combat with his kind ;
 Strong in his frame, and of a mood
 Which 'gainst the world in war had stood,
 And perish'd in the foremost rank
 With joy :—but not in chains to pine :
 His spirit wither'd with their clank,

I saw it silently decline—
And so perchance in sooth did mine:
But yet I forced it on to cheer
Those relics of a home so dear.
He was a hunter of the hills,
Had follow'd there the deer and wolf;
To him this dungeon was a gulf,
And fetter'd feet the worst of ills.

What next befell me then and there
I know not well—I never knew—
First came the loss of light, and air,
And then of darkness too:
I had no thought, no feeling—none—
Among the stones I stood a stone,
And was, scarce conscious what I wist,
As shrubless crags within the mist;
For all was blank, and bleak, and grey,
It was not night—it was not day,
It was not even the dungeon-light,
So hateful to my heavy sight,
But vacancy absorbing space,
And fixedness—without a place;
There were no stars—no earth—no time—
No check—no change—no good—no crime—
But silence, and a stirless breath
Which neither was of life nor death;
A sea of stagnant idleness,
Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless!

A light broke in upon my brain,—
It was the carol of a bird;
It ceased, and then it came again,
The sweetest song ear ever heard,
And mine was thankful till my eyes
Ran over with the glad surprise,
And they that moment could not see
I was the mate of misery;
But then by dull degrees came back
My senses to their wonted track,
I saw the dungeon walls and floor
Close slowly round me as before,

I saw the glimmer of the sun
Creeping as it before had done,
But through the crevice where it came
That bird was perch'd, as fond and tame,
And tamer than upon the tree ;
A lovely bird, with azure wings,
And song that said a thousand things,
And seem'd to say them all for me !
I never saw its like before,
I ne'er shall see its likeness more :
It seem'd like me to want a mate,
But was not half so desolate,
And it was come to love me when
None lived to love me so again,
And cheering from my dungeon's brink,
Had brought me back to feel and think.
I know not if it late were free,
Or broke its cage to perch on mine,
But knowing well captivity,
Sweet bird ! I could not wish for thine !
Or if it were, in winged guise,
A visitant from Paradise ;
For—Heaven forgive that thought ! the while
Which made me both to weep and smile—
I sometimes deem'd that it might be
My brother's soul come down to me ;
But then at last away it flew,
And then 'twas mortal—well I knew,
For he would never thus have flown,
And left me twice so doubly lone,—
Lone—as the corse within its shroud,
Lone—as a solitary cloud,
A single cloud on a sunny day,
While all the rest of heaven is clear,
A frown upon the atmosphere,
That hath no business to appear
When skies are blue, and earth is gay.

A kind of change came in my fate,
My keepers grew compassionate ;
I know not what had made them so,
They were inured to sights of wo,

But so it was :—my broken chain
With links unfasten'd did remain,
And it was liberty to stride
Along my cell from side to side,
And up and down, and then athwart,
And tread it over every part ;
And round the pillars one by one,
Returning where my walk begun,
Avoiding only, as I trod,
My brothers' graves without a sod ;
For if I thought with heedless tread
My step profaned their lowly bed,
My breath came gaspingly and thick,
And my crush'd heart fell blind and sick.

I made a footing in the wall,
It was not therefrom to escape,
For I had buried one and all
Who loved me in a human shape ;
And the whole earth would henceforth be
A wider prison unto me :
No child, no sire, no kin had I,
No partner in my misery ;
I thought of this, and I was glad,
For thought of them had made me mad ;
But I was curious to ascend
To my barr'd windows, and to bend
Once more, upon the mountains high,
The quiet of a loving eye.

I saw them—and they were the same,
They were not changed like me in frame ;
I saw their thousand years of snow
On high—their wide long lake below,
And the blue Rhone in fullest flow ;
I heard the torrents leap and gush
O'er channell'd rock and broken bush ;
I saw the white-wall'd distant town,
And whiter sails go skimming down ;
And then there was a little isle,
Which in my very face did smile,
The only one in view ;

A small green isle, it seem'd no more,
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor,
But in it there were three tall trees,
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
And by it there were waters flowing,
And on it there were young flowers growing,
Of gentle breath and hue.

The fish swam by the castle wall,
And they seem'd joyous each and all ;
The eagle rode the rising blast,
Methought he never flew so fast
As then to me he seem'd to fly,
And then new tears came in my eye,
And I felt troubled—and would fain
I had not left my recent chain ;
And when I did descend again,
The darkness of my dim abode
Fell on me as a heavy load ;
It was as is a new-dug grave,
Closing o'er one we sought to save,
And yet my glance, too much oppress'd,
Had almost need of such a rest.

It might be months, or years, or days,
I kept no count, I took no note,
I had no hope my eyes to raise,
And clear them of their dreary mote ;
At last men came to set me free,
I ask'd not why, and reck'd not where,
It was at length the same to me,
Fetter'd or fetterless to be,
I learn'd to love despair.
And thus when they appear'd at last,
And all my bonds aside were cast,
These heavy walls to me had grown
A hermitage—and all my own !
And half I felt as they were come
To tear me from a second home :
With spiders I had friendship made,
And watch'd them in their sullen trade,
Had seen the mice by moonlight play,
And why should I feel less than they ?

We were all inmates of one place,
And I, the monarch of each race,
Had power to kill—yet, strange to tell!
In quiet we had learn'd to dwell—
My very chains and I grew friends,
So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are :—even I
Regain'd my freedom with a sigh.—BYRON.

DR CHALMERS IN THE PULPIT.

I was a good deal surprised and perplexed with the first glimpse I obtained of his countenance; for the light that streamed faintly upon it for the moment, did not reveal any thing like that general outline of feature and visage for which my fancy had, by some strange working of presentiment, prepared me. By and by, however, the light became stronger, and I was enabled to study the minutiae of his face pretty leisurely, while he leaned forward and read aloud the words of the psalm; for that is always done in Scotland not by the clerk, but the clergyman himself. At first sight, no doubt, his face is a coarse one, but a mysterious kind of meaning breathes from every part of it, that such as have eyes to see cannot be long without discovering. It is very pale, and the large half-closed eyelids have a certain drooping melancholy weight about them, which interested me very much, I understood not why. The lips, too, are singularly pensive in their mode of falling down at the sides, although there is no want of richness and vigour in their central fulness of curve. The upper-lip, from the nose downwards, is separated by a very deep line, which gives a sort of leonine firmness of expression to all the lower part of the face. The cheeks are square and strong, in texture like pieces of marble, with the cheek-bones very broad and prominent. The eyes themselves are light in colour, and have a strange dreamy heaviness that conveys any idea rather than that of dulness, but which contrasts in a wonderful manner with the dazzling watery glare they exhibit when expanded in their sockets, and illuminated into all their flame and fervour, in some moment of high entranced enthusiasm. But the shape of the forehead is perhaps the most singular part of the

whole visage; and indeed it presents a mixture so very singular, of forms commonly exhibited only in the widest separation, that it is no wonder I should have required some little time to comprehend the meaning of it. In the first place, it is without exception the most marked mathematical forehead I ever met with—being far wider across the eye-brows than either Mr Playfair's or Mr Leslie's—and having the eye-brows themselves lifted up at their exterior ends quite out of the usual line—a peculiarity which Spurzheim had remarked in the countenances of almost all the great mathematical or calculating geniuses—such, for example, if I rightly remember, as Sir Isaac Newton himself, Kaestener, Euler, and many others. Immediately above the extraordinary breadth of this region, which, in the heads of most mathematical persons, is surmounted by no fine points of organization whatever—immediately above this, in the forehead of Dr Chalmers, there is an arch of imagination, carrying out the summit boldly and roundly, in a style to which the heads of very few poets present any thing comparable—while over this again there is a grand apex of high and solemn veneration and love—such as might have graced the bust of Plato himself—and such as in living men I had never beheld equalled in any but the majestic head of Canova. The whole is edged with a few crisp dark locks, which stand forth boldly, and afford a fine relief to the death-like paleness of those massive temples.

Singular as is this conformation, I know not that any thing less singular could have satisfied my imagination after hearing this man preach. You have read his sermons, and therefore I need not say any thing about the subject and style of the one I heard, because it was in all respects very similar to those which have been printed. But of all human compositions, there is none surely which loses so much as a sermon does, when it is made to address itself to the eye of a solitary student in his closet—and not to the thrilling ears of a mighty mingled congregation, through the very voice which Nature has enriched with notes more expressive than words can ever be of the meanings and feelings of its author. Neither, perhaps, did the world ever possess any orator, whose minutest peculiarities of gesture and voice have more power in increasing the effect of what he says—whose delivery, in other words, is the first, and the second, and the third excellence of his oratory, more

truly than is that of Dr Chalmers. And yet, were the spirit of the man less gifted than it is, there is no question these his lesser peculiarities would never have been numbered among his points of excellence. His voice is neither strong nor melodious. His gestures are neither easy nor graceful; but, on the contrary, extremely rude and awkward—his pronunciation is not only broadly national, but broadly provincial—distorting almost every word he utters into some barbarous novelty, which, had his hearer leisure to think of such things, might be productive of an effect at once ludicrous and offensive in a singular degree.

But of a truth, these are things which no listener *can* attend to while this great preacher stands before him, armed with all the weapons of the most commanding eloquence, and swaying all around him with its imperial rule. At first, indeed, there is nothing to make one suspect what riches are in store. He commences in a low drawing key, which has not even the merit of being solemn, and advances from sentence to sentence, and from paragraph to paragraph, while you seek in vain to catch a single echo that gives promise of that which is to come. There is, on the contrary, an appearance of constraint about him that affects and distresses you; you are afraid that his breast is weak, and that even the slight exertion he makes may be too much for it. But then with what tenfold richness does this dim preliminary curtain make the glories of his eloquence to shine forth, when the heated spirit at length shakes from it its chill confining fetters, and bursts out, elate and rejoicing, in the full splendour of its disimprisoned wings!

Never was any proof more distinct and speaking, how impossible it is for any lesser disfavours to diminish the value of the truer and higher bounties of Nature. Never was any better example of that noble privilege of real genius, in virtue of which even disadvantages are converted into advantages, and things which would be sufficient to nip the opening buds of any plant of inferior promise, are made to add only new beauty and power to its uncontrollably expanding bloom.

I have heard many men deliver sermons far better arranged in regard to argument, and have heard very many deliver sermons far more uniform in elegance both of conception and of style. But most unquestionably I have never heard, either in England or Scotland, or in any other

country, any preacher whose eloquence is capable of producing an effect so strong and irresistible as his. He does all this, too, without having recourse for a moment to the vulgar arts of common pulpit enthusiasm. He does it entirely and proudly, by the sheer pith of his most original mind, clothing itself in a bold magnificence of language as original in its structure, as nervous in the midst of its overflowing richness, as itself. He has the very noblest of weapons, and most nobly does he wield them. He has a wonderful talent for ratiocination, and possesses, besides, an imagination both fertile and distinct, which gives all richness of colour to his style, and supplies his argument with every diversity of illustration. In presence of such a spirit, subjection is a triumph; and I was proud to feel my hardened nerves creep and vibrate, and my blood freeze and boil, while he spake, as they were wont to do in the early innocent years when unquestioning enthusiasm had, as yet, caught no lessons of chiliness from the jealousies of discernment, the delights of comparison, and the example of the unimaginative world.—J. G. LOCKHART.

MY MOTHER'S PICTURE.

O that those lips had language! Life has pass'd
With me but roughly, since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
“Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away.”
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Bless'd be the art that can immortalise,
The art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
To quench it) here shines on me still the same.
Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
Who bid'st me honour with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own:
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,

Shall steep me in Elysian revery,
A momentary dream, that thou art she.
My mother! when I learn'd that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah, that maternal smile! it answers—Yes.
I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nurs'ry window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such?—It was.—Where thou art gone,
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more!
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
Of gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wish'd, I long believed,
And disappointed still, was still deceived.
By expectation every day beguiled,
Dupe of *to-morrow* even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learn'd at last submission to my lot,
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.
Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod thy nursery floor;
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapp'd
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet capp'd,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we call'd the past'ral house our own.
Short-lived possession! but the record fair
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou might'st know me safe and warmly laid;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit or confectionary plum;

The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestow'd
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glow'd.
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughen'd by those cataracts and breaks,
That humour interposed too often makes;
All this still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee as my numbers may;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorn'd in heaven, though little noticed here.

Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I pricked them into paper with a pin,
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Would softly speak, and stroke my head and smile,)
Could those few pleasant days again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.
But no—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
(The storms all weather'd and the ocean cross'd)
Shoots into port at some well-haven'd isle,
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods, that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay;
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reach'd the shore,
"Where tempests never beat nor billows roar,"
And thy loved consort, on the dangerous tide
Of life, long since has anchor'd by thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distress'd—
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-toss'd,
Sails ripp'd, seams op'ning wide, and compass lost,

And day by day some current's thwarting force
 Sets me more distant from a prosp'rous course.
 But, O the thought that thou art safe, and he !
 That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
 My boast is not, that I deduce my birth
 From loins enthron'd, and rulers of the earth ;
 But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
 The son of parents pass'd into the skies.
 And now, farewell—Time unrevoked has run
 His wonted course, yet what I wish'd is done.
 By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
 I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again,
 To have renew'd the joys that once were mine,
 Without the sin of violating thine ;
 And, while the wings of Fancy still are free,
 And I can view this mimic show of thee,
 Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
 Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.—COWPER

THE LITERARY PEDANT.

With that low Cunning, which in fools supplies,
 And amply too, the place of being wise,
 Which Nature, kind indulgent parent, gave
 To qualify the blockhead for a knave ;
 With that smooth Falsehood, whose appearance charms,
 And reason of each wholesome doubt disarms,
 Which to the lowest depths of guilt descends,
 By vilest means pursues the vilest ends,
 Wears Friendship's mask for purposes of spite,
 Fawns in the day, and butchers in the night ;
 With that malignant Envy, which turns pale,
 And sickens, even if a friend prevail,
 Which merit and success pursues with hate,
 And mocks the worth it cannot imitate ;
 With the cold Caution of a coward's spleen,
 Which fears not guilt, but always seeks a screen,
 Which keeps this maxim ever in her view—
 What's basely done, should be done safely too ;
 With that dull, rooted, callous Impudence,
 Which, dead to shame, and ev'ry nicer sense,

Ne'er blush'd, unless, in spreading Vice's snares,
 She blunder'd on some virtue unawares ;
 With all these blessings, which we seldom find
 Lavish'd by Nature on one happy mind,
 A motley figure, of the Fribble Tribe,
 Which heart can scarce conceive, or pen describe,
 Came simp'ring on ; to ascertain whose sex
 Twelve sage, impanell'd matrons would perplex.
 Nor male, nor female ; neither and yet both,
 Of neuter Gender, tho' of Irish growth ;
 A six-foot suckling, mincing in its gait ;
 Affected, peevish, prim, and delicate ;
 Fearful it seem'd, tho' of athletic make,
 Lest brutal breezes should too roughly shake
 Its tender form, and savage motion spread,
 O'er its pale cheeks, the horrid manly red.

Much did it talk, in its own pretty phrase,
 Of Genius and of Taste, of plays and plays ;
 Much too of writings, which itself had wrote,
 Of special merit, tho' of little note ;
 For Fate, in a strange humour, had decreed
 That what it wrote, none but itself should read ;
 Much too it chatter'd of Dramatic Laws,
 Misjudging Critics, and misplaced applause ;
 Then with a self-complacent jutting air,
 It smiled, it smirk'd, it wriggled to the chair ;
 And, with an awkward briskness not its own,
 Looking around, and perking on the throne,
 Triumphant seem'd, when that strange savage Dame,
 Known but to few, or only known by name,
 Plain Common Sense appear'd, by Nature there
 Appointed, with plain Truth, to guard the chair ;
 The Pageant saw, and, blasted with her frown,
 To its first state of Nothing melted down.

Nor shall the Muse (for even there the pride
 Of this vain Nothing shall be mortified)—
 Nor shall the Muse (should Fate ordain her rhymes,
 Fond, pleasing thought ! to live in after times)
 With such a trifler's name her pages blot ;
 Known be the Character, the Thing forgot ;

Let it, to disappoint each future aim,
Live without sex, and die without a name !—CHURCHILL.

MY FATHER'S FACE.

My Father's Face! Its lines were those
Of inward peace, deep sense, and feeling;
His eye encounter'd man's and rose
Refulgent as it gazed, revealing
Mental fire—never have I seen such grace
As that which settled on my Father's Face!

And yet it wore a sickly hue—
The sunken cheek and quivering lip
Pale testimony bore most true
To that fell frost, whose touch does nip
The rose's growth—whose withering breath did chase
Heaven's own complexion from my Father's Face.

But then the features thin did still
Retain their native greatness, nay,
It seemed that Nature, in her skill,
Caused mind to grow by health's decay;
For ne'er did genius brighter emblems trace
Than gemm'd the furrows in my Father's Face.

Thus night's pale fulgence starts to light,
As morning's prime to evening glides;
Thus Nature's torrents, in their might,
Disclose the ore on mountain sides;
Even so the soul ethereal, bodiless,
Diffused her halo o'er my Father's Face.

That halo came, and spread, and pass'd—
The mortal shroud eclipsed its ray—
The funeral pall around was cast—
Never arose to me a day
So pregnant with forebodings of distress
As that which sepulchred my Father's Face!

Now years have roll'd away, boyhood
And youth did quickly pass—my prime
Came prematurely on—my mood
Was still the lonely hill to climb,

And, sadly ruminating, try to trace,
In mem'ry's sketch, my dying Father's Face.

Sometimes I fancied that I saw,
Reflected in my mother's look,
A distant outline—Nature's law
Transfers the image love first took—
But though it was a look of mildest grace,
It equal'd not the radiance of *his* Face.

The stranger's face I scann'd, to see
If it contain'd his lineaments,
But no face smiled like his on me—
None breathed such kindred sentiments,
Alas, that Face! Time's hand cannot erase
The deep remembrance of my Father's Face!

Then months of pining sickness came,
My thoughts were melancholy, nay,
My mind became unhinged, the same
As children show; and now decay
To every limb its impress gave—alas!
I almost now forgot my Father's Face!

At length, one eve when life seem'd spent,
Warm hearts approach'd, their cares were strange—
They sat and sigh'd, they came and went—
Their looks portentous seem'd—a change
They whisper'd near—their motions I could trace,
They guess'd I soon would see my Father's Face.

The mirror near I snatch'd, to view
If grief had really lent its aid
To throw distrust on years so few,
And playfully, in smiles, I said,
“You call me pale! I know you fear my case—
This glass! It is! Behold my Father's Face!”

—MANUSCRIPT.

GLENARA.

Oh ! heard ye yon pibroch sound sad in the gale,
Where a band cometh slowly with weeping and wail ?
’Tis the Chief of Glenara laments for his dear;
And her sire and her people are call’d to her bier.

Glenara came first, with the mourners and shroud;
Her kinsmen they follow’d, but mourn’d not aloud;
Their plaids all their bosoms were folded around;
They march’d all in silence—they look’d to the ground.

In silence they reach’d over mountain and moor,
To a heath, where the oak-tree grew lonely and hoar,
“Now here let us place the grey-stone of her cairn—
Why speak ye no word ?” said Glenara the stern.

“And tell me, I charge you, ye clan of my spouse,
Why fold ye your mantles, why cloud ye your brows ?”
So spake the rude chieftain : no answer is made,
But each mantle unfolding, a dagger display’d.

“I dream’d of my lady, I dream’d of her shroud,”
Cried a voice from the kinsmen, all wrathful and loud;
“And empty that shroud, and that coffin did seem:
Glenara ! Glenara ! now read me my dream !”

Oh ! pale grew the cheek of that chieftain, I ween;
When the shroud was unclosed, and no body was seen;
Then a voice from the kinsmen spoke louder in scorn—
’Twas the youth that had loved the fair Ellen of Lorn—

“I dream’d of my lady, I dream’d of her grief,
I dream’d that her lord was a barbarous chief;
On a rock of the ocean fair Ellen did seem;
Glenara ! Glenara ! now read *me* my dream !”

In dust, low, the traitor has knelt to the ground,
And the desert reveal’d where his lady was found;
From a rock of the ocean that beauty is borne;
Now joy to the house of fair Ellen of Lorn !—CAMPBELL.

THE QUARANTINE.

In the year 1817, a new and terrible pestilence broke out in a densely peopled district of Hindostan. During the twelve succeeding years it was "going to and fro, and walking up and down," in that immense tract of country which intervenes between British India and the Russian dominions in Europe. It passed from province to province, and city to city. Multitudes, "which no man could number," stood waiting its approach in anxiety and terror; a few solitary mourners gazed at it from behind. It journeyed by the highways, and strewed them with carcasses. It coursed along the rivers, and vessels were seen drifting in the current with their dead. It overtook the caravan in the desert, and the merchant fell from his camel. It followed armies to the field of battle, struck down their standards, and broke up their array. It scaled the great wall of China, forded the Tigris and the Euphrates, threaded with the mountaineer the passes of the frozen Caucasus, and traversed with the mariner the wide expanse of the Indian Ocean. Vainly was it deprecated with the rites of every religion, exorcised in the name of every god. The Brahmin saw it rolling onwards, more terrible than the car of Juggernaut, and sought refuge in his temple; but the wheel passed over him, and he died. The wild Tartar raised his war-cry to scare it away, and then, rushing into a darkened corner of his hut, prostrated himself before his idol, and expired. The Dervise ascended the highest tower of his mosque to call upon Allah and the prophet; but it grappled with him ere he had half-repeated his prayer, and he toppled over the battlements. The priest unlocked his relics, and then, grasping his crucifix, hied to the bedside of the dying; but, as he doled out the consolations of his faith, the pest seized on his vitals, and he sunk howling where he had kneeled. And alas for the philosopher! Silent and listless he awaited its coming; and had the fountains of the great deep been broken up, and the proud waves come rolling, as of old, over wide-extended continents, foaming around the summit of the hills, and prostrating with equal ease the grass of the field and the oaks of the forest, he could not have met the inundation with a less effective resistance. It swept away

in its desolating progress a hundred millions of the human species.

In the spring of 1831, the disease entered the Russian dominions, and in a few brief months, after devastating the inland provinces, began to ravage the shores of the Baltic. The harbours, as is usual in the summer season, were crowded with vessels from every port of Britain : and the infection spread among the seamen. To guard against its introduction into this country, a rigid system of quarantine was established by the Government ; and the bay of Cromarty was one of the places appointed for the reception of vessels until their term of restriction should have expired. The whole eastern coast of Britain could not have afforded a better station ; as, from the security and great extent of the bay, entire fleets can lie in it safe from every tempest, and at a distance of more than two miles from any shore.

On a calm and beautiful evening in the month of July 1831, a little fleet of square-rigged vessels were espied in the offing, slowly advancing towards the bay. They were borne onwards by the tide, which, when flowing, rushes with much impetuosity through the narrow opening, and, as they passed under the northern Sutor, there was seen from the shore, relieved by the dark cliffs which frowned over them, a pale yellow flag drooping from the mast-head of each. As they advanced further on, the tide began to recede. The foremost was towed by her boats to the common anchoring-ground ; and the burden of a Danish song, in which all the rowers joined, was heard echoing over the waves with a cadence so melancholy, that, associating in the minds of the town's-people with ideas of death and disease, it seemed a coronach of lamentation poured out over the dead and the expiring. The other vessels threw out their anchors opposite the town ;—groups of people, their countenances shaded by anxiety, sauntered along the beach ; and children ran about, shouting at the full pitch of their voices that the ships of the plague had got up as far as the ferry. As the evening darkened, little glimmering lights, like stars of the third magnitude, twinkled on the mast-heads from whence the yellow flags had lately depended ; and never did astrologer experience greater dismay when gazing at the two comets, the fiery and the pale, which preceded those years of pestilence and conflagration that wasted the capital of England,

than did some of the people of Cromarty when gazing at these lights.

Day after day vessels from the Baltic came sailing up the bay, and the fears of the people, exposed to so continual a friction, began to wear out. The first terror, however, had been communicated to the nearer parishes, and from them to the more remote; and so on it went, escorted by a train of vagabond stories, that, like felons flying from justice, assumed new aspects at every stage. The whole country talked of nothing but Cholera and the Quarantine port. Such of the shopkeepers of Cromarty as were most in the good graces of the countrywomen who come to town laden with the produce of the dairy and hen-cot, and return with their little parcels of the luxuries of the grocer, experienced a marked falling away in their trade. Occasionally, however, a few of the more courageous housewives might be seen creeping warily along our streets; but, in coming in by the road which passes along the edge of the bay, they invariably struck up the hill if the wind blew from off the quarantine vessels, and, winding by a circuitous route among the fields and cottages, entered the town on the opposite side. A lad who ran errands to a neighbouring burgh, found that few of the inhabitants were so desperately devoted to business as to incur the risk of receiving the messages he brought them; and, from the inconvenient distance at which he was held by even the less cautious, he entertained serious thoughts of providing himself with a speaking-trumpet. Our poor fishermen, too, fared but badly in the little villages of the frith where they went to sell their fish. It was asserted on the very best authority, by the villagers, that dead bodies were flung out every day over the sides of the quarantine vessels, and might be seen, bloated by the water and tanned yellow by disease, drifting along the surface of the bay. Who could eat fish in such circumstances? There was one person, indeed, who remarked to them, that he might perhaps venture on eating a haddock or whiting; but no man in his senses, he said, would venture on eating a cod. He himself had once found a bunch of furze in the stomach of a fish of this species, and what might not that throat contrive to swallow that had swallowed a bunch of furze? The very fishermen themselves added to the general terror by their wild stories. They were rowing homewards one morning, they said, in the grey uncertain light which precedes

sunrise, along the rough edge of the northern Sutor, when, after doubling one of the rocky promontories which jut into the sea from beneath the crags of the hill, they saw a gigantic figure, wholly attired in white, winding slowly along the beach. It was much taller than any man, or, as Cowley would have perhaps described it, than the shadow of any man in the evening; and at intervals, after gliding round the base of some inaccessible cliff, it would remain stationary for a few seconds, as if gazing wistfully upon the sea. No one who believed this apparition to be other than a wreath of vapour, entertained at the time the slightest doubt of its portending the visitation of some terrible pestilence, which was to desolate the country.—HUGH MILLER.

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

When marshall'd on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky;
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud—the night was dark,
The ocean yawn'd—and rudely blow'd
The wind that toss'd my foundering bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,—
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm, and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moor'd—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star!—the Star of Bethlehem!

—H. K. WHITE.

THE BETTER LAND.

"I hear thee speak of the better land ;
Thou call'st its children a happy band :
Mother ! O where is that radiant shore ?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more ?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows ?
And the fireflies dance thro' the myrtle boughs ?"
"Not there, not there, my child !"

"Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under many skies ?
Or 'midst the green islands on glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange bright birds on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things ?"
"Not there, not there, my child !"

"Is it far away, in some region old ;
Where the rivers wander on sands of gold ?
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand,
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land ?"
"Not there, not there, my child !"

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy !
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy ;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair :
Sorrow and death may not enter there :
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom ;
Far beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb,
It is there, it is there, my child !"

—MRS HEMANS.

WATER—FIRE.

One of the mightiest agents in nature is WATER. It was required in great abundance, and most amply has it been provided. Human littleness is strikingly evinced when we contrast the goodliest canals and reservoirs of enterpris-

ing man, with the waters of the great deep—simultaneously lashing so many shores, and encompassing so many kingdoms, and, we may say, the globe itself, in its awful universality. More than two-thirds of the surface of the earth are covered by the ocean, and the extent of dry land is farther limited by rivers, lakes, ponds, and marshes.

The objection may be started, that there is too much sea. But an acquaintance with facts, and a just consideration of their bearings, teach us the reverse. We need not complain that the sea circumscribes our domains, as if we wanted room, when vast regions quite open to us are thinly peopled, and there remains so very much land to be possessed. The sea yields those exhalations which pass into dew and rain, and irrigate the earth; and if the effect be not excessive, we should not ascribe superabundance to the cause. That moisture is not to be considered superfluous which, flowing off from the fields, and descending into fissures, ravines, and valleys, becomes springs and rivers, impels machinery and introduces shipping, and after adorning many a landscape, and serving countless valuable purposes, mingles anew with the waters of the ocean. It is a wonderful system on which we are thus remarking. The blood of animals flows in containing vessels; so does the water, made artificially to supply towns; but, elevated by no forcing pump, the vapour rises from the sea, and, conducted by no tubes, it performs its vast and beneficent circuit with infallible regularity. The sanguineous circulation lasts only for a few years; this aqueous circulation is maintained without decay through innumerable ages.

Nor is the sea a blank to vitality—it is not all dead sea. It is not the Typhon of the Egyptians—a name which denoted with them the personation of evil, and which they applied censoriously to the sea, as being in their apprehension a barren sea, unproductive of vitality. Even the salt of the sea was an abomination to the Egyptians; and hence, perhaps, to “sow with salt” became a symbol of devastation in the imagery of Eastern writers. The sea is full of life, active and varied life. Who may enumerate all its plants, and animals, and animalcules, and tell how its sands and rocks, and shallows and profounds, are adapted respectively to their different populations? “From materials furnished to him by the late antarctic expedition, Ehrenberg has ascertained that animalcules exist

even in the ice and snow of the polar sea, and that they are abundant not only in inland seas, and in the vicinity of land, but that the clearest and purest water, taken from the open sea, and far from land, is crowded with microscopic life. These minute organisms have been found living at the depth of 270 fathoms (1620 feet), and, consequently, subjected to a pressure equal to 50 atmospheres, (about 750 lbs. on each square inch of surface.) The power of emitting light is possessed by several species of marine animals, among the polypes, annelids, crustacea, and mollusca. It was formerly a question, to what cause the luminosity of the sea was to be attributed? By some philosophers it was supposed to be owing to the decay of animal substances which it contained; while others conjectured that it arose from a kind of electricity peculiar to itself. These hypotheses are now abandoned, and it is universally admitted, that the phosphorescence of the sea is owing to that of its living inhabitants, more especially of those which belong to the present order (that of jelly-fish); and it has been found, that the species of medusæ most instrumental in producing the luminosity of the ocean are those which are the most minute." So largely are the vegetable and animal kingdoms represented in the sea, as to give confirmation to a saying of the ancients, that "whatever exists elsewhere is found in the sea, and that the sea contains things found nowhere else." Nor is it a negation to human comfort. It supplies man with food. The finny tribes he has neither fed nor tended. He has provided for them no sustenance, no shelter, no guardian care. And yet, in the absence of all his attentions and culture, they are supplied to him in such abundance as to raise the question, whether, by all his fisheries, they are sensibly diminished. In sustaining his ships, the sea becomes a medium of communication for him between the ends of the earth. And let it be remembered that these vessels are human abodes, and that thousands of our race, or hundreds of thousands, dwell mostly on the main. In every way, then, the ocean is included in the habitable globe.

Let us now advert to the other agent, FIRE. The ocean, in lashing shores, tends to wash them away; and if this power alone operated, islands and continents would gradually disappear. The sea, wearing down every thing into its

channel, would become less deep, and more extended, till all would be surmounted by its ascendant billows. To counteract this destruction there must be a compensating reproduction; and the reproducing agent is Fire. To a certain extent, the sea itself compensates for its destructiveness, by covering its bed with new strata, which may afterwards be elevated. But although this agency would diminish the depth of the ocean, it would never cause "the waters under the heaven to be gathered together into one place, and let the dry land appear." The power of upheaval lies in heat. The bulk of substances is greatly affected by their temperature. In general they expand when they are warmed, and contract when they are cooled. Clay is an exception to the general rule. Owing to the expulsion of humidity, it contracts when it is heated. In this way the elevation and subsidence of land may be accounted for by the increase or reduction of igneous agency. Subterranean heat coming into contact with solid rocks, may not only enlarge their volume, but may turn them into a liquid or gaseous state. The liquids or gases thus formed have prodigious elastic energy, and may lift up strata of whatever strength and thickness. The upward pressure may be of wide extent; and throughout that range of action the conditions may be so nearly equal, that large tracts of land may be simultaneously and almost uniformly elevated. It has been abundantly proved that parts of Sweden and other countries are exemplifying such elevation at the present time. Or the pressure from beneath may act on a limited portion of the overlying strata, as in the case of the mountain Jorullo, near to the city of Mexico. Mr Scrope, indeed, has suggested that this mountain may be an example of ejection rather than elevation, and may consist of an accumulation of lava and ashes: and Sir Charles Lyell speaks in favourable terms of this suggestion. But Humboldt, who visited the scene, was fully of the belief that the land had been uplifted. Mr Miller, in his admirable treatise on the "Old Red Sandstone," adopts this explanation. "It is rarely," he says, "that the geologist catches a hill in the act of forming, and hence the interest of this well-attested instance. From the period of the discovery of America to the middle of the last century, the plains of Jorullo had undergone no change of surface, and the seat of the present hill was covered by plantations of indigo and sugar cane, when, in June 1759, hollow sounds

were heard, and a succession of earthquakes continued for sixty days, to the great consternation of the inhabitants. After the cessation of these, and in a period of tranquillity, on the 28th and 29th September, a horrible subterranean noise was again heard, and a tract four square miles in extent rose up, in the shape of a dome or bladder, to the height of sixteen hundred and seventy feet above the original level of the plain. The affrighted Indians fled to the mountains; and from thence looking down on the phenomenon, saw flames issuing from the earth for miles around the newly-elevated hill, and the softened surface rising and falling like that of an agitated sea, and opening into numerous rents and fissures. Two brooks which had watered the plantations precipitated themselves into the burning chasms. The scene of this singular event was visited by Humboldt about the beginning of the present century. At that period the volcanic agencies had become comparatively quiescent; the hill, however, retained its original altitude; a number of smaller hills had sprung up around it; and the traveller found the waters of the engulphed rivulets escaping at a high temperature from caverns charged with sulphureous vapours and carbonic acid gas. There were inhabitants of the country living at the time who were more than twenty years older than the hill of Jorullo, and who had witnessed its rise." But even where the elevating power has a point or centre, the sides of the mountain rise with its uplifted summit, and the whole of a country may be only the lower and gentler declivity of the mountain ridge. Thus the internal heat of the globe, though residing in profound and inscrutable mansions, is palpable in its effects. When straitened for space, it forces the crust of the earth to yield to its expansiveness, and the result is seen in all that rises above the level of the sea. Nor is this all. The equipoise established at first is constantly preserved, so far at least as is conducive to benevolent designs. The sea is ever demolishing what it assails, and mass after mass yields to its denudations. This constant waste a volcanic agency as constantly repairs—ever deepening the channel of the ocean, and thus restricting its prevalence, or elevating the ocean's bed, and thus raising up what it strives to wash down. In either of which ways a divine Governor still breaks up for the deep his decreed place, and sets bars and doors, and says, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed."

What a magnificent equilibrium is presented in these conceptions! The tide of the ocean is uncontrollable by us; nor is the insignificance of man ever more apparent than when he loses sight of land for weeks and months together, in crossing the aqueous expanse, especially when a tempest overtakes him, and his frail bark drifts and leaks, and seems to be perishing in its diminitiveness and helplessness.

The agitation of the sea is equalled in its majesty and terrors only by the rockings of the earth, when hidden fires dissolve restraining barriers, and burst from their imprisonment. Who can be composed when the earth is moved, and its foundations are out of course? Who may stand by the crater, or think to close its lips, when it vents its fury, when it breathes flame and mutters thunder? Each of these awful powers, the aqueous and the igneous, seems to be in itself illimitable. But there is a God who can make even such agencies become bounds to one another; who can poise them in salutary proportion and counteraction, and reduce all their frightful mastery to a mutual helpfulness, by that power "which weighs the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance; which stretches out the north over the empty place, and hangeth the earth upon nothing."
—DR KING.

THE SPANISH CHAMPION.

The warrior bowed his crested head,
And tamed his heart of fire;
And sued the haughty king to free
His long imprison'd sire.
"I bring thee here my fortress' keys,
I bring my captive train;
I pledge thee faith, my liege, my lord,
O break my father's chain!"
"Rise! rise! even now thy father comes
A ransom'd man this day;
Mount thy good horse, and thou and I
Will meet him on his way."
Then lightly rose that loyal son,
And bounded on his steed;
And urged, as if with lance in rest,
The charger's foaming speed.

When, lo! from far, as on they press'd,
There came a glittering band,
And one that 'midst them stately rode,
As a leader of the land.
"Now haste, Bernardo! haste,
For there in very truth is he;
The father whom thy faithful heart
Hath yearn'd so long to see."

His dark eye flash'd, his proud breast heaved,
His cheek's hue came and went;
He reach'd that grey-hair'd chieftain's side,
And there dismounting bent.
A lowly knee to earth he bent,
His father's hand he took—
What was there in its touch that all
His fiery spirit shook?

That hand was cold, a frozen thing,
It dropt from his, like lead:
He look'd up to the face above—
The face was of the dead.
A plume waved o'er that noble brow—
That brow was fix'd and white;
He met at last his father's eyes,
But in them was no sight.

Up from the ground he sprang and gazed,
But who could paint that gaze!
It hush'd their very hearts that saw
Its horror and amaze.
They might have chain'd him, as before
That stony form he stood;
For the power was stricken from his arm,
And from his lips the blood.

"Father," at length he murmur'd low,
And wept, like childhood, then;
Talk not of grief, till thou hast seen
The tears of warlike men.
He thought on all his glorious hopes,
On all his young renown;
He flung the falchion from his side,
And in the dust sat down.

Then covering with his steel-gloved hand
His darkly mournful brow :
“ No more, there is no more,” he said,
“ To lift the sword for now.
My king is false, my hope betray’d,
My father, O ! the worth,
The glory, and the loveliness,
Are pass’d away from earth !

“ I thought to stand where banners waved,
My sire, beside *thee* yet ;
I would that *there* our kindred blood
On Spain’s free soil had met.
Thou would’st have known my spirit then,
For thee my fields were won ;
But thou hast perish’d in thy chains,
As if thou had’st no son.”

Then starting from the ground once more,
He seized the monarch’s rein,
Amid the pale bewilder’d looks
Of all the courtier train ;
And with a fierce o’er-mastering grasp
The rearing war-horse led,
And sternly set them face to face—
The king before the dead.

“ Came I not forth upon thy pledge,
My father’s hand to kiss ?
Be still, and gaze thou on, false king,
And tell me, what is this ?
The voice, the heart, the glance I sought—
Give answer, where are they ?
If thou would’st clear thy perjured soul,
Send life thro’ this cold clay.

“ Into these glassy eyes put light—
Be still—keep down thine ire ;—
Bid these white lips a blessing speak,
This earth is not my sire.
Give me back him for whom I strove,
For whom my blood was shed ;
Thou canst not ? and a king !—
His dust be mountains on thy head.”

He loosed the rein, his slack hand fell ;—
 Upon the silent face
 He cast one long, deep, troubled look—
 Then turn'd from that sad place.
 His hope was crush'd, his after fate
 Untold in martial strain ;
 His banners led the spears no more,
 Amid the hills of Spain.—MRS HEMANS.

 SCIPIO'S GENEROSITY.

When, to his glorious first essay in war,
 New Carthage fell, there all the flower of Spain
 Were kept in hostage : a full field presenting
 For Scipio's generosity to shine.—A noble virgin,
 Conspicuous far o'er all the captive dames,
 Was mark'd the general's prize. She wept, and blush'd ;
 Young, fresh, and blooming, like the morn. An eye,
 As when the blue sky trembles through a cloud
 Of purest white. A secret charm combined
 Her features, and infused enchantment through them.
 Her shape was harmony. But eloquence
 Beneath her beauty fails ; which seem'd on purpose
 By nature lavish'd on her, that mankind
 Might see the virtue of a hero tried
 Almost beyond the stretch of human force.
 Soft as she pass'd along with downcast eyes,
 Where gentle sorrow swell'd, and, now and then,
 Dropp'd o'er her modest cheeks a trickling tear,
 The Roman legions languish'd, and hard War
 Felt more than pity ; even their chief himself,
 As on his high tribunal raised he sat,
 Turn'd from the dangerous sight, and chiding, ask'd
 His officers, if by this gift they meant
 To cloud his glory in its very dawn.

She, question'd of her birth, in trembling accents,
 With tears and blushes broken, told her tale.
 But when he found her royally descended ;
 Of her old captive parents the sole joy ;
 And that a hapless Celtiberian prince,
 Her lover, and beloved, forgot his chains,
 His lost dominions, and for her alone

Wept out his tender soul ; sudden the heart
 Of this young, conquering, loving, godlike Roman
 Felt all the great divinity of virtue.
 His wishing youth stood check'd, his tempting power
 Restrain'd by kind humanity.—At once
 He for her parents and her lover call'd.
 The various scene imagine. How his troops
 Look'd dubious on, and wonder'd what he meant ;
 While stretch'd below the trembling suppliants lay,
 Rack'd by a thousand mingling passions—fear,
 Hope, jealousy, disdain, submission, grief,
 Anxiety, and love in every shape.
 To these as different sentiments succeeded,
 As mix'd emotions, when the man divine
 Thus the dread silence to the lover broke :
 “ We both are young ; both charm'd. The right of war
 Has put thy beauteous mistress in my power ;
 With whom I could, in the most sacred ties,
 Lead out a happy life. But know that Romans,
 Their hearts, as well as enemies, can conquer ;
 Then, take her to thy soul : and with her take
 Thy liberty and kingdom. In return,
 I ask but this—when you behold these eyes,
 These charms with transport, be a friend to Rome.”
 Ecstatic wonder held the lovers mute ;
 While the loud camp, and all the clustering crowd
 That hung around, rang with repeated shouts.
 Fame took the alarm, and through resounding Spain
 Blew fast the fair report ; which more than arms
 Admiring nations to the Romans gain'd.—THOMSON.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
 As his corse o'er the ramparts we hurried ;
 Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot,
 O'er the grave where our hero was buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
 The sods with our bayonets turning,
 By the struggling moonbeam's dusky light,
 And our lanterns dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him ;
But he lay—like a warrior taking his rest—
With his martial cloak around him !

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of to-morrow—

We thought—as we hollow'd his narrow bed,
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow—
How the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow !

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him ;
But nothing he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock toll'd the hour for retiring,
And we heard by the distant and random gun,
That the foe was suddenly firing—

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame, fresh and gory !
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone in his glory !—WOLFE.

THE SUNSET, OF BATTLE.

The shadows of evening are thickening. Twilight closes, and the thin mists are rising in the valley. The last charging squadron yet thunders in the distance ; but it presses only on the foiled and scattered foe. For this day the fight is over ! And those who rode foremost in its field at morning—where are they now ? On the bank of yon little stream, there lies a knight, his life-blood is ebbing faster than its tide. His shield is rent, and his lance is broken. Soldier, why faintest thou ? The blood that swells from that deep wound will answer. It was this morning that the sun rose

bright upon his hopes—it sets upon his grave. This day he led the foremost rank of spears, that in their long row levelled when they had crossed their foe's dark line—then death shouted in the onset! It was the last blow that reached him. He has conquered, though he shall not triumph in the victory. His breastplate is dented. His helmet has the traces of well-dealt blows. The scarf on his breast—she would shrink but to touch it now who placed it there. Soldier, what will thy mistress say? She will say that the knight died worthily.

Aye, rouse thee, for the fight yet charges in the distance! Thy friends are shouting—thy pennon floats on high. Look on yon crimsoned field that seems to mock the purple clouds above it! prostrate they lie, drenched in their dark red pool; thy friends and enemies; the dead and dying! The veteran, with the stripling of a day. The nameless trooper, and the leader of a hundred hosts. Friend lies by friend. The steed with his rider. And foes, linked in their long embrace—their first and last—the gripe of death. Far o'er the field they lie, a gorgeous prey to ruin! White plume and steel morion; sabre and yataghan; crescent and cross; rich vest and bright corslet; we came to the fight, as we had come to a feasting; glorious and glittering, even in death, each shining warrior lies!

His last glance still seeks that Christian banner! The cry that shall never be repeated, cheers on its last charge. Oh, but for strength to reach the field once more! to die in the foe's front! Peace, dreamer! Thou hast done well. Thy place in the close rank is filled; and yet another waits for his who holds it.

Knight, hast thou yet a thought? bend it on Heaven! The past is gone; the future lies before thee. Gaze on yon gorgeous sky; thy home should be beyond it! Life, honour, love—they pass to Him that gave them. Pride, that came on like ocean's billows—see round thee how it lies mute and passive. The wealthy here are poor. The high-born have no precedence. The strong are powerless. The mean content. The fair and lovely have no followers. Soldier! she who sped thee on thy course to-day, her blue eyes shall seek thee in the conquering ranks to-morrow; but it shall seek thee in vain! Well! thus it is thou shouldst have died!—worth all to live for. Wouldst thou be base to have thy death a blessing? Proud necks shall mourn for thee.

Bright eyes shall weep for thee. They that live envy thee.
Death ! glory takes out thy sting !

Warrior ! aye, the stream of that rill flows cool ; but thy lip no more shall taste it. The moonlight that silvers its white foam, shall glitter on thy corslet, when thy eye is closed and dim. Lo ! now the night is coming. The mist is gathering on the hill. The fox steals forth to seek his quarry, and the grey owl sweeps whirling by, rejoicing in the stillness. Oh, soldier ! how sweetly sounds thy lady's lute ! how fragrant are the dews ! sprinkled flowers that twine round the casement from which she leans ! that lute shall enchant thee, those flowers shall delight thee, no more !

One other charge ! Soldier, it may not be. To thy saint and thy lady commend thee ! Hark to the low trumpet that sounds the recall ! Hark to its long note ; sweet is that sound in the ears of the spent and routed foe !

The victor hears it not. When the breath rose that blew that note, he lived ; its peal has rung, and his spirit has departed. Heath ! thou shouldst be the soldier's pillow ! Moon ! let thy cold light this night fall upon him ! But, morning, thy soft dews shall tempt him not ! the soldier must wake no more. He sleeps in the sleep of honour. His cause was his country's freedom, and her faith. He is dead ! The cross of a Christian knight is on his breast ; his lips are pressed to his lady's token. Soldier, farewell !

WATERLOO.

Stop !—for thy tread is on an Empire's dust !
An Earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below !
Is the spot mark'd with no colossal bust ?
Nor column trophied for triumphal show ?
None ; but the moral's truth tells simpler so.
As the ground was before, thus let it be.
How that red rain hath made the harvest grow !
And is this all the world has gain'd by thee,
Thou first and last of fields ! king-making Victory ?

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her beauty and her chivalry ; and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men ;

A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when
Music arose, with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell ;—
But hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell !

Did ye not hear it ? No ; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street :
On with the dance ! let joy be unconfin'd ;
No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—
But hark !—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat ;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before !
Arm ! arm !—it is !—it is !—the cannon's opening roar !

Within a window'd niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain ; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear :
And when they smiled because he deem'd it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell :
He rush'd into the field ; and, foremost fighting, fell !

Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness :
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated : who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon nights so sweet such awful morn could rise ?

And there was mounting in hot haste : the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war ;
And the deep thunder, peal on peal, afar ;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star ;

While throng'd the citizens, with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! they come! they
come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose!
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard—and heard too have her Saxon foes:—
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring, which instills
The stirring memory of a thousand years;
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving—if aught inanimate e'er grieves—
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass,
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure; when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low!

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in beauty's circle proudly gay;
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife;
The morn the marshalling in arms; the day
Battle's magnificently-stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent,
The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover,—heap'd and pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent!
BYRON.

A MILITARY EXECUTION AT GIBRALTAR.

At ten o'clock all the regiments received orders to prepare for marching. No drum was heard to give the signal, but messengers passed along, carrying their officer's orders to the troops. All the soldiers of the garrison turned out in silence. The bands of the different regiments were commanded not to play, though they took their stations as if going to parade.

No funeral procession ever moved in such slow and measured time as they did on their way to Mill Hill, the appointed place of execution. Each soldier looked down, instead of forward, as he marched along, and not a sound could be heard but the very slowly measured tramp of well-trained feet, as they ascended the side of the hill. Every officer was at his post. As the regiments arrived on the flat ground near the old Moorish ruins, they were formed into one vast square, with one side near the ruins blank. Towards the centre of the square were two posts, with one cross bar, against which rested twelve rifles, six on one side, six on the other. Near the centre of the blank side of the square was a large grave, newly opened, and capable of holding the ten bodies of the deserters.

The men were all drawn up in regular order of attention; the general and his staff at the head of the square.

The provost-marshal was seen in earnest conversation with the governor, and the troops remained stationary, and in dead silence, for nearly half an hour.

At length a single beat of a drum was heard, which was repeated once every minute, and the prisoners were seen descending along the high road from their rocky dungeons to the place of execution.

All the soldiers watched them as they came. The solemn drum, speaking the death-knell of the criminal, told the mournful tragedy which was now to be performed. They arrived at the appointed place, and saw their own grave open before their eyes. The priests of their different persuasions accompanied them to the fatal spot, the respected chaplain of the forces also being with them. The prisoners descended two and two. Dreadfully did they all look, their faces being more like those of corpses than of living men. A paleness, indeed, was visible in the countenances of the whole body of troops then assembled—and well might even warriors turn pale at seeing ten young men, in the vigour of manhood, about to be cut off in a moment. He must be made of iron who could witness unmoved such a melancholy sight. There were some soldiers present whose limbs never trembled in the day of battle, that were compelled to retire from the ranks, and rest themselves upon the earth to prevent their fainting; and it was no disgrace to young Hewitt, whose position was near the end of the north side of the square, to find that he required the support of the drummajor of his

regiment, to witness the scene. He saw it, and could hear what was said; and it is from his record of the event that this narrative is transmitted.

The provost-marshal read the sentence aloud; twelve men of the rifle brigade were then ordered up to the guns. The command was given that the prisoners were to be shot two at a time. Six soldiers were to fire at each man. The guns had been previously loaded; only two in each six had ball cartridges in them, and none knew which they were. All, of course, had to take the best aim.

Two of those supposed to be the ringleaders were the first ordered for execution; the one a Protestant, the other a Roman Catholic. They shook hands with their respective ministers, and with their wretched companions. They were then led forward to the prescribed distance from the riflemen, and ordered to kneel down. They did so. A soldier then tied a handkerchief round one man's eyes, but the other exclaimed:

"Blind me not; let me look up as long as I can."

He would not submit to be blindfolded, but knelt and looked up to heaven, his fine pale countenance presenting a perfect picture of manly resignation. The tears fell from his eyes as the provost-marshal gave the word of command—"Fire!"—and both were instantaneously dead.

Did not many a tear start from the eyes of those brave fellows who witnessed the scene? A soldier feels as much as a civilian, and it would be a false record which stated that even veterans did not weep. One of them, though he had nearly met his death by one of the deserters, wept as if he had seen his own brother shot.

All eyes were now turned to the provost-marshal, who was expected to pronounce the names of the two next culprits who were to suffer; but what was the surprise of every soldier to hear him read the following proclamation:—

"Soldiers, you have been condemned justly as deserters, and have seen the execution carried into effect upon the bodies of your ringleaders; hear now the gracious pardon of the Governor. In the hope that justice has been answered, and that you will never again be guilty of such another crime, you are spared from death, and are restored to your respective duties. Go, repent, and live."

Description must fail in the attempt to portray the features of those lately despairing men. Some threw them-

selves flat on the ground for joy, not knowing what they did. They embraced one another; they kissed each other; they went down on their knees, and sent up hallelujahs to the God of mercy. One poor fellow stood stock still, absolutely petrified almost to idiocy, and could not be persuaded, even by the chaplain, that he was pardoned, and was to live. All wept, and surely if angels joy in heaven over the souls of returning penitents, men may rejoice on earth, when they see mercy extended to their fellow-creatures.

It was indeed a most pathetic, and at the same time, consoling sight, to witness the ebullitions of hearts overflowing with gratitude. Blessed spirits overcharged with benevolence, weeping for the joy of doing good, and, at the same time, giving thanks to the Great Author and Fountain of all mercies, your hearts only can conceive the joyful feelings which then, in the midst of sorrow, animated the countenances of those, who both showed and received mercy and pity. No pen can do it justice. It was indeed a heavenly sight, never to be forgotten. The poor fellows returned to barracks, and received the congratulations of their former companions.

It was strange to mark the different manners of those men afterwards. But the soldiers were all marched in funeral procession past the dead bodies of the deserters, and were then dismissed to their respective quarters. A general joy diffused itself throughout the garrison and the town, and curiosity was stirring to become acquainted with the men who were pardoned.—REV. R. COBBOLD.

SLAVERY.

O for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumour of oppression and deceit,
Of unsuccessful or successful war,
Might never reach me more. My ear is pain'd,
My soul is sick with every day's report
Of wrong and outrage with which Earth is fill'd.
There is no flesh in man's obdurate heart;
It does not feel for man; the natural bond
Of brotherhood is sever'd as the flax
That falls asunder at the touch of fire.

He finds his fellow guilty of a skin
Not colour'd like his own ; and having power
T' enforce the wrong for such a worthy cause,
Dooms and devotes him as his lawful prey.
Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other. Mountains interposed
Make enemies of nations, who had else
Like kindred drops been mingled into one.
Thus man devotes his brother, and destroys ;
And, worse than all, and most to be deplored
As human nature's broadest, foulest blot,
Chains him, and tasks him, and exacts his sweat
With stripes, that Mercy with a bleeding heart
Weeps, when she sees inflicted on a beast.
Then what is man ? And what man seeing this,
And having human feelings, does not blush,
And hang his head, to think himself a man ?
I would not have a slave to till my ground,
To carry me, to fan me while I sleep,
And tremble when I wake, for all the wealth
That sinews bought and sold have ever earn'd.
No : dear as freedom is, and in my heart's
Just estimation prized above all price,
I had much rather be myself the slave,
And wear the bonds, than fasten them on him.
We have no slaves at home—then why abroad ?
And they themselves once ferried o'er the wave
That parts us, are emancipate and loosed.
Slaves cannot breathe in England ; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free ;
They touch our country, and their shackles fall.
That's noble, and bespeaks a nation proud
And jealous of the blessing. Spread it then,
And let it circulate through every vein
Of all your empire ; that, where Britain's power
Is felt, mankind may feel her mercy too.

Sure there is need of social intercourse,
Benevolence, and peace, and mutual aid,
Between the nations in a world, that seems
To toll the death-bell of its own decease,
And by the voice of all its elements
To preach the gen'ral doom. When were the winds
Let slip with such a warrant to destroy ?

When did the waves so haughtily o'erleap
 Their ancient barriers, deluging the dry?
 Fires from beneath, and meteors from above,
 Portentous, unexampled, unexplain'd,
 Have kindled beacons in the skies; and th' old
 And crazy Earth has had her shaking-fits
 More frequent, and foregone her usual rest.
 Is it a time to wrangle, when the props
 And pillars of our planet seem to fail,
 And Nature with a dim and sickly eye
 To wait the close of all? But grant her end
 More distant, and that prophecy demands
 A longer respite, unaccomplish'd yet;
 Still they are frowning signals, and bespeak
 Displeasure in his breast, who smites the Earth
 Or heals it, makes it languish or rejoice.
 And 'tis but seemly, that, where all deserve
 And stand exposed by common peccancy
 To what no few have felt, there should be peace,
 And brethren in calamity should love.—COWPER.

THE AFRICAN CHIEF.

Chain'd in the market-place he stood,
 A man of giant frame,
 Amid the gath'ring multitude
 That shrunk to hear his name;
 All stern of look and strong of limb,
 His dark eye on the ground,
 And silently they gazed on him,
 As on a lion bound.

Vainly, but well, that chief had fought—
 He was a captive now;
 Yet pride, that fortune humbles not,
 Was written on his brow.
 The scars his dark broad bosom wore,
 Show'd warrior true and brave;
 A prince among his tribe before,
 He could not be a slave.

Then to his conqueror he spake—
 "My brother is a king;

Undo this necklace from my neck,
And take this bracelet ring,
And send me where my brother reigns,
And I will fill thy hands
With store of ivory from the plains,
And gold-dust from the sands."

"Not for thy ivory, nor thy gold,
Will I unbind thy chain;
That bloody hand shall never hold
The battle-spear again.
A price thy nation never gave
Shall yet be paid for thee;
For thou shalt be the Christian's slave,
In lands beyond the sea."

Then wept the warrior chief, and bade
To shred his locks away ;
And, one by one, each heavy braid
Before the victor lay.
Thick were the plaited locks, and long,
And, deftly hidden, there
Shone many a wedge of gold among
The dark and crisped hair.

"Look ! feast thy greedy eye with gold,
Long kept for sorest need ;
Take it—thou askest sums untold—
And say that I am freed.
Take it ; my wife the long, long day
Weeps by the cocoa tree,
And my young children leave their play,
And ask in vain for me."

"I take thy gold ; but I have made
Thy fetters fast and strong,
And ween that by the cocoa-shade
Thy wife shall wait thee long."
Strong was the agony that shook
The captive's frame to hear,
And the proud meaning of his look
Was changed to mortal fear.

His heart was broken—crazed his brain ;
At once his eye grew wild—
He struggled fiercely with his chain
Whisper'd, and wept, and smiled.
Yet wore not long those fatal bands,
And once, at shut of day,
They drew him forth upon the sands—
The foul hyena's prey!—BRYANT.

PART FOURTH.—ORATION AND DIALOGUE.

PARLIAMENTARY REFORM.

MY LORDS,—I am asked what great practical benefits are to be expected from this measure? And is it no benefit to have the government strike its roots into the hearts of the people? Is it no benefit to have a calm and deliberative, but a real organ of the public opinion, by which its course may be known, and its influence exerted upon state affairs regularly and temperately, instead of acting convulsively, and, as it were, by starts and shocks? I will only appeal to one advantage, which is as certain to result from this salutary improvement of our system, as it is certain that I am addressing your lordships. A noble earl inveighed strongly against the licentiousness of the press; complained of its insolence; and asserted that there was no tyranny more intolerable than that which its conductors now exercised. It is most true, that the press has great influence, but equally true, that it derives this influence from expressing, more or less correctly, the opinion of the country. Let it run counter to the prevailing course, and its power is at an end. But I will also admit that, going in the same general direction with public opinion, the press is oftentimes armed with too much power in particular instances; and such power is always liable to be abused. But I will tell the noble earl upon what foundation this overgrown power is built. The press is now the only organ of public opinion. This title it assumes, but it is not by usurpation; it is rendered legitimate by the defects of your parliamentary constitution; it is erected upon the ruins of real representation. The periodical press is the rival of the House of Commons; and it is, and it will be, the successful rival, as long as that House does not represent the people—

but not one day longer. If ever I felt confident in any prediction, it is in this, that the restoration of parliament to its legitimate office of representing truly the public opinion will overthrow the tyranny of which noble lords are so ready to complain, who, by keeping out the lawful sovereign, in truth support the usurper. It is you who have placed this unlawful authority on a rock : pass the bill, it is built on a quicksand. Let but the country have a full and free representation, and to that will men look for the expression of public opinion, and the press will no more be able to dictate, as now, when none else can speak the sense of the people. Will its influence wholly cease ? Its just influence will continue, but confined within safe and proper bounds. It will continue, long may it continue, to watch the conduct of public men—to watch the proceedings even of a reformed legislature—to watch the people themselves—a safe, an innoxious, a useful instrument, to enlighten and improve mankind ! But its overgrown power—its assumption to speak in the name of the nation—its pretension to dictate and to command, will cease with the abuse upon which alone it is founded, and will be swept away, together with the other creatures of the same abuse, which now “fright our isle from its propriety.”

My lords, I do not disguise the intense solicitude which I feel for the event of this debate, because I know full well that the peace of the country is involved in the issue. I cannot look without dismay at the rejection of the measure. But grievous as may be the consequences of a temporary defeat—temporary it can only be ; for its ultimate, and even speedy success is certain. Nothing can now stop it. Do not suffer yourselves to be persuaded, that even if the present ministers were driven from the helm, any one could steer you through the troubles which surround you without reform. But our successors would take up the task in circumstances far less auspicious. Under them, you would be fain to grant a bill, compared with which the one we now proffer you is moderate indeed. Hear the parable of the sybil, for it conveys a wise and wholesome moral. She now appears at your gate, and offers you mildly the volumes—the precious volumes—of wisdom and peace. The price she asks is reasonable—to restore the franchise, which, without any bargain, you ought voluntarily to give ; you refuse her terms, her moderate terms ; she darkens the porch no longer. But

soon—for you cannot do without her wares—you call her back; again she comes, but with diminished treasures; the leaves of the book are in part torn away by lawless hands, in part defaced with characters of blood. But the prophetic maid has risen in her demands; it is parliaments by the year, it is vote by the ballot, it is suffrage by the million! From this you turn away indignant, and for the second time she departs. Beware of her third coming; for the treasure you must have, and what price she may next demand, who shall tell? It may even be the mace which rests upon that wool-sack. What may follow your course of obstinacy, if persisted in, I cannot take upon me to predict, nor do I wish to conjecture. But this I know full well, that, as sure as man is mortal, and to err is human, justice deferred enhances the price at which you must purchase safety and peace; nor can you expect to gather in another crop than they did who went before you, if you persevere in their utterly abominable husbandry of sowing injustice and reaping rebellion.

But among the awful considerations that now bow down my mind, there is one which stands pre-eminent above the rest. You are the highest judicature in the realm; you sit here as judges, and decide all causes, civil and criminal, without appeal. It is a judge's first duty never to pronounce sentence, in the most trifling case, without hearing. Will you make this the exception? Are you really prepared to determine, but not to hear the mighty cause upon which a nation's hopes and fears hang? You are. Then beware of your decision! Rouse not, I beseech you, a peace-loving, but a resolute people; alienate not from your body the affections of a whole empire. As your friend, as the friend of my order, as the friend of my country, as the faithful servant of my sovereign, I counsel you to assist with your uttermost efforts in preserving the peace, and upholding and perpetuating the constitution. Therefore, I pray and exhort you not to reject this measure. By all you hold most dear, by all the ties that bind every one of us to our common order and our common country, I solemnly adjure you, I warn you, I implore you, yea, on my bended knees, I supplicate you, reject not this bill!—BROUGHAM.

ROLLA'S ADDRESS TO THE PERUVIAN ARMY.

My brave associates—partners of my toil, my feelings, and my fame! Can Rolla's words add vigour to the virtuous energies which inspire your hearts. No; *you* have judged, as I have, the foulness of the crafty plea by which these bold invaders would delude you. Your generous spirit has compared, as mine has, the motives which, in a war like this, can animate *their* minds and *ours*. *They*, by a strange frenzy driven, fight for power, for plunder, and extended rule; *we* for our country, our altars, and our homes. *They* follow an adventurer whom they fear, and obey a power which they hate; *we* serve a monarch whom we love, a God whom we adore. Whene'er they move in anger, desolation tracks their progress! Where'er they pause in amity, affliction mourns their friends. They boast, they come but to improve our state, enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke of error! Yes, *they* will give enlightened freedom to our minds, who are themselves the slaves of passion, avarice, and pride. They offer us their protection. Yes, such protection as vultures give to lambs—covering and devouring them. They call on us to barter all of good we have inherited and proved, for the desperate chance of something better which they promise. Be our plain answer this: The throne *we* honour is the *people's* choice; the laws we reverence are our brave fathers' legacy; the faith we follow teaches us to live in bonds of charity with all mankind, and die with hope of bliss beyond the grave. Tell your invaders this, and tell them too, we seek no change: and least of all, such change as *they* would bring us.—SHERIDAN.

PROLOGUE TO THE TRAGEDY OF CATO.

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
 To raise the genius and to mend the heart,
 To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
 Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold:
 For this the tragic muse first trod the stage,
 Commanding tears to stream through every age;
 Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
 And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.

Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move
 The hero's glory, or the virgin's love ;
 In pitying love we but our weakness show,
 And wild ambition well deserves its wo.
 Here tears shall flow from a more gen'rous cause,
 Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws :
 He bids your breasts with ancient ardour rise,
 And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes,
 Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,
 What Plato thought, and god-like Cato was :
 No common object to your sight displays,
 But what with pleasure Heav'n itself surveys ;
 A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
 And greatly falling in a fallen state !
 While Cato gives his little senate laws,
 What bosom beats not in his country's cause ?
 Who sees him act, but envies ev'ry deed ?
 Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed ?
 Ev'n when proud Cæsar, 'midst triumphal cars,
 The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
 Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
 Show'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state ;
 As her dead father's rev'rend image past,
 The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast,
 The triumph ceased—tears gush'd from ev'ry eye,
 The world's great victor pass'd unheeded by :
 Her last good man dejected Rome adored,
 And honour'd Cæsar's, less than Cato's sword.

Britons attend : Be worth like this approved,
 And show you have the virtue to be moved.
 With honest scorn the first famed Cato view'd
 Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdued ;
 Our scenes precariously subsist too long
 On French translation and Italian song ;
 Dare to have sense yourselves ; assert the stage ;
 Be justly warm'd with your own native rage :
 Such plays alone should please a British ear,
 As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.—POPE.

SCENE—PORTIUS AND MARCUS.

Portius. The dawn is overcast, the morning low'rs,
And heavily in clouds brings on the day,
The great, th' important day, big with the fate
Of Cato and of Rome—our father's death
Would fill up all the guilt of civil war,
And close the scene of blood. Already Cæsar
Has ravaged more than half the globe, and sees
Mankind grown thin by his destructive sword :
Should he go farther, numbers would be wanting
To form new battles, and support his crimes.
Ye gods, what havoc does ambition make
Among your works !

Marcus. Thy steady temper, Portius,
Can look on guilt, rebellion, fraud, and Cæsar,
In the calm lights of mild philosophy ;
I'm tortured, ev'n to madness, when I think
On the proud victor : ev'ry time he's named
Pharsalia rises to my view !—I see
Th' insulting tyrant prancing o'er the field,
Strew'd with Rome's citizens, and drench'd in slaughter,
His horse's hoofs wet with patrician blood !
Oh, Portius ! is there not some chosen curse,
Some hidden thunder in the stores of Heav'n,
Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the man
Who owes his greatness to his country's ruin ?

Por. Believe me, Marcus, 'tis an impious greatness,
And mix'd with too much horror to be envy'd ;
How does the lustre of our father's actions,
Through the dark cloud of ills that cover him,
Break out, and burn with more triumphant brightness !
His suff'rings shine, and spread a glory round him ;
Greatly unfortunate, he fights the cause
Of honour, virtue, liberty, and Rome.
His sword ne'er fell, but on the guilty head ;
Oppression, tyranny, and power usurp'd,
Draw all the vengeance of his arm upon 'em.

Marc. Who knows not this ? But what can Cato do
Against a world, a base, degen'rate world,
That courts the yoke, and bows the neck to Cæsar ?
Pent up in Utica, he vainly forms

A poor epitome of Roman greatness,
 And, cover'd with Numidian guards, directs
 A feeble army and an empty senate,
 Remnants of mighty battles fought in vain.
 By Heav'n, such virtues, join'd with such success,
 Distracts my very soul ! our father's fortune
 Would almost tempt us to renounce his precepts.

Por. Remember what our father oft has told us :
 The ways of Heav'n are dark and intricate ;
 Puzzled in mazes, and perplex'd with errors,
 Our understanding traces them in vain,
 Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless search ;
 Nor sees with how much art the windings run,
 Nor where the regular confusion ends.

Marc. These are suggestions of a mind at ease ;
 Oh, Portius, didst thou taste but half the griefs
 That wring my soul, thou couldst not talk thus coldly.
 Passion unpitied, and successful love,
 Plant daggers in my heart, and aggravate
 My other griefs. Were but my Lucia kind—

Por. Now, Marcus, now thy virtue's on the proof :
 Put forth thy utmost strength, work ev'ry nerve,
 And call up all thy father in thy soul :
 To quell the tyrant, love, and guard thy heart
 On this weak side, where most our nature fails,
 Would be a conquest worthy Cato's son.

Marc. Portius, the counsel which I cannot take,
 Instead of healing, but upbraids my weakness.
 Bid me for honour plunge into a war
 Of thickest foes, and rush on certain death,
 Then shalt thou see that Marcus is not slow
 To follow glory, and confess his father.
 Love is not to be reason'd down, or lost
 In high ambition or a thirst of greatness ;
 'Tis second life, it grows into the soul,
 Warms every vein, and beats in every pulse,
 I feel it here : my resolution melts—

Por. Behold young Juba, the Numidian prince,
 With how much care he forms himself to glory,
 And breaks the fierceness of his native temper,
 To copy out our father's bright example.
 He loves our sister Marcia, greatly loves her ;
 His eyes, his looks, his actions, all betray it ;

But still the smother'd fondness burns within him ;
 When most it swells, and labours for a vent,
 The sense of honour, and desire of fame
 Drive the big passion back into his heart.
 What ! shall an African, shall Juba's heir,
 Reproach great Cato's son, and show the world
 A virtue wanting in a Roman soul ?

Marc. Portius, no more ! your words leave stings behind
 'em.

Whene'er did Juba, or did Portius, show
 A virtue that has cast me at a distance,
 And thrown me out in the pursuits of honour ?

Por. Marcus, I know thy gen'rous temper well ;
 Fling but th' appearance of dishonour on it,
 It straight takes fire, and mounts into a blaze.

Marc. A brother's suff'ring claims a brother's pity !

Por. Heav'n knows I pity thee. Behold my eyes
 Ev'n whilst I speak—do they not swim in tears ?
 Were but my heart as naked to thy view,
 Marcus would see it bleed in his behalf.

Marc. Why then dost treat me with rebukes, instead
 Of kind condoling cares, and friendly sorrow ?

Por. Oh, Marcus ! did I know the way to ease
 Thy troubled heart, and mitigate thy pains,
 Marcus, believe me, I could die to do it.

Marc. Thou best of brothers, and thou best of friends !
 Pardon a weak distemper'd soul, that swells
 With sudden gusts, and sinks as soon in calms,
 The sport of passions.—ADDISON.

SCENE—CATO'S SENATE.

Cato. Fathers, we once again are met in council ;
 Cæsar's approach has summon'd us together,
 And Rome attends her fate from our resolves.
 How shall we treat this bold aspiring man ?
 Success still follows him, and backs his crimes ;
 Pharsalia gave him Rome, Egypt has since
 Received his yoke, and the whole Nile is Cæsar's.
 Why should I mention Juba's overthrow,
 And Scipio's death ? Numidia's burning sands
 Still smoke with blood. 'Tis time we should decree

What course to take. Our foe advances on us,
 And envies us even Lybia's sultry deserts.
 Fathers, pronounce your thoughts: are they still fix'd
 To hold it out and fight it to the last?
 Or are your hearts subdued at length, and wrought
 By time and ill success to a submission?
 Sempronius, speak.

Sem. My voice is still for war.
 Can a Roman senate long debate
 Which of the two to choose, slav'ry or death?
 No, let us rise at once, gird on our swords,
 And at the head of our remaining troops
 Attack the foe, break through the thick array
 Of his throng'd legions, and charge home upon him.
 Perhaps some arm, more lucky than the rest,
 May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage.
 Rise, fathers, rise! 'Tis Rome demands your help:
 Rise, and revenge her slaughter'd citizens,
 Or share their fate! The corpse of half her senate
 Manure the fields of Thessaly, while we
 Sit here delib'rating in cold debates,
 If we should sacrifice our lives to honour,
 Or wear them out in servitude and chains.
 Rouse up, for shame! our brothers of Pharsalia
 Point at their wounds, and cry aloud—To battle!
 Great Pompey's shade complains that we are slow;
 And Scipio's ghost walks unrevenged amongst us.

Cato. Let not a torrent of impetuous zeal
 Transport thee thus beyond the bounds of reason:
 True fortitude is seen in great exploits
 That justice warrants and that wisdom guides,
 All else is tow'ring frenzy and distraction.
 Are not the lives of those who draw the sword
 In Rome's defence intrusted to our care?
 Should we thus lead them to a field of slaughter,
 Might not th' impartial world with reason say,
 We lavish'd at our deaths the blood of thousands,
 To grace our fall, and make our ruin glorious?
 Lucius, we next would know what's your opinion?

Luc. My thoughts, I must confess, are turn'd on peace.
 Already have our quarrels fill'd the world
 With widows and with orphans: Scythia mourns
 Our guilty wars, and earth's remotest regions

Lie half unpeopled by the feuds of Rome :
 'Tis time to sheath the sword, and spare mankind.
 It is not Cæsar, but the gods, my fathers,
 The gods declare against us, and repel
 Our vain attempts. To urge the foe to battle
 (Prompted by blind revenge and wild despair)
 Were to refuse th' awards of Providence,
 And not to rest in Heaven's determination.
 Already have we shown our love to Rome,
 Now let us show submission to the gods.
 We took up arms, not to revenge ourselves,
 But free the commonwealth : when this end fails,
 Arms have no further use. Our country's cause,
 That drew our swords, now wrests 'em from our hands,
 And bids us not delight in Roman blood
 Unprofitably shed. What men could do
 Is done already : heav'n and earth will witness,
 If Rome must fall, that we are innocent.

Cato. Let us appear nor rash nor diffident ;
 Immod'rate valour swells into a fault ;
 And fear admitted into public councils
 Betrays like treason. Let us shun 'em both.
 Fathers, I cannot see that our affairs
 Are grown thus desp'rate : we have bulwarks round us ;
 Within our walls are troops inured to toil
 In Afric's heat, and season'd to the sun ;
 Numidia's spacious kingdom lies behind us,
 Ready to rise at its young prince's call.
 While there is hope, do not distrust the gods ;
 But wait at least till Cæsar's near approach
 Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late
 To sue for chains, and own a conqueror.
 Why should Rome fall a moment ere her time ;
 No, let us draw her term of freedom out
 In its full length, and spin it to the last,
 So shall we gain still one day's liberty :
 And let me perish, but in Cato's judgment,
 A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty,
 Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

Enter MARCUS.

Marc. Fathers, this moment, as I watch'd the gate,

Lodged on my post, a herald is arrived
 From Cæsar's camp, and with him comes old Decius,
 The Roman knight ; he carries in his looks
 Impatience, and demands to speak with Cato.

Cato. By your permission, fathers—bid him enter.

[*Exit Marcus.*]

Decius was once my friend, but other prospects
 Have loosed those ties, and bound him fast to Cæsar.
 His message may determine our resolves.

Enter DECIVS.

Dec. Cæsar sends health to Cato—

Cato. Could he send it

To Cato's slaughter'd friends, it would be welcome.
 Are not your orders to address the senate ?

Dec. My business is with Cato ; Cæsar sees
 The straits to which you're driven ; and as he knows
 Cato's high worth, is anxious for your life.

Cato. My life is grafted on the fate of Rome.
 Would he save Cato, bid him spare his country.

Tell your dictator this ; and tell him, Cato
 Disdains a life which he has power to offer.

Dec. Rome and her senators submit to Cæsar ;
 Her generals and her consuls are no more
 Who check'd his conquests, and deny'd his triumphs.
 Why will not Cato be this Cæsar's friend ?

Cato. These very reasons thou has urged forbid it.

Dec. Cato, I have orders to expostulate,
 And reason with you, as from friend to friend :
 Think on the storm that gathers o'er your head,
 And threatens ev'ry hour to burst upon it ;
 Still may you stand high in your country's honours,
 Do but comply, and make your peace with Cæsar,
 Rome will rejoice, and cast its eyes on Cato,
 As on the second of mankind.

Cato. No more :
 I must not think of life on such conditions.

Dec. Cæsar is well acquainted with your virtues,
 And therefore sets this value on your life.
 Let him but know the price of Cato's friendship,
 And name your terms.

Cato. Bid him disband his legions,

Restore the commonwealth to liberty,
 Submit his actions to the public censure,
 And stand the judgment of a Roman senate.
 Bid him do this, and Cato is his friend.

Dec. Cato, the world talks loudly of your wisdom—

Cato. Nay, more, tho' Cato's voice was ne'er employ'd
 To clear the guilty and to varnish crimes,
 Myself will mount the rostrum in his favour,
 And strive to gain his pardon from the people.

Dec. A style like this becomes a conqueror.

Cato. Decius, a style like this becomes a Roman.

Dec. What is a Roman, that is Cæsar's foe?

Cato. Greater than Cæsar: he's a friend to virtue.

Dec. Consider, Cato, you're in Utica,
 And at the head of your own little senate;
 You don't now thunder in the capitol,
 With all the mouths of Rome to second you.

Cato. Let him consider that who drives us hither.
 'Tis Cæsar's sword has made Rome's senate little,
 And thinn'd its ranks. Alas! thy dazzled eye
 Beholds this man in a false glaring light,
 Which conquest and success have thrown upon him;
 Did'st thou but view him right, thou'dst see him black
 With murder, treason, sacrilege, and crimes,
 That strike my soul with horror but to name 'em.
 I know thou look'st on me as on a wretch
 Beset with ills, and cover'd with misfortunes;
 But, by the gods I swear, millions of worlds
 Should never buy me to be like that Cæsar.

Dec. Does Cato send this answer back to Cæsar,
 For all his gen'rous cares and proffer'd friendship?

Cato. His cares for me are insolent and vain;
 Presumptuous man! the gods take care of Cato.
 Would Cæsar show the greatness of his soul,
 Bid him employ his care for these my friends,
 And make good use of his ill-gotten power,
 By shelt'ring men much better than himself.

Dec. Your high unconquer'd heart makes you forget
 You are a man. You rush on your destruction.
 But I have done. When I relate hereafter
 The tale of this unhappy embassy,
 All Rome will be in tears.—ADDISON.

CATO ON IMMORTALITY.

It must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well—
 Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
 This longing after immortality?
 Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
 Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
 Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
 'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
 'Tis Heav'n itself that points out an hereafter,
 And intimates eternity to man.
 Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
 Through what variety of untry'd being,
 Through what new scenes and changes must we pass?
 The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me;
 But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
 Here will I hold. If there's a Power above
 (And that there is all nature cries aloud,
 Through all her works) he must delight in virtue;
 And that which he delights in must be happy.
 But when! or where—this world was made for Cæsar.
 I'm weary of conjectures—this must end 'em.

[Laying his hand on his sword.]

Thus am I doubly arm'd: my death and life,
 My bane and antidote, are both before me.
 This in a moment brings me to an end;
 But this informs me I shall never die.
 The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
 At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
 The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
 Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years,
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
 Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
 The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds.—ADDISON.

 WALPOLE'S ATTACK ON PITT.

SIR,—I was unwilling to interrupt the course of this debate while it was carried on with calmness and decency by men who do not suffer the ardour of opposition to cloud their reason, or transport them to such expressions as the dignity of this assembly does not admit. I have hitherto deferred

to answer the gentleman who declaimed against the bill with such fluency of rhetoric and such vehemence of gesture,—who charged the advocates for the expedients now proposed, with having no regard to any interest but their own, and with making laws only to consume paper, and threatened them with the defection of their adherents, and the loss of their influence, upon this new discovery of their folly and their ignorance. Nor, sir, do I now answer him for any other purpose than to remind him, how little the clamour of rage and petulancy of invectives contribute to the purposes for which this assembly is called together;—how little the discovery of truth is promoted; and the security of the nation established, by pompous diction and theatrical emotion. Formidable sounds and furious declamations, confident assertions and lofty periods, may affect the young and unexperienced: and perhaps the gentleman may have contracted his habits of oratory by conversing more with those of his own age than with such as have had more opportunities of acquiring knowledge, and more successful methods of communicating their sentiments. If the heat of his temper, sir, would suffer him to attend to those whose age and long acquaintance with business give them an indisputable right to deference and superiority, he would learn, in time, to reason rather than declaim, and to prefer justness of argument, and an accurate knowledge of facts, to sounding epithets and splendid superlatives, which may disturb the imagination for a moment, but leave no lasting impression on the mind. He will learn, sir, that to accuse and prove are very different, and that reproaches unsupported by evidence affect only the character of him that utters them. Excursions of fancy and flights of oratory are indeed pardonable in young men, but in no other; and it would surely contribute more, even to the purpose for which some gentlemen appear to speak (that of depreciating the conduct of administration), to prove the inconveniences and injustice of this bill, than barely to assert them, with whatever magnificence of language, or appearance of zeal, honesty, or compassion.

PITT'S REPLY.

SIR,—The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honourable gentleman has, with such spirit and decency,

charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny, but content myself with wishing that I may be one of those whose follies may cease with their youth, and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience. Whether youth can be imputed to any man as a reproach, I will not, sir, assume the province of determining; but surely age may become justly contemptible, if the opportunities which it brings have past away without improvement, and vice appears to prevail when the passions have subsided. The wretch who, after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and whose age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object either of abhorrence or contempt, and deserves not that his grey hairs should secure him from insult. Much more, sir, is he to be abhorred, who, as he has advanced in age has receded from virtue, and becomes more wicked with less temptation—who prostitutes himself for money which he cannot enjoy, and spends the remains of his life in the ruin of his country. But youth, sir, is not my only crime; I have been accused of acting a theatrical part. A theatrical part may either imply some peculiarities of gesture, or a dissimulation of my real sentiments, and an adoption of the opinions and language of another man.

In the first sense, sir, the charge is too trifling to be confuted, and deserves only to be mentioned to be despised. I am at liberty, like every other man, to use my own language; and though, perhaps, I may have some ambition to please this gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any restraint, nor very solicitously copy his diction or his mein, however matured by age or modelled by experience. But if any man shall, by charging me with theatrical behaviour, imply that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator and a villain—nor shall any protection shelter him from the treatment he deserves. I shall, on such an occasion, without scruple trample upon all those forms with which wealth and dignity intrench themselves—nor shall any thing but age restrain my resentment;—age, which always brings one privilege, that of being insolent and supercilious without punishment. But with regard, sir, to those whom I have offended, I am of opinion that if I had acted a borrowed part I should have avoided their censure: the heat that offended them is the ardour of conviction, and that zeal for the service of my country, which neither hope

nor fear shall influence me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned while my liberty is invaded, nor look in silence upon public robbery. I will exert my endeavours, at whatever hazard, to repel the aggressor and drag the thief to justice, whoever may protect him in his villany, and whoever may partake of his plunder.

ALEXANDER AND THE ROBBER CHIEF.

Alexander. What! art thou the Thracian robber, of whose exploits I have heard so much?

Robber. I am a Thracian and a soldier.

A. A soldier!—a thief, a plunderer, an assassin! the pest of the country! I could honour thy courage, but I must detest and punish thy crimes.

R. What have I done, of which you can complain?

A. Hast thou not set at defiance my authority, violated the public peace, and passed thy life in injuring the persons and properties of thy fellow-subjects?

R. Alexander! I am your captive—I must hear what you please to say, and endure what you please to inflict. But my soul is unconquered; and if I reply at all to your reproaches, I will reply like a free man.

A. Speak freely. Far be it from me to take the advantage of my power to silence those with whom I design to converse!

R. I must then answer your question by another. How have you passed your life?

A. Like a hero. Ask Fame, and she will tell you. Among the brave, I have been the bravest: among sovereigns, the noblest: among conquerors, the mightiest.

R. And does not Fame speak of me too? Was there ever a bolder captain of a more valiant band? Was there ever—but I scorn to boast. You yourself know that I have not been easily subdued.

A. Still, what are you but a ROBBER, a base dishonest ROBBER.

R. And what is a CONQUEROR? Have not you, too, gone about the earth like an evil genius, blasting the fair fruits of peace and industry—plundering, ravaging, killing, without law, without justice, merely to gratify an insatiable lust for dominion? All that I have done to a single district, with

a hundred followers, you have done to whole nations, with a hundred thousand. If I have stripped individuals, you have stripped kings and princes. If I have burned a few hamlets, you have desolated the most flourishing kingdoms and cities of the earth. What is then the difference, but that as you were born a king, and I a private man, you have been able to become a mightier robber than I?

A. But if I have taken like a king, I have given like a king. If I have subverted empires, I have founded greater; I have cherished arts, commerce, and philosophy.

B. I too have freely given to the poor what I took from the rich. I have established order and discipline among the most ferocious of mankind; and have stretched out my protecting arm over the oppressed. I know; indeed, little of the philosophy you talk of. But I believe neither you nor I shall ever repay to the world the mischief we have done it.

A. Leave me—Take off his chains and use him well. [*Exit Robber*].—Are we then so much alike?—Alexander to a robber—Let me reflect.—BARBAULD.

SCENE—GLENALVON, NORVAL, AND LORD RANDOLPH.

Glenalvon. Has Norval seen the troops?

Norval. The setting sun

With yellow radiance lighten'd all the vale;
And as the warriors moved, each polish'd helm,
Corset, or spear, glanced back his gilded beams.
The hill they climb'd, and halting at its top,
Of more than mortal size, tow'ring they seem'd
An host angelic, clad in burning arms.

Glen. Thou talk'st it well; no leader of our host
In sounds more lofty speaks of glorious war.

Nor. If I shall e'er acquire a leader's name,
My speech will be less ardent. Novelty
Now prompts my tongue, and youthful admiration
Vents itself freely; since no part is mine
Of praise pertaining to the great in arms.

Glen. You wrong yourself, brave sir; your martial deeds
Have rank'd you with the great. But mark me, Norval;
Lord Randolph's favour now exalts your youth
Above his veterans of famous service.
Let me, who know these soldiers, counsel you.

Give them all honour : seem not to command ;
Else they will scarcely brook your late sprung power,
Which nor alliance props, nor birth adorns.

Nor. Sir, I have been accustom'd all my days
To hear and speak the plain and simple truth :
And tho' I have been told that there are men
Who borrow friendship's tongue to speak their scorn,
Yet in such language I am little skill'd.
Therefore I thank Glenalvon for his counsel,
Although it sounded harshly. Why remind
Me of my birth obscure ? Why slur my power
With such contemptuous terms ?

Glen. I did not mean
To gall your pride, which now I see is great.

Nor. My pride !

Glen. Suppress it, as you wish to prosper.
Your pride's excessive. Yet, for Randolph's sake,
I will not leave you to its rash direction.
If thus you swell, and frown at high-born men,
Will high-born men endure a shepherd's scorn ?

Nor. A shepherd's scorn !

Glen. Yes ; if you presume
To bend on soldiers these disdainful eyes,
What will become of you ?

Nor. If this were told !——

Hast thou no fears for thy presumptuous self ?

Glen. Ha ! dost thou threaten me ?

Nor. Didst thou not hear ?

Glen. Unwillingly I did ; a nobler foe
Had not been question'd thus. But such as thee——

Nor. Whom dost thou think me ?

Glen. Norval.

Nor. So I am——

And who is Norval in Glenalvon's eyes ?

Glen. A peasant's son, a wandering beggar-boy ;
At best no more, even if he speaks the truth.

Nor. False as thou art, dost thou suspect my truth ?

Glen. Thy truth ! thou'rt all a lie : and false
Is the vain-glorious tale thou told'st to Randolph.

Nor. If I were chain'd, unarm'd, and bed-rid old,
Perhaps I should revile ; but as I am,
I have no tongue to rail. The humble Norval
Is of a race who strive not but with deeds.

Did I not fear to freeze thy shallow valour,
And make thee sink too soon beneath my sword,
I'd tell thee—what thou art. I know thee well.

Glen. Dost thou not know Glenalvon, born to command
Ten thousand slaves like thee——

Nor. Villain, no more !

Draw and defend thy life. I did design
To have defy'd thee in another cause ;
But Heav'n accelerates its vengeance on thee.
Now for my own and Lady Randolph's wrongs.

Enter LORD RANDOLPH.

Lord R. Hold, I command you both. The man that stirs
Makes me his foe.

Nor. Another voice than thine
That threat had vainly sounded, noble Randolph.

Glen. Hear him, my Lord ; he's wond'rous condescending !
Mark the humility of shepherd Norval !

Nor. Now you may scoff in safety.

[*Sheathes his sword.*]

Lord R. Speak not thus,
Taunting each other ; but unfold to me
The cause of quarrel, then I judge betwixt you.

Nor. Nay, my good Lord, though I revere you much,
My cause I plead not, nor demand your judgment,
I blush to speak ; I will not, cannot speak
Th' opprobrious words that I from him have borne.
To the liege-lord of my dear native land
I owe a subject's homage : but ev'n him
And his high arbitration I reject.
Within my bosom reigns another lord ;
Honour, sole judge, and umpire of itself.
If my free speech offend you, noble Randolph,
Revoke your favours, and let Norval go
Hence as he came, alone, but not dishonour'd.

Lord R. Thus far I'll mediate with impartial voice :
The ancient foe of Caledonia's land
Now waves his banners o'er her frightened fields.
Suspend your purpose till your country's arms
Repel the bold invader : then decide
The private quarrel.

Glen. I agree to this.

Nor. And I.

Glen. Norval,

Let not our variance mar the social hour,
Nor wrong the hospitality of Randolph.
Nor frowning anger, nor yet wrinkled hate,
Shall stain my countenance. Soothe thou thy brow;
Nor let our strife disturb the gentle dame.

Nor. Think not so lightly, sir, of my resentment.
When we contend again, our strife is mortal.—*HOME.*

SCENE—DOUGLAS AND OLD NORVAL.

Douglas. This is the place, the centre of the grove;
Here stands the oak, the monarch of the wood.
How sweet and solemn is this midnight scene!
The silver moon, unclouded, holds her way
Thro' skies where I could count each little star.
The fanning west wind scarcely stirs the leaves!
The river, rushing o'er its pebbled bed,
Imposes silence with a stilly sound
In such a place as this, at such an hour,
If ancestry can be in ought believed,
Descending spirits have conversed with man,
And told the secrets of the world unknown.

Enter OLD NORVAL.

Old Nor. 'Tis he. But what if he should chide me hence?
His just reproach I fear.

[*DOUGLAS turns aside and sees him.*

Forgive, forgive,
Canst thou forgive the man, the selfish man,
Who bred Sir Malcolm's heir, a shepherd's son?

Doug. Kneel not to me: thou art my father still;
Thy wish'd for presence now completes my joy.
Welcome to me; my fortunes thou shalt share,
And ever honour'd with thy Douglas live.

Old Nor. And dost thou call me father: Oh, my son!
I think that I could die, to make amends
For the great wrong I did thee. 'Twas my crime
Which in the wilderness so long conceal'd
The blossom of thy youth.

Doug. Not worse the fruit,
That in the wilderness the blossom blow'd.

Amongst the shepherds, in the humble cot,
I learn'd some lessons, which I'll not forget
When I inhabit yonder lofty towers.

I, who was once a swain, will ever prove
The poor man's friend ; and when my vassals bow,
Norval shall smooth the crested pride of Douglas.

Nor. Let me but live to see thine exaltation !
Yet grievous are my fears. Oh, leave this place,
And those unfriendly towers !

Doug. Why should I leave them ?

Nor. Lord Randolph and his kinsman seek your life.

Doug. How know'st thou that ?

Old Nor. I will inform you how :
When evening came, I left the secret place
Appointed for me by your mother's care,
And fondly trod in each accustom'd path
That to the castle leads. Whilst thus I ranged,
I was alarm'd with unexpected sounds
Of earnest voices. On the persons came.
Unseen I lurk'd, and overheard them name
Each other as they talk'd, Lord Randolph this,
And that Glenalvon. Still of you they spoke,
And of the lady ; threat'ning was their speech,
Tho' but imperfectly my ear could hear it.
'Twas strange, they said, a wonderful discov'ry ;
And ever and anon they vow'd revenge.

Doug. Revenge ! for what ?

Old Nor. For being what you are,
Sir Malcolm's heir : how else have you offended ?
When they were gone, I hied me to my cottage,
And there sat musing how I best might find
Means to inform you of their wicked purpose,
But I could think of none. At last, perplex'd,
I issued forth, encompassing the tower
With many a wearied step and wishful look.
Now Providence hath brought you to my sight,
Let not your too courageous spirit scorn
The caution which I give.

Doug. I scorn it not.

My mother warn'd me of Glenalvon's baseness ;
But I will not suspect the noble Randolph.
In our encounter with the vile assassins,
I mark'd his brave demeanour ; him I'll trust.

Old Nor. I fear you will, too far.

Doug. Here in this place

I wait my mother's coming : she shall know
What thou hast told : her counsel I will follow,
And cautions ever are a mother's counsels.
You must depart : your presence may prevent
Our interview.

Old Nor. My blessing rest upon thee !
Oh, may Heav'n's hand, which saved thee from the wave,
And from the sword of foes, be near thee still ;
Turning, mischance, if ought hangs o'er thy head,
All upon mine ! [Exit.

Doug. He loves me like a parent ;
And must not, shall not, lose the son he loves,
Altho' his son has found a nobler father.
Eventful day ! how hast thou changed my state !
Once on the cold and winter-shaded side
Of a bleak hill mischance had rooted me,
Never to thrive, child of another soil ;
Transplanted now to the gay sunny vale,
Like the green thorn of May my fortune flowers.
Ye glorious stars ! high Heav'n's resplendent host !
To whom I oft have of my lot complain'd,
Hear and record my soul's unalter'd wish !
Dead or alive, let me but be renown'd !
May Heav'n inspire some fierce gigantic Dane,
To give a bold defiance to our host !
Before he speaks it out I will accept ;
Like Douglas conquer, or like Douglas die.—*HOMER.*

LORD ERSKINE AGAINST WILLIAMS, THE PUBLISHER OF PAINE'S
AGE OF REASON.

GENTLEMEN,—It would be useless and disgusting to enumerate all the passages within the scope of the indictment. How any man can rationally vindicate the publication of such a book, in a country where the Christian religion is the very foundation of the law of the land, I am totally at a loss to conceive, and have no ideas for the discussion of ! How is a tribunal, whose whole jurisdiction is founded upon the solemn belief and practice of what is denied as falsehood, and reprobated as impiety, to deal with such an anomalous

defence? Upon what principle is it even offered to the court, whose authority is contemned and mocked at? If the religion proposed to be called in question is not previously adopted in belief and solemnly acted upon, what authority has the court to pass any judgment at all of acquittal or condemnation? Why am I now, or at any time, to address twelve of my equals, as I am now addressing you with reverence and submission? Under what sanction are the witnesses to give their evidence, without which there can be no trial? Under what obligations can I call upon you, the jury representing your country, to administer justice? Surely upon no other, than that you are sworn to administer it, under the oaths you have taken. The whole judicial fabric, from the king's sovereign authority to the lowest office of magistracy, has no other foundation. The whole is built, both in form and substance, upon the same oath of every one of its ministers, to do justice, AS GOD SHALL HELP THEM HEREAFTER. What God? and what hereafter? That God undoubtedly, who has commanded kings to rule and judges to decree justice; who has said to witnesses, not only by the voice of nature, but in revealed commandments—THOU SHALT NOT BEAR TESTIMONY AGAINST THY NEIGHBOUR; and who has enforced obedience to them by the revelations of the unutterable blessings which shall attend their observances, and the awful punishment which shall await upon their transgressions.

But it seems, this is an age of reason, and the time and the persons are at last arrived, that are to dissipate the errors which have overspread the past generations of ignorance. The believers in Christianity are many, but it belongs to the few that are wise to correct their credulity. Belief is an act of reason, and superior reason may, therefore, dictate to the weak. In running the mind over the long list of sincere and devout Christians, I cannot help lamenting that Newton had not lived to this day, to have had his shallowness filled up with this new flood of light. But the subject is too awful for irony. I will speak plainly and directly. Newton was a Christian! Newton, whose mind burst forth from the fetters cast by nature upon our finite conceptions—Newton, whose science was truth, and the foundation of whose knowledge of it was philosophy; not those visionary and arrogant presumptions which too often usurp its name, but philosophy resting on the basis of mathematics, which,

like figures, cannot lie—Newton, who carried the line and rule to the utmost barriers of creation, and explored the principles by which, no doubt, all created matter is held together and exists. But this extraordinary man, in the mighty reach of his mind, overlooked, perhaps, the errors which a minuter investigation of the created things on this earth might have taught him, of the essence of his Creator. What shall then be said of the great Mr Boyle, who looked into the organic structure of all matter, even to the brute inanimate substances which the foot treads on? Such a man may be supposed to have been equally qualified with Mr Paine to look up through nature to nature's God. Yet the result of all his contemplations was the most confirmed and devout belief of all which the other holds in contempt as despicable and drivelling superstition.

But this error might, perhaps, arise from a want of a due attention to the foundations of human judgment, and the structure of that understanding which God has given us for the investigation of truth. Let that question be answered by Mr Locke, who was, to the highest pitch of devotion and adoration, a Christian. Mr Locke, whose office was to detect the errors of thinking, by going up to the foundation of thought, and to direct into the proper track of reasoning the devious mind of man, by showing him its whole process, from the first perceptions of sense to the last conclusion of ratiocination, putting a rein besides upon false opinion by practical rules for the conduct of human judgment. But these men were only deep thinkers, and lived in their closets, unaccustomed to the traffic of the world, and to the laws which practically regulate mankind.

Gentlemen,—In the place where we now sit to administer the justice of this great country, above a century ago, the never-to-be-forgotten Sir Matthew Hale presided, whose faith in Christianity is an exalted commentary upon its truth and reason, and whose life was a glorious example of its fruit in man, administering human justice with a wisdom and purity drawn from the pure fountain of the Christian dispensation, which has been, and will be, in all ages a subject of the highest reverence and admiration. But it is said by the author that the Christian fable is but the tale of the more ancient superstitions of the world, and may be easily detected by a proper understanding of the mythologies of the heathens. Did Milton understand those mythologies?

Was he less versed than Mr Paine in the superstitions of the world? No, they were the subject of his immortal song; and though shut out from all recurrence to them, he poured them forth from the stores of a memory rich with all that man ever knew; and laid them in their order as the illustration of that real and exalted faith, the unquestionable source of that fervid genius, which cast a sort of shade upon all the other works of man.

Thus you find all that is great, or wise, or splendid, or illustrious, amongst created beings; all the minds gifted beyond ordinary nature, if not inspired by its universal Author for the advancement and dignity of the world, though divided by distant ages, and by the clashing opinions distinguishing them from one another, yet joining as it were in one sublime chorus, to celebrate the truths of Christianity, and laying upon its holy altars the never-fading offerings of their immortal wisdom.

Against all this concurring testimony, we find suddenly, from the author of this book, that the Bible teaches nothing but "lies, obscenity, cruelty, and injustice." Had he ever read our Saviour's sermon on the mount, in which the great principles of our faith and duty are summed up?—Let us all but read and practise it, and lies, obscenity, cruelty and injustice, and all human wickedness would be banished from the world!

Gentlemen,—There is but one consideration more which I cannot possibly omit, because I confess it affects me very deeply. The author of this book has written largely on public liberty and government; and this last performance has on that account been more widely circulated, and principally among those who attached themselves from principle to his former works. This circumstance renders a public attack upon all revealed religion from such a writer infinitely more dangerous. The religious and moral sense of the people of Great Britain is the great anchor which alone can hold the vessel of the state amidst the storms which agitate the world; and if I could believe for a moment that the mass of the people were to be debauched from the principles of religion, which forms the true basis of that humanity, charity, and benevolence, that has been so long the national characteristic, instead of mixing myself, as I sometimes have done, in political reformations, I would rather retire to the uttermost corner of the earth to avoid their agitation; and

would bear, not only the imperfections and abuses complained of in our own wise establishment, but even the worst government that ever existed in the world, rather than go to the work of reformation with a multitude set free from all the charities of Christianity, who had no sense of God's existence but from Mr Paine's observation of nature, which the mass of mankind have no leisure to contemplate, nor any belief of future rewards and punishments, to animate the good in the glorious pursuit of human happiness, nor to deter the wicked from destroying it even in its birth. But I know the people of England better. They are a religious people, and with the blessing of God, as far as it is in my power, I will lend my aid to keep them so.

I have no objection to the freest and most extended discussions upon doctrinal points of the Christian religion, and though the law of England does not permit it, I do not dread the reasoned arguments of deists against the existence of Christianity itself, because, as was said by its divine Author, if it is of God, it will stand. An intellectual book, however erroneous, addressed to the intellectual world, upon so profound and complicated a subject, can never work the mischief which this indictment is calculated to repress. Such works will only employ the minds of men enlightened by study, to a farther investigation of a subject well worthy of their deepest and continued contemplation. The powers of the mind are given for human improvement in the progress of human existence. The changes produced by such reciprocations of lights and intelligences are certain in their progressions, and make their way imperceptibly, as conviction comes upon the world, by the final and irresistible power of truth. If Christianity be founded on falsehood, let us become deists in this manner, and I am contented. But this book has no such object and no such capacity; it presents no arguments to the wise and enlightened. On the contrary, it treats the faith and opinions of the wisest with the most shocking contempt, and stirs up men without the advantages of learning, or sober thinking, to a total disbelief of every thing hitherto held sacred; and consequently to a rejection of all the laws and ordinances of the state, which stand only upon the assumption of their truth.

Gentlemen,—I cannot conclude without expressing the deepest regret at all attacks upon the Christian religion, by authors who profess to promote the civil liberties of the

world. For under what other auspices than Christianity, have the lost and subverted liberties of mankind in former ages been reasserted? By what zeal but the warm zeal of devoted Christians, have English liberties been redeemed and consecrated? Under what other sanctions even in our own days, have liberty and happiness been extending and spreading to the uttermost corners of the earth? What work of civilization, what commonwealth of greatness has this bold religion of nature ever established? We see, on the contrary, the nations that have no other light than that of nature to direct them, sunk in barbarism or slaves to arbitrary governments; whilst since the Christian era, the great career of the world has been slowly, but clearly advancing, lighter at every step, from the awful prophecies of the gospel, and leading I trust, in the end, to universal and eternal happiness. Each generation of mankind can see but a few revolving links of this mighty and mysterious chain; but by doing our several duties in our allotted stations, we are sure that we are fulfilling the purposes of our existence. You, I trust, will fulfil yours this day.

FITZ-JAMES AND RODERICK DHU.

"Twice have I sought Clan-Alpine's glen
In peace; but when I come again,
I come with banner, brand, and bow,
As leader seeks his mortal foe.
For love-lorn swain, in lady's bower,
Ne'er panted for the appointed hour,
As I, until before me stand
This rebel Chieftain and his band."—

"Have, then, thy wish!"—he whistled shrill,
And he was answer'd from the hill;
Wild as the scream of the curlew,
From crag to crag the signal flew.
Instant, through copse and heath, arose
Bonnets and spears and bended bows;
On right, on left, above, below,
Sprung up at once the lurking foe;
From shingles grey their lances start,
The bracken bush sends forth the dart.

The rushes and the willow-wand
 Are bristling into axe and brand,
 And every tuft of broom gives life
 To plaided warrior arm'd for strife.
 That whistle garrison'd the glen
 At once with full five hundred men,
 As if the yawning hill to heaven
 A subterranean host had given.
 Watching their leader's beck and will,
 All silent there they stood and still.
 Like the loose crags whose threat'ning mass
 Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass,
 As if an infant's touch could urge
 Their headlong passage down the verge,
 With step and weapon forward flung,
 Upon the mountain-side they hung.
 The mountaineer cast glance of pride
 Along Benledi's living side,
 Then fix'd his eye and sable brow
 Full on Fitz-James—"How say'st thou now?
 These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true;
 And, Saxon,—I am Roderick Dhu!"

Fitz-James was brave:—Though to his heart
 The life-blood thrill'd with sudden start,
 He mann'd himself with dauntless air,
 Return'd the Chief his haughty stare,
 His back against a rock he bore,
 And firmly placed his foot before:—
 "Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
 From its firm base as soon as I."—
 Sir Roderick mark'd—and in his eyes
 Respect was mingled with surprise,
 And the stern joy which warriors feel
 In foemen worthy of their steel.
 Short space he stood—then waved his hand:
 Down sunk the disappearing band;
 Each warrior vanish'd where he stood,
 In broom or bracken, heath or wood;
 Sunk brand and spear and bended bow,
 In osiers pale and copses low;
 It seem'd as if their mother Earth
 Had swallow'd up her warlike birth.

The wind's last breath had toss'd in air,
Pennon and plaid, and plumage fair,—
The next but swept a lone hill-side,
Where heath and fern were waving wide;
The sun's last glance was glinted back,
From spear and glaive, from targe and jack,—
The next, all unreflected, shone
On bracken green, and cold grey stone.

Fitz-James look'd round—yet scarce believed
The witness that his sight received ;
Such apparition well might seem
Delusion of a dreadful dream.
Sir Roderick in suspense he eyed,
And to his look the Chief replied,
“ Fear nought—nay, that I need not say—
But—doubt not aught from mine array.
Thou art my guest ;—I pledged my word
As far as Coilantogle ford :
Nor would I call a clansman's brand
For aid against one valiant hand,
Though on our strife lay every vale
Rent by the Saxon from the Gael.
So move we on ;—I only meant
To show the reed on which you leant,
Deeming this path you might pursue
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.”—
They moved :—I said Fitz-James was brave,
As ever knight that belted glaive ;
Yet dare not say, that now his blood
Kept on its wont and temper'd flood,
As, following Roderick's stride, he drew
That seeming lonesome pathway through,
Which yet, by fearful proof, was rife
With lances, that to take his life
Waited but signal from a guide,
So late dishonour'd and defied.
Ever, by stealth, his eye sought round
The vanish'd guardians of the ground,
And still from copse and heather deep,
Fancy saw spear and broadsword peep,
And in the plover's shrilly strain,
The signal whistle heard again.

Nor breathed he free till far behind
The pass was left ; for then they wind
Along a wide and level green,
Where neither tree nor tuft was seen,
Nor rush, nor bush of broom was near,
To hide a bonnet or a spear.

The Chief in silence strode before,
And reach'd that torrent's sounding shore,
Which, daughter of three mighty lakes,
From Vennachar in silver breaks,
Sweeps through the plain, and ceaseless mines
On Bochastle the mouldering lines,
Where Rome, the empress of the world,
Of yore her eagle wings unfurl'd.
And here his course the Chieftain staid,
Threw down his target and his plaid,
And to the Lowland warrior said :—
“ Bold Saxon ! to his promise just,
Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust.
This murderous Chief, this ruthless man,
This head of a rebellious clan,
Hath led thee safe, through watch and ward,
Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard.
Now, man to man, and steel to steel,
A Chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel.
See, here, all vantageless I stand,
Arm'd like thyself, with single brand ;
For this is Coilantogle ford,
And thou must keep thee with thy sword.”—

The Saxon paused :—“ I ne'er delay'd,
When foeman bade me draw my blade ;
Nay more, brave Chief, I vow'd thy death :
Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,
And my deep debt for life preserved,
A better meed have well deserved :—
Can nought but blood our feud atone ?
Are there no means ?”—“ No, Stranger, none !
And hear,—to fire thy flagging zeal,—
The Saxon cause rests on thy steel ;
For thus spoke Fate by prophet bred
Between the living and the dead ;

' Who spills the foremost foeman's life,
 His party conquers in the strife.'—
 " Then, by my word," the Saxon said,
 " The riddle is already read.
 Seek yonder brake beneath the cliff,—
 There lies Red Murdoch, stark and stiff.
 Thus Fate has solved her prophecy,
 Then yield to Fate, and not to me.
 To James, at Stirling, let us go,
 When, if thou wilt be still his foe,
 Or if the King shall not agree
 To grant thee grace and favour free,
 I plight mine honour, oath, and word,
 That, to thy native strengths restored,
 With each advantage shalt thou stand,
 That aids thee now to guard thy land."—

Dark lightning flash'd from Roderick's eye—
 " Soars thy presumption then so high,
 Because a wretched kern ye slew,
 Homage to name to Roderick Dhu ?
 He yields not, he, to man nor Fate !
 Thou add'st but fuel to my hate :—
 My clansman's blood demands revenge.—
 Not yet prepared ?—By heaven, I change
 My thought, and hold thy valour light
 As that of some vain carpet-knight,
 Who ill deserved my courteous care,
 And whose best boast is but to wear
 A braid of his fair lady's hair."—
 —" I thank thee, Roderick, for the word !
 It nerves my heart, it steels my sword ;
 For I have sworn this braid to stain
 In the best blood that warms thy vein.
 Now, truce, farewell ! and ruth, begone !—
 Yet think not that by thee alone,
 Proud Chief ! can courtesy be shown ;
 Though not from copse, or heath, or cairn,
 Start at my whistle clansmen stern,
 Of this small horn one feeble blast
 Would fearful odds against thee cast.
 But fear not—doubt not—which thou wilt—
 We try this quarrel hilt to hilt."—

Then each at once his faulchion drew,
Each on the ground his scabbard threw,
Each look'd to sun, and stream, and plain,
As what they ne'er might see again;
Then, foot, and point, and eye opposed,
In dubious strife they darkly closed.

Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu,
That on the field his targe he threw,
Whose brazen studs and tough bull-hide
Had death so often dash'd aside;
For, train'd abroad his arms to wield,
Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield.
He practised every pass and ward,
To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard;
While less expert, though stronger far,
The Gael maintain'd unequal war.
Three times in closing strife they stood,
And thrice the Saxon blade drank blood;
No stinted draught, no scanty tide,
The gushing flood the tartans dyed.
Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,
And shower'd his blows like wintry rain;
And as firm rock, or castle-roof,
Against the winter shower is proof,
The foe invulnerable still
Foil'd his wild rage by steady skill;
Till, at advantage ta'en, his brand
Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand,
And, backwards borne upon the lea,
Brought the proud Chieftain to his knee.—

“Now, yield thee, or, by Him who made
The world, thy heart's blood dyes my blade!”—
“Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy!
Let recreant yield, who fears to die.”—
Like adder darting from his coil,
Like wolf that dashes through the toil,
Like mountain-cat who guards her young,
Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung;
Received, but reck'd not of a wound,
And lock'd his arms his foeman round.—
Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own!
No maiden's hand is round thee thrown!

That desperate grasp thy frame might feel,
 Through bars of brass and triple steel!—
 They tug, they strain!—down, down, they go,
 The Gael above, Fitz-James below.
 The Chieftain's gripe his throat compress'd,
 His knee was planted in his breast;
 His clotted locks he backward threw,
 Across his brow his hand he drew,
 From blood and mist to clear his sight,
 Then gleam'd aloft his dagger bright!
 —But hate and fury ill supplied
 The stream of life's exhausted tide,
 And all too late the advantage came,
 To turn the odds of deadly game;
 For, while the dagger gleam'd on high,
 Reel'd soul and sense, reel'd brain and eye.
 Down came the blow! but in the heath
 The erring blade found bloodless sheath.
 The struggling foe may now unclasp
 The fainting Chief's relaxing grasp;
 Unwounded from the dreadful close,
 But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.

—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

ORATION ON THE DEATH OF WASHINGTON.

SENATORS,—In obedience to your will, I rise, your humble organ, with the hope of executing a part of the system of public mourning which you have been pleased to adopt, commemorative of the death of the most illustrious and most beloved personage this country has ever produced; and which, while it transmits to posterity your sense of the awful event, faintly represents your knowledge of the consummate excellence you so cordially honour.

Desperate, indeed, is any attempt on earth to meet correspondently this dispensation of Heaven; for while with pious resignation we submit to the will of an all-gracious Providence, we can never cease lamenting, in our finite view of Omnipotent Wisdom, the heart-rending privation for which our nation weeps. When the civilised world shakes to its centre—when every moment gives birth to strange and momentous changes—when our peaceful quarter of the globe, exempt as it happily has been from any share of the

slaughter of the human race, may yet be compelled to abandon her pacific policy and to risk the doleful casualties of war—what limit is there to the extent of our loss? None within the reach of my words to express; none which your feelings will not disavow.

The founder of our federate Republic, our bulwark in war, our guide in peace, is no more! Oh, that this was but questionable! Hope, the comforter of the wretched, would pour into our agonised hearts its balmy dew. But, alas! there is no hope for us; our Washington is removed for ever. Possessing the stoutest frame and purest mind, he had passed nearly to his 68th year in the enjoyment of high health, when, habituated by his care of us to neglect himself, a slight cold disregarded became inconvenient on Friday, oppressive on Saturday, and, defying every medical interposition, before the morning of Sunday *put an end to the best of men*. An end, did I say? His fame survives! bounded only by the limits of the earth, and by the extent of the human mind. He survives in our hearts, in the growing knowledge of our children, in the affections of the good throughout the world; and when our monuments shall be done away, when nations now existing shall be no more, when even our young and far spreading empire shall have perished, still will our Washington's glory, unfaded, shine and die not until love of virtue ceases on earth, or earth itself sinks into chaos.

How, my fellow-citizens, shall I single out to your grateful hearts his pre-eminent worth? Where shall I begin in opening to your view a character throughout sublime? Shall I speak of his warlike achievements, all springing from obedience to his country's will, all directed to his country's good?

Will you go with me to the banks of the Monongahela, to see your youthful Washington supporting, in the dismal hour of Indian victory, the ill-fated Braddock, and saving, by his judgment and by his valour, the remains of a defeated army pressed by the conquering savage foe? Or, when oppressed America, nobly resolving to risk her all in defence of her violated rights, he was elevated by the unanimous voice of Congress to the command of her armies:—Will you follow him to the high grounds of Boston, where to an undisciplined, courageous, and virtuous yeomanry his presence gave the stability of system, and infused the invin-

cibility of love of country? Or, shall I carry you to the painful scenes of Long Island, York Island, and New Jersey, when combating superior and gallant armies, aided by powerful fleets, and led by chiefs high in the rolls of fame, he stood the bulwark of our safety,—undismayed by disaster, unchanged by change of fortune? Or, will you view him in the precarious fields of Trenton, where deep gloom, unnerving every arm, reigned triumphant throughout thinned, worn down, unaided ranks, himself unmoved? Dreadful was the night. It was about this time of winter; the storm raged; the Delaware rolling furiously with floating ice forbade the approach of man. Washington, self collected, viewed the tremendous scene. His country called. Unappalled by surrounding dangers he passed to the hostile shore. He fought; he conquered. The morning sun cheered the American world. Our country rose on the event; and her dauntless chief, pursuing his blow, completed on the lawns of Princeton what his vast soul had conceived on the shores of Delaware.

To the horrid din of battle sweet peace succeeded, and our virtuous chief, mindful only of the common good, in a moment tempting personal aggrandisement, hushed the discontents of growing sedition, and surrendering his power into the hands from which he had received it, converted his sword into a ploughshare, teaching an admiring world that to be truly great you must be truly good.

Great as was our Washington in war, and much as did that greatness contribute to produce the American Republic, it is not in war alone his pre-eminence stands conspicuous. His various talents, combining all the capacities of a statesman with those of a soldier, fitted him alike to guide the councils and the armies of our nation. Scarcely had he rested from his martial toils, while his invaluable parental advice was still sounding in our ears, when he who had been our shield and our sword was called forth to act a less splendid but a more important part.

Possessing a clear and a penetrating mind, a strong and a sound judgment, calmness and temper for deliberation, with invincible firmness and perseverance in resolutions maturely formed, drawing information from all, acting from himself with incorruptible integrity and unvarying patriotism, his own superiority and the public confidence alike marked him as the man designed by Heaven to lead in the great

political as well as military events which have distinguished the era of his life.

The Presidential term expiring, his solicitude to exchange exaltation for humility returned with a force increased with increase of age ; and he had prepared his farewell address to his countrymen, proclaiming his intention, when the united interposition of all around him, enforced by the eventful prospects of the epoch, produced a farther sacrifice of inclination to duty. The election of President followed ; and Washington, by the unanimous vote of the nation, was called to resume the chief magistracy. What a wonderful fixture of confidence ! Which attracts most our admiration—a people so correct, or a citizen combining such an assemblage of talents forbidding rivalry, and stifling even envy itself ! Such a nation ought to be happy ; such a chief must be for ever revered.

War, long menaced by the Indian tribes, now broke out ; and the terrible conflict, deluging Europe with blood, began to shed its baneful influence over our happy land. To the first, outstretching his invincible arm under the orders of the gallant Wayne, the American eagle soared triumphant through distant forests. Peace followed victory ; and the melioration of the condition of the enemy followed peace.

To the second he opposed himself. New and delicate was the conjuncture, and great was the stake. Soon did his penetrating mind discern and seize the only course continuing to us all the felicity enjoyed. He issued his proclamation of neutrality. This index to his whole subsequent conduct was sanctioned by the approbation of both Houses of Congress, and by the approving voice of the people.

To this sublime policy he inviolably adhered, unmoved by foreign intrusion, unshaken by domestic turbulence.

Maintaining his pacific system at the expense of no duty, America, faithful to herself, and unstained in her honour, continued to enjoy the delights of peace, while afflicted Europe mourns in every quarter under the accumulated miseries of an unexampled war—miseries in which our happy country must have shared, had not our pre-eminent Washington been as firm in council as he was brave in the field.

Pursuing steadfastly his course, he held safe the public happiness, preventing foreign war, and quelling internal discord, till the revolving period of a third election approached,

when he executed his interrupted but inextinguishable desire of returning to the humble walks of private life.

First in war—first in peace—and first in the hearts of his countrymen, he was second to none in the humble and endearing scenes of private life. Pious, just, humane, temperate, and sincere—uniform, dignified, and commanding—his example was as edifying to all around him as were the effects of that example lasting.

To his equals he was condescending; to his inferiors kind; and to the dear object of his affection exemplarily tender. Correct throughout, vice shuddered in his presence, and virtue always felt his fostering hand. The purity of his private character gave effulgence to his public virtues.

His last scene comported with the whole tenor of his life. Although in extreme pain, not a sigh, not a groan escaped him; and with undisturbed serenity he closed his well-spent life. Such was the man America has lost. Such was the man for whom our nation mourns.—LEE.

THE ALDERMAN'S FUNERAL.

Stranger. Whom are they ushering from the world, with all

This pageantry and long parade of death?

Townsmen. A long parade, indeed, sir, and yet here You see but half; round yonder bend it reaches A furlong farther, carriage behind carriage.

S. 'Tis but a mournful sight, and yet the pomp Tempts me to stand a gazer.

T. Yonder schoolboy,
Who plays the truant, says the proclamation
Of peace was nothing to the show, and even
The charring of the members at election
Would not have been a finer sight than this;
Only that red and green are prettier colours
Than all this mourning. There, sir, you behold
One of the red-gown'd worthies of the city,
The envy and the boast of our exchange,
Ay, what was worth, last week, a good half million,—
Screw'd down in yonder hearse.

S. Then he was born
Under a lucky planet, who to-day
Puts mourning on for his inheritance.

T. When first I heard his death, that very wish
Leapt to my lips : but now the closing scene
Of the comedy hath waken'd wiser thoughts ;
And I bless God, that when I go to the grave,
There will not be the weight of wealth like his
To sink me down.

S. The camel and the needle.—
Is that, then, in your mind ?

T. Even so. The text
Is gospel wisdom. I would ride the camel,—
Yea, leap him flying, through the needle's eye,
As easily as such a pamper'd soul
Could pass the narrow gate.

S. Your pardon, sir,
But sure this lack of Christian charity
Looks not like Christian truth.

T. Your pardon too, sir,
If, with this text before me, I should feel
In the preaching mood ! But for these barren fig-trees,
With all their flourish and their leafiness,
We have been told their destiny and use,
When the axe is laid unto the root, and they
Cumber the earth no longer.

S. Was his wealth
Stored fraudfully, the spoil of orphans wrong'd,
And widows who had none to plead their right ?

T. All honest, open, honourable gains,
Fair legal interest, bonds and mortgages,
Ships to the east and west.

S. Why judge ye, then,
So hardly of the dead ?

T. For what he left
Undone :—for sins, not one of which is mention'd
In the Ten Commandments. He, I warrant him,
Believed no other gods than those of the Creed :
Bow'd to no idols—but his money-bags ;
Swore no false oaths, except at the custom-house :
Kept the Sabbath idle : built a monument
To honour his dead father : did no murder :
Was too old fashion'd for adultery :
Never picked pockets : never bore false-witness :
And never, with that all-commanding wealth,
Coveted his neighbour's house, nor ox, nor ass.

S. You knew him, then, it seems !

T. As all men know
The virtues of your hundred-thousanders :
They never hide their light beneath a bushel.

S. Nay, nay, uncharitable sir ! for often
Doth bounty like a streamlet flow unseen,
Freshening and giving life along its course.

T. We track the streamlet by the brighter green
And livelier growth it gives : but as for this—
This was a pool that stagnated and stunk,
The rains of heaven engender'd nothing in it
But slime and foul corruption.

S. Yet even these
Are reservoirs whence public charity
Still keeps her channels full.

T. Now, sir, you touch
Upon the point. This man of half a million
Had all these public virtues which you praise,
But the poor man rung never at his door ;
And the old beggar, at the public gate,
Who, all the summer long, stands, hat in hand,
He knew how vain it was to lift an eye
To that hard face. Yet he was always found
Among your ten and twenty pound subscribers,
Your benefactors in the newspapers.
His alms were money put to interest
In the other world—donations to keep open
A running charity-account with Heaven :—
Retaining fees against the last assizes,
When, for the trusted talents, strict account
Shall be required from all, and the old arch lawyer
Plead his own cause as plaintiff.

S. I must needs
Believe you, sir :—these are your witnesses,
These mourners here, who from their carriages
Gape at the gaping crowd. A good March wind
Were to be prayed for now, to lend their eyes
Some decent rheum. The very hireling mute
Bears not a face blanker of all emotion
Than the old servant of the family !
How can this man have lived, that thus his death
Costs not the soiling one white handkerchief !

T. Who should lament for him, sir, in whose heart

Love had no place, nor natural charity ?
 The parlour spaniel when she heard his step,
 Rose slowly from the hearth and stole aside
 With creeping pace ; she never raised her eyes
 To woo kind words from him, nor laid her head
 Upraised upon his knee, with fondling whine :
 How could it be but thus ? Arithmetic
 Was the sole science he was ever taught.
 The multiplication table was his creed,
 His pater-noster, and his decalogue.
 When yet he was a boy, and should have breathed
 The open air and sunshine of the fields,
 To give his blood its natural spring and play,
 He in a close and dusky counting-house,
 Smoke-dried, and seared, and shrivelled up his heart.
 So from the way in which he was train'd up
 His feet departed not ; he toil'd and moil'd,
 Poor muck-worm ! through his threescore years and ten,
 And when the earth shall now be shovelled on him,
 If that which served him for a soul were still
 Within its husk, 'twould still be dirt to dirt.
S. Yet your next newspapers will blazon him
 For industry and honourable wealth,
 A bright example.

T. Even half a million
 Gets him no other praise. But come this way
 Some twelvemonths hence, and you will find his virtues
 Trimly set forth in lapidary lines,
 Faith, with her torch beside, and little Cupids
 Dropping upon his urn their marble tears.—SOUTHEY.

SPEECH OF DR CHALMERS IN DEFENCE OF SABBATH-SCHOOLS.

The object of Sabbath-schools is to make the young wise unto salvation through the medium of the Word of God, and for this purpose to exercise their attention and their memory, and their understanding, and their every faculty which belongs to them, on the sacred volume of inspiration. You will at least allow that during the whole work of such an institution the right seed and the appropriate soil for the reception of it are brought in contact with each other, and

the only thing wanted to complete the human part of the arrangement is a qualified agent for the purpose of depositing this seed. Now, there is one class of objectors to this system who must find it quite impossible to allege in opposition to it the difficulty of finding such agents. They conceive, and they honestly conceive, it to be hurtful on the principle of its withdrawing the young from the moral and religious guardianship of their parents. Such an objection as this supposes the great mass of parents to be qualified for the Christian education of their families, and I most readily admit this to be the case in as far as the qualification of mere talent is concerned. Parents, generally speaking, labour under no natural disqualification for the effective training up of their offspring in the nurture and admonition of the Lord,—and why? Just because, agreeably to all I have stated on this subject, every one of them may if he will have access to the Bible, every one of them may if he will have access to the Mediator, through whom the things of God may, through the medium of the Bible, be revealed to the understanding—every one of them may if he will have the benefit of the teaching of the Holy Ghost, and through prayer for wisdom as he stands in need of it, may obtain a plentiful supply of that wisdom in virtue of which he may win the souls of his family. With all this in my mind, I can have no doubt as to the general competency of parents for the Christian charge of their families, nor do I think that the land in which we dwell will ever become a land of righteousness till many a parent shall have reared in his own home the altar of piety, and shall have set up a school of instruction under the sanctuary of his own roof, and within the retirement of his own walls.

Let me now recur to the objection I have already adverted to as applied to the institution of Sabbath-schools,—that it detaches children from the moral and religious guardianship of their parents. I ask if the holders of this argument would turn it against the measure of an additional church in this the city of our habitation? Now, the precise effect of this additional church would be to take families from their homes. It would be transferring in part the business of their instruction away from the natural guardians; and yet, in spite of this circumstance, the men who send their offspring to the house of God are the very men to whom I would look for the most vigilant system of Christian super-

intendence in their own houses. And the men who do not send them are most assuredly not the men from whom we would rightly expect such a deep, such an ever-working and earnest concern for the religion of their offspring, that they could not bear them out of their dwellings on the day which is set apart for the solemn exercises of religion, nor confide them to any management but the in-door management of a strict system of household regulation. Now, my brethren, it is right you should know, that in reference to one-half of the population of our city, such institutions as those we are now pleading for are the only substitutes they have in their power to resort to in the room of additional churches. There is no other out-of-door instruction to which they can possibly send them. And while, in the mind of the objector, there exists the conception that this Sabbath-school hour is additional to a whole day of regular attendance on the ordinary means, the real state of the case is, that it is the only hour of the day on which a very large proportion of the young have a religious pretext for being away from under the eye and the guardianship of their parents.

But, again, I have fully conceded to you, that in point of natural qualification there does exist among the generality of parents a sufficiency of talent, and, if any of them will, he may have a sufficiency of grace for bringing up his children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. Now, though I have conceded to you the existence of the talent, I cannot, with my eye open to the real state of matters, concede to you the existence of the will. The practical merits of this question are very much to be decided by the existing state of practice and of disposition as to the work of family ministrations. Now, I aver, that in a very great number of instances they are abandoned altogether, and that not because Sabbath-schools have relieved parents of the feeling of that responsibility which belongs to them, but because they have positively no such feeling to give any agitation or disturbance to their consciences at all. The alternative with many children is not between the advantage of out-of-door and the advantage of within-door instruction: the alternative is between out-of-door instruction or none at all. The alternative is not between one species of instruction and another: the alternative is between one species of instruction and no instruction whatever. If the seed be not deposited in this particular way, then it is never deposited.

And I do think, that in these circumstances it is giving up the efficacy of the Word—it is saying that God may send it forth, and that it will return to him void—it is stamping an inefficacy upon the Bible, and withholding from it all that virtue which every true believer must assign to it, to hold that there is a way in which the knowledge of it may be given, (and that, too, you will observe, the only way in which it can be given in this particular instance), and given with judgment, too,—for you have no right to assume in behalf of your argument an incompetent teacher; that there is a way in which prayers for its efficacy are lifted up, and lifted up with faith, too,—for you have no right to assume in behalf of your argument a dishonest or an unbelieving teacher; and yet that the deposition of the seed, and the exertions of the labourers, and the intercessions of a believing heart for the fruit of the labour—that all these expedients have been put in operation, and yet that in the face of Bible promises and Bible assurances, all have turned out to be an insignificant parade, without produce and without efficacy.

But lastly, it strikes me that this said objection proceeds upon an entire miscalculation of human nature. You cannot state with arithmetical precision the number of parents who take no concern, and feel no responsibility whatever about their offspring, and who yet would allow them their hour of Sabbath education if the education were provided. But all such children may reap the most decisive good and get no harm from such institutions as we are now pleading for. Neither can we state with arithmetical precision the number of parents who have some conscience upon this subject, but that conscience so slender in its demands, that it would be quieted by the simple act of sending their children to such a school, and then feel itself relieved from the burden of all further cognizance. But should there be any parent of this description, may it not be shrewdly suspected that, with a conscience so slender, all his household ministrations, when he had them, would be proportionally slender, and that the loss of these ministrations to the young, may be amply made up by such a system of teaching, as we have no right to suppose will be conducted in any other spirit than that of wisdom and piety. And lastly, we cannot state with arithmetical precision the number of parents who are in plain and honest earnest about the Christianity of

their children. Should they judge it better to keep their families at home they will of course do so, and in reference to them there is neither good nor evil accruing from the institution in question. But for my own part, I can conceive an enlightened Christian father to judge and to act otherwise upon this question, to count it on the whole an advantage to his young that they attended this Bible seminary, and that just on the same principle that it is an advantage for them to attend the ministrations of a clergyman—to take the benefit of the out-of-door instruction, and feel at the same time as powerfully instigated as before to set up an active and exemplary system within the bosom of his family—to avail himself of the school, not as a substitute for his own exertions, but as a powerful accession to them.

SCENE—KING, QUEEN, HAMLET.

King. How is it, Hamlet, that the clouds still hang on you?

Ham. Not so, my Lord, I am too much i' th' sun.

Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
Do not, for ever, with thy veiled lids,
Seek for thy noble father in the dust;
Thou know'st 'tis common; all that live must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.

Ham. Ay, Madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be,
Why seems it so particular with thee?

Ham. Seems, Madam? nay, it is; I know not *seems*:
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected 'haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, moods, shows of grief,
That can denote me truly. These indeed *seem*,
For they are actions that a man might play;
But I have that within which passeth show:
These but the trappings and the suits of woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature
Hamlet,

To give these mourning duties to your father :
 But you must know, your father lost a father ;
 That father, his ; and the survivor bound
 In filial obligation, for some term,
 To do obsequious sorrow. But to persevere
 In obstinate condolment, is a course
 Of impious stubbornness, unmanly grief.
 It shows a will most incorrect to Heav'n,
 A heart unfortify'd, a mind impatient,
 An understanding simple, and unschool'd :
 For what we know must be, and is as common
 As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
 Why should we, in our peevish opposition,
 Take it to heart ? fie ! 'tis a fault to Heaven,
 A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
 To reason most absurd ; whose common theme
 Is death of fathers, and who still hath cry'd,
 From the first corse till he that died to-day,
 This must be so. We pray you throw to earth
 This unprevailing wo, and think of us
 As of a father ; for let the world take note,
 You are the most immediate to our throne ;
 And with no less nobility of love,
 Than that which dearest father bears his son,
 Do I impart tow'rd you. For your intent
 In going back to school at Wittenberg,
 It is most retrograde to our desire :
 And we beseech you, bend you to remain
 Here in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
 Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.
Queen. Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet :
 I pr'ythee stay with us, go not to Wittenberg.
Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, Madam.
King. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply ;
 Be as ourself in Denmark. Madam, come ;
 This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet
 Sits smiling to my heart ; in grace whereof,
 No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day,
 But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell ;
 And the King's rouse the heav'n shall bruit again,
 Re-speaking earthly thunder. Come, away. [*Exeunt.*]

Ham. Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt,

Thaw and resolve itself into a dew !
 Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
 His canon 'gainst self-slaughter !
 How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable,
 Seem to me all the uses of this world !
 Fie on't ! oh, fie ! 'tis an unweeded garden,
 That grows to seed ; things rank, and gross in nature,
 Possess it merely. That it should come to this !
 But two months dead ! nay, not so much ; not two ;—
 So excellent a king, that was to this,
 Hyperion to a satyr : so loving to my mother,
 That he permitted not the winds of heav'n
 Visit her face too roughly. Heav'n and earth !
 Must I remember—why, she would hang on him,
 As if increase of appetite had grown
 By what it fed on ; yet, within a month,—
 Let me not think on't—Frailty, thy name is *Woman* !—
 A little month ! or ere those shoes were old,
 With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
 Like Niobe, all tears—she married with my uncle,
 My father's brother, but no more like my father
 Than I to Hercules. Within a month—
 Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
 Had left the flushing in her galled eyes !
 It is not, nor it cannot come to good,
 But break my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

—SHAKESPEARE

SCENE—HORATIO, HAMLET, MARCELLUS, AND BERNARDO.

Hor. Hail to your Lordship !

Ham. I am glad to see you well ;

Horatio,—or I do forget myself.

Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

Ham. Sir, my good friend ; I'll change that name with
 you :

And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio ?

Marcellus !

Mar. My good lord.—

Ham. I am very glad to see you ; good morning, sir,
 But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg ?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my lord.

Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so;
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it truster of your own report
Against yourself. I know you are no truant;
But what is your affair in Elsinore?
We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.

Hor. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

Ham. I pry'thee, do not mock me, fellow-student;
I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio; the funeral bak'd meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage-tables.
'Would I had met my dearest foe in heav'n,
Or ever I had seen that day, Horatio!
My father—methinks I see my father.

Hor. Oh, where, my lord?

Ham. In my mind's eye, Horatio.

Hor. I saw him once, he was a goodly king.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight

Ham. Saw! who?—

Hor. My lord, the King your father.

Ham. The King my father!

Hor. Season your admiration for a while,
With an attentive ear; till I deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

Ham. For heaven's love, let me hear.

Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead waste and middle of the night,
Been thus encountered: A figure like your father,
Arm'd at all points exactly, cap-à-pie,
Appears before them, and with solemn march
Goes slow and stately by them; thrice he walk'd,
By their oppress'd and fear-surprised eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; while they (distill'd
Almost to jelly with th' effect of fear)
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch;
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,

Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes. I knew your father :
These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this ?

Hor. My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.

Ham. Did you not speak to it ?

Hor. My lord, I did ;

But answer made it none. Yet once methought
It lifted up its head, and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak :
But even then the morning cock crew loud ;
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
And vanish'd from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange.

Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true ;
And we did think it writ down in our duty
To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me,
Hold you the watch to-night ?

Both. We do, my lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say you ?

Both. Arm'd, my lord.

Ham. From top to toe ?

Both. My lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not his face ?

Hor. Oh, yes, my lord ; he wore his beaver up.

Ham. What, look'd he frowningly ?

Hor. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red ?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you ?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had been there !

Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like. Staid it long ?

Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.

Both. Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw't.

Ham. His beard was grizzled ? No.

Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silver'd.

Ham. I'll watch to-night ; perchance 'twill walk again.

Hor. I warrant you, it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, tho' hell itself should gape,
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still :
And whatsoever shall befall to-night,
Give it an understanding but no tongue ;
I will requite your loves : so fare ye well.
Upon the platform 'twixt eleven and twelve
I'll visit you.

All. Our duty to your honour.

[*Exeunt.*

Ham. Your loves, as mine to you : farewell.
My father's spirit in arms ! all is not well.
I doubt some foul play : 'would the night were come !
Till then sit still, my soul : foul deeds will rise,
Tho' all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes. [*Exit.*

—SHAKESPEARE.

SPEECH OF THE HONOURABLE CHARLES SUMNER AGAINST THE
FUGITIVE SLAVE BILL, IN THE SENATE OF THE UNITED
STATES, AUGUST 26, 1852.

SIR,—The existing Slave Act cannot be enforced without violating the precept of Washington. Not merely “uneasy sensations of well-disposed persons,” but rage, tumult, commotion, mob, riot, violence, death, gush from its fatal overflowing fountains.

Not a case occurs without endangering the public peace. Workmen are brutally dragged from employments to which they are wedded by years of successful labour ; husbands are ravished from wives, and parents from children. Every where there is disturbance ; at Detroit, Buffalo, Harrisburg, Syracuse, Philadelphia, New York, Boston. At Buffalo, the fugitive was cruelly knocked by a log of wood against a red-hot stove, and his mock trial commenced while the blood still oozed from his wounded head. At Syracuse, he was rescued by a sudden mob ; so also at Boston. At Harrisburg, the fugitive was shot ; at Christiana, the slave-hunter was shot. At New York, unprecedented excitement, always with uncertain consequences, has attended every case. Again, at Boston, a fugitive, according to the received report, was first basely seized under pre-

text that he was a criminal, arrested only after a deadly struggle; guarded by officers who acted in violation of the laws of the state; tried in a court-house surrounded by chains, contrary to the common law; finally surrendered to slavery by trampling on the criminal process of the state, under an escort in violation, again, of the laws of the state, while the pulpits trembled, and the whole people not merely "uneasy," but swelling with ill-suppressed indignation, for the sake of order and tranquillity, without violence witnessed the shameful catastrophe.

With every attempt to administer the Slave Act, it constantly becomes more revolting, particularly in its influence on the agents it enlists. Pitch cannot be touched without defilement, and all who lend themselves to this work seem at once and unconsciously to lose the better part of man. The spirit of the law passes into them, as the devils entered the swine. Upstart commissioners, the mere mushrooms of courts, vie and revie with each other:—now by indecent speed, now by harshness of manner, now by a denial of evidence, now by crippling the defence, and now by open glaring wrong, they make the odious act yet more odious. Clemency, grace, and justice, die in its presence. All this is observed by the world. Not a case occurs which does not harrow the souls of good men, and bring tears of sympathy to the eyes, also those other noble tears which "patriots shed o'er dying laws."

Sir, I shall speak frankly. If there be an exception to this feeling, it will be found chiefly with a peculiar class. It is a sorry fact that the "mercantile interest," in its unpardonable selfishness, twice in English history frowned upon the endeavours to suppress the atrocity of Algerine slavery; that it sought to baffle Wilberforce's great effort for the abolition of the African slave-trade; and that, by a sordid compromise, at the formation of our constitution, it exempted the same detested heaven-defying traffic from American judgment. And now representatives of this "interest," forgetful that commerce is the child of freedom, join in hunting the slave. But the great heart of the people recoils from this enactment. It palpitates for the fugitive, and rejoices in his escape. Sir, I am telling you facts. The literature of the age is all on his side. The songs, more potent than laws, are for him. The poets, with voices of melody, are for freedom. Who could sing for slavery? They who make the perma-

nent opinion of the country, who mould our youth, whose words, dropped into the soul, are the germs of character, supplicate for the slave. And now, sir, behold a new and heavenly ally. A woman, inspired by Christian genius, enters the lists, like another Joan of Arc, and with marvellous power sweeps the chords of the popular heart. Now melting to tears, and now inspiring to rage, her work every where touches the conscience, and makes the slave-hunter more hateful. In a brief period, nearly 100,000 copies of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* have been already circulated. But this extraordinary and sudden success—surpassing all other instances in the records of literature—cannot be regarded merely as the triumph of genius. Higher far than this, it is the testimony of the people, by an unprecedented act, against the Fugitive Slave Bill.

These things I dwell upon as the incentives and tokens of an existing public sentiment, which renders this act practically inoperative, except as a tremendous engine of terror. Sir, the sentiment is just. Even in the lands of slavery, the slave-trader is loathed as an ignoble character, from whom the countenance is turned away; and can the slave-hunter be more regarded while pursuing his prey in a land of freedom? In early Europe, in barbarous days, while slavery prevailed, a hunting master, as the Germans called him, was held in aversion. Nor was this all. The fugitive was welcomed in the cities, and protected against pursuit. Sometimes vengeance awaited the hunter. Down to this day, at Revel, now a Russian city, a sword is proudly preserved with which a hunting baron was beheaded, who, in violation of the municipal rights of this place, seized a fugitive slave. Hostile to this act as our public sentiment may be, it exhibits no trophy like this. The state-laws of Massachusetts have been violated in the seizure of a fugitive slave; but no sword, like that of Revel, now hangs at Boston.

I have said, sir, that this sentiment is just. And is it not? Every escape from slavery necessarily and instinctively awakens the regard of all who love freedom. The endeavour, though unsuccessful, reveals courage, manhood, character. No story is read with more interest than that of our own Lafayette, when, aided by a gallant South Carolinian, in defiance of the despotic ordinances of Austria, kindred to our Slave Act, he strove to escape from the bondage of Ol-

mutz. Literature pauses with exultation over the struggles of Cervantes, the great Spaniard, while a slave in Algiers, to regain the liberty for which he says, in his immortal work, "we ought to risk life itself, slavery being the greatest evil that can fall to the lot of man." Science, in all her manifold triumphs, throbs with pride and delight, that Arago, the astronomer and philosopher—devoted republican also—was redeemed from barbarous slavery to become one of her greatest sons. Religion rejoices serenely, with joy unspeakable, in the final escape of Vincent de Paul. Exposed in the public squares of Tunis to the inspection of the traffickers in human flesh, this illustrious Frenchman was subjected to every vileness of treatment,—like a horse, compelled to open his mouth, to show his teeth, to trot, to run, to exhibit his strength in lifting burthens, and then, like a horse, legally sold in market overt. Passing from master to master, after a protracted servitude, he achieved his freedom, and regaining France, commenced that resplendent career of charity by which he is placed among the great names of Christendom. Princes and orators have lavished panegyrics upon this fugitive slave; and the Catholic Church, in homage to his extraordinary virtues, has introduced him into the company of saints.

Less by genius or eminent services than by sufferings are the fugitive slaves of our country now commended. For them every sentiment of humanity is aroused :

———"Who could refrain
That had a heart to love, and in that heart
Courage to make his love known !"

Rude and ignorant they may be ; but in their very efforts for freedom, they claim kindred with all that is noble in the past. They are among the heroes of our age. Romance has no stories of more thrilling interest than theirs. Classical antiquity has preserved no examples of adventurous trial more worthy of renown. Among them are men whose names will be treasured in the annals of their race. By the eloquent voice they have already done much to make their wrongs known, and to secure the respect of the world. History will soon lend them her avenging pen. Proscribed by you during life, they will proscribe you through all time. Sir, already judgment is beginning. A righteous public sentiment palsies your enactment.

THE SPOUTER.

The Spouter has strutted since Thespis erected the Stage.

Mark Dick, the young Apothecary,
Renouncing the Dispensatory,
His simples, gallipots, and name,
To steal a march on distant fame,

By spouting love to Juliet—

And clubs, yclept Thespian, fulsome regards still engage—

Where 'prenticed youths and spinsters greet
The vulgar gaze from sheer conceit—
Scorning the shop, its gains in fact,
Shakspeare's heroics to enact,

Though apt to *play the fool* yet.

Our hero *fuit sutor, ultra crepidam* inspired—

More prone to con a play than close an *upper*—

Forswearing sleep and oft his supper

For classic occupation.

Before him, as in Crispin's servitude he sat retired,

Were stuck some scraps of poetry and prose
Whereon the eye might revel as it rose

Indignant at his jobs.

In sooth, his friends *to boot* were much abused—

Their wants so fettered Snobbs,

That oft their proffered custom he refused,

And spurned the avocation.

Joey indulged the histrionic flame—

His first love farce—"Fortune's Frolic" say,

Or "X. Y. Z."—whose Neddy Bray

Liston had stamped with popular acclaim.

But then Joe's wife, a conscience-fearing queen,

Abjured the stage, nor e'er a play had seen.

She was religious—her creed severe and

Casuistical—

No preacher gospell'd Kate like the

Methodistical.

Her husband's frolics she essayed to tame,

His soul from jeopardy to extricate ;

Alas ! Joe's *mal-prepense* remained the same—

A player he would be in spite of fate !

The Spouters had announced a monthly *cast*,
 Where Shakspeare stood pre-eminently first,
 Centlivre next—O'Keefe—and Cibber last.
 Othello judgment pleads. The Moor to grace
 Our Souter was prepared, but then his face
 To personate the noble Moor's was curst.
 Not that its lines were strictly European,
 Or that it wanted colour, being clean,
 But then a phiz so vulgarly plebeian,
 No Christian e'er on Mussulman had seen.
 Othello bustled through in noise and fury—
 His Desdemona stabbed with something like an awl—
 Not quite so sharp perhaps, though quite as small—
 Unlike the Roman dagger grasped by Kean at Drury.

The five acts past—nor farce announced for Joe,
 As stars seldom appear in farce or interlude,
 (And Joey, meteor-like, though destitute of *mag*,
 Described considerable *longitude*)
 Save for their benefit, and none had he to brag,
 As subsequent details may serve to show—
 Our hero doffed his turban, moon, and buskin,
 His mantle, scimitar, and sash, for kerseymere
 And apron vile, befitting more a Souter's wear.
 Not so the Moorish sable of his skin—
 For he, a novice in theatric arts,
 And, to the uses blind
 Which cork, to calx reduced, imparts,
 Had to his favourite *paste* his face resigned,
 And, to a jet and sparkling hue,
 Had brushed it up so brilliant too,
 To towel, lard, and suds, it scorned to yield—
 Like Rizzio's blood that will not be concealed.

Joe left the scene, the attic lone to reach
 Where pined his wakeful spouse in sleepless rest—
 But on the threshold paused, for from a niche
 The voice of melody he heard, and guessed
 His Kate her throat in orisons did stretch—
 It was the soothing lullaby that rose,
 As her first-born she cradled to repose.
 The latch with softest secrecy he raised—
 The moonbeam, struggling through a broken pane,

Describes his path—anon she starts amazed—

But to her task inclines again—

For soon her erring planet's disk obscure she spies,
Nor needs a "milky-way" to light it to her eyes.

With arms encumbered *a-la-Nap*, and stride

That players practise in the walk of pride,

Joe singles out a corner in his garret,

Resolved to play the Moor, and *star it*.

"Most potent, grave, and reverend seigniors !

That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter

It is most true—true, I have married her."

Kate, somewhat puzzled, leans to hear,

Then, interrupting, with a tear

Makes bold to wipe the actor from his face—

When Joe, with more of emphasis than grace—

——— *"That handkerchief*

Did an Egyptian to my mother give"—

"Egyptian ! that's a good un," muttered Kate,

Who just had purchased it in Cripple-gate—

"Desdemona, have you prayed to-night ?

I would not kill thy unprepared spirit !"

"Kill, Joe ? sure you do but prate ?"

"Nay, then, it is too late"—

And following up Othello's act,

The spouter straight her throat attacked—

Killing in jest, as Hamlet says,

While, stoutly now, his Kate displays

No science mean, but parries quick—now plants a hit—

Then, deaf to time, slips down to breathe and scream a bit.

Meantime, by-play is rigidly maintained

Not by Emelia nor Venetian lords,

But armed police, who, quickened to the chase

By female shrieks, are swift to know the case.

The charge is made—but not a word obtained—

His situation proof affords—

"Sirrah, where's your wife ?"

——— *"I have no wife !"*

Kate, peeping forth from no *right wing* or *upper door*,

But from her truckle bed upon the floor,

Explains how still her Joe with wife was blest,

And how the Moor he only played in jest—

" 'Twas so, indeed !' and Kate, as one is apt to do
 Who follows nature in a part that's new,
 Her voice extended somewhat wide,
 Supposing accent thus applied
 Would mark —— "

" Bring him along ! The peace has been disturbed !
 Nay, wife and all ! This passion must be curbed ! "
 Our hero, finding now the scene to change,
 And more *personæ* cast than Shakspeare drew,
 Yet still to acting pledged, and to his author true,—
 And tracing, in his own, a semblance strange
 To great Othello's fate—his eye around
 He threw to see what he could find, and found
 A broomstick—

*" Behold ! I have a weapon !
 A better ne'er sustained itself upon a soldier's thigh.
 In Aleppo once,
 Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk
 Struck a Venetian and traduced the state,
 I took by the throat the circumcised dog
 And smote him thus "—*

At length, by fearful odds beleaguered,
 They dragged him forth disarmed, disfigured—
 His cheek, nor black nor pale, but now
 One crimson stream from chin to brow—
 In the Lock-up secured, ambition sunk unblest—
 His flesh one common sore—one sweeping curse his breast.

Next morning, Judgment sent our Souter,
 Spite of fine,
 To the tread-mill of corrective cast,
 There to pine
 In penance prescribed for errors past.
 May all who blindly feed an itching in their brain
 For gifts which Heaven denies, nor they can else
 obtain,
 So judge themselves as we have judged the Spouter.

—MANUSCRIPT.

SCENE—WILLIAM TELL.

Tell. Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again !
I hold to you the hands you first beheld,
To show they still are free. Methinks I hear
A spirit in your echoes answer me,
And bid your tenant welcome to his home
Again ! O sacred forms, how proud you look !
How high you lift your heads into the sky !
How huge you are ! how mighty and how free !
How do you look, for all your bared brows,
More gorgeously majestic than kings
Whose loaded coronets exhaust the mine !
Ye are the things that tower, that shine—whose smile
Makes glad—whose frown is terrible—whose forms,
Robed or unrobed, do all the impress wear
Of awe divine—whose subject never kneels
In mockery, because it is your boast
To keep him free ! Ye guards of liberty,
I'm with you once again ! I call to you
With all my voice ! I hold my hands to you
To show they still are free ! I rush to you
As though I could embrace you !

Enter ERNI.

Erni. Thou'rt sure to keep the time,
That com'st before the hour.

Tell. The hour, my friend,
Will soon be here. O, when will liberty
Be here ! My Erni, that's my thought, which still
I find beside. Scaling yonder peak,
I saw an eagle wheeling near its brow :
O'er the abyss his broad-expanded wings
Lay calm and motionless upon the air,
As if he floated there without their aid,
By the sole act of his unlorded will,
That buoy'd him proudly up. Instinctively
I bent my bow ; yet kept he rounding still
His airy circle, as in the delight
Of measuring the ample range beneath,
And round about, absorb'd, he heeded not
The death that threatened him. I could not shoot !—

'Twas liberty. I turned my bow aside,
And let him soar away.

Enter VERNER and FURST.

Tell. Here, friends!—Well met!—Do we go on?

Verner. We do.

Tell. Then you can reckon on the friends you named?

Ver. On every man of them.

Furst. And I on mine.

Erni. Not one I sounded, but doth rate his blood
As water in the cause! Then fix the day
Before we part.

Ver. No, Erni: rather wait
For some new outrage to amaze and rouse
The common mind, which does not brood so much
On wrongs gone by, as it doth quiver with
The sense of present ones.

Tell. I wish with Erni,
But I think with thee. Yet, when I ask myself
On whom the wrong shall light for which we wait—
Whose vineyard they'll uproot—whose flocks they'll ra-
vage—

Whose threshold they'll profane—whose earth pollute—
Whose roof they'll fire?—When this I ask myself,
And think upon the blood of pious sons,
The tears of venerable fathers, and
The shrieks of mothers, fluttering round their spoil'd
And nestless young, I almost take the part
Of generous indignation, that doth blush
At such expense to wait on sober prudence.

Furst. Yet it is best.

Tell. On that we're all agreed.
Who fears the issue when the day shall come?
I'm not the man

To mar this harmony. Nor I, no more
Than any of you! You commit to me
The warning of the rest. Remember, then,
My dagger sent to any one of you—
As time may press—is word enough. The others
I'll see myself. Our course is clear—Dear Erni,
Remember me to Melctal. Furst, provide
What store you can of arms. Do you the same.
The next aggression of the tyrant is

The downfall of his power. Remember me
 To Melctal, Erni—to my father. Tell him
 He has a son was never born to him !
 Farewell !—When next we meet upon this theme
 All Switzerland shall witness what we do ! [*Exeunt.*
 —KNOWLES.

SCENE—EMMA.

Emma. O, the fresh morning ! Heaven's kind messenger,
 That never empty-handed comes to those
 Who know to use its gifts. Praise be to Him
 Who loads it still, and bids it constant run
 The errand of His bounty ! Praise be to Him !
 We need His care that on the mountain's cliff
 Lodge by the storm, and cannot lift our eyes,
 But piles on piles of everlasting snows,
 O'erhanging us, remind us of His mercy.

Enter ALBERT.

Albert. My mother !

Emma. Albert !

Alb. [*Descending, and approaching Emma.*] Bless thee !

Emma. Bless thee, Albert !

How early were you up ?

Alb. Before the sun.

Emma. Ay, strive with him. He never lies a-bed
 When it is time to rise. He ever is
 The constant'st workman that goes through his task,
 And shows us how to work by setting to't
 With smiling face ; for labour's light as ease
 That cheerfulness doth take in hand. Be like
 The sun.

Alb. What you would have me like, I'll be like,
 As far as will, to labour join'd, can make me.

Emma. Well said, my boy ! Knelt you, when you
 got up
 To-day ?

Alb. I did ; and do so every day.

Emma. I know you do ! And think you, when you
 kneel,
 To whom you kneel ?

Alb. To HIM who made me, mother.

Emma. And in whose name?

Alb. The name of HIM who died

For me and all men, that all men and I
Should live.

Emma. That's right! Remember that, my son :
Forget all things but that—remember that !
'Tis more than friends or fortune ; clothing, food ;
All things of earth ; yea, life itself. It is
To live when these are gone, where there are naught
With God ! My son, remember that !

Alb. I will !

Emma. You have been early up, when I, that play'd
The sluggard in comparison, am up
Full early ; for the highest peaks alone,
As yet, behold the sun. Now tell me what
You ought to think on when you see the sun
So shining on the peak ?

Alb. That as the peak
Feels not the pleasant sun, or feels it least ;
So they who highest stand in fortune's smile
Are gladden'd by it least, or not at all !

Emma. And what's the profit you should turn this to ?

Alb. Rather to place my good in what I have
Than think it worthless, wishing to have more :
For more is not more happiness, so oft
As less.

Emma. I'm glad you husband what you're taught.
That is the lesson of content, my son ;
He who finds which, has all—who misses nothing.

Alb. Content is a good thing.

Emma. A thing, the good
Alone can profit by.

Alb. My father's good.

Emma. What say'st thou, boy ?

Alb. I say my father's good.

Emma. Yes ; he is good ! what then ?

Alb. I do not think

He is content—I'm sure he is not content ;
Nor would I be content, were I a man,
And Gesler seated on the rock of Altorf !
A man may lack content and yet be good.

Emma. I did not say all good men found content.

I would be busy ; leave me. [Exit ALBERT.]
 Why should my heart sink ! 'tis for this we rear them !
 Cherish their tiny limbs ; pine if a thorn
 But mar their tender skin ; gather them to us
 Closer than miser hugs his bag of gold ;
 Bear more for them than slave, who makes his flesh
 A casket for the rich purloined gem,
 To send them forth into a wintry world,
 To brave its flaws and tempests ! They must go ;
 Far better, then, they go with hearty will !
 Be that my consolation. Nestling as
 He is, he is the making of a bird
 Will own no cowering wing. 'Twas fine—'twas fine
 To see my eaglet on the verge o' the nest,
 Ruffling himself at sight of the big gulf
 He feels anon he'll have the wing to soar. [Exeunt.]
—KNOWLES.

SCENE—GESLER.

Gesler. Alone, alone ! and every step the mist
 Thickens around me ! On these mountain tracts
 To lose one's way, they say is sometimes death.
 What ho ! holloa !—No tongue replies to me !
 What thunder hath the horror of this silence !
 I dare not stop ; the day, though not half run,
 Is not less sure to end his course ; and night,
 Dreary when through the social haunts of men
 Her solemn darkness walks, in such a place
 As this, comes wrapped in most appalling fear !
 I dare not stop, nor dare I yet proceed,
 Begirt with hidden danger. If I take
 This hand, it carries me still deeper into
 The wild and savage solitudes I'd shun,
 Where once to faint with hunger is to die :
 If this, it leads me to the precipice,
 Whose brink with fatal horror rivets him
 That treads upon't, till, drunk with fear, he reels
 Into the gaping void, and headlong down
 Plunges to still more hideous death ! Curs'd slaves !
 To let me wander from them ! [Thunder.] Ho !—Holloa !
 My voice sounds weaker to mine ear ; I've not

The strength to call I had, and through my limbs
Cold tremor runs, and sickening faintness seizes
On my heart! O, Heaven, have mercy! Do not see
The colour of the hands I lift to thee!
Look only on the strait wherein I stand,
And pity it! Let me not sink! Uphold—
Support me! Mercy! mercy!

Enter ALBERT.

Albert. I'll breathe upon this level, if the wind
Will let me. Ha! a rock to shelter me!
Thanks to't. A man, and fainting! Courage, friend!
Courage! A stranger that has lost his way.
Take heart—take heart; you're safe. How feel you now?
[Gives him drink from a flask.]

Ges. Better.

Alb. You have lost your way upon the hill?

Ges. I have.

Alb. And whither would you go?

Ges. To Altorf.

Alb. I'll guide you thither.

Ges. You're a child.

Alb. I know

The way: the track I've come is harder far
To find.

Ges. The track you've come! What mean you? Sure
You have not been still farther in the mountains?

Alb. I've travelled from Mount Faigel.

Ges. No one with thee?

Alb. No one but God.

Ges. Do you not fear these storms?

Alb. God's in the storm.

Ges. And there are torrents, too,
That must be cross'd.

Alb. God's by the torrent, too.

Ges. You're but a child.

Alb. God will be with a child.

Ges. You're sure you know the way?

Alb. 'Tis but to keep

The side of yonder stream.

Ges. But guide me safe,

I'll give thee gold.

Alb. I'll guide thee safe without.

Ges. Here's earnest for thee. [*Offers gold.*] Here—I'll double that,
Yea, treble it, but let me see the gate
Of Altorf. Why do you refuse the gold?
Tak't.

Alb. No.

Ges. You shall.

Alb. I will not.

Ges. Why?

Alb. Because

I do not covet it; and, though I did,
It would be wrong to take it as the price
Of doing one a kindness.

Ges. Ha!—who taught
Thee that?

Alb. My father.

Ges. Does he live in Altorf?

Alb. No, in the mountains.

Ges. How!—a mountaineer?

He should become a tenant of the city;
He'd gain by't?

Alb. Not so much as he might lose by't.

Ges. What might he lose by't?

Alb. Liberty.

Ges. Indeed!

He also taught thee that?

Alb. He did.

Ges. His name?

Alb. This is the way to Altorf, sir.

Ges. I'd know

Thy father's name.

Alb. The day is wasting—we
Have far to go.

Ges. Thy father's name, I say?

Alb. I will not tell it thee.

Ges. Not tell it me!

Why?

Alb. You may be an enemy of his.

Ges. May be a friend.

Alb. May be; but should you be

An enemy—Although I would not tell you
My father's name, I'd guide you safe to Altorf.
Will you follow me?

Ges. Ne'er mind thy father's name:
What would it profit me to know't? Thy hand;
We are not enemies.

Alb. I never had
An enemy.

Ges. Lead on.

Alb. Advance your staff
As you descend, and fix it well. Come on.

Ges. What, must we take that steep?

Alb. 'Tis nothing. Come,
I'll go before—ne'er fear. Come on—come on! [*Exeunt.*
—KNOWLES.

SCENE—ALBERT AND GESLER AT THE GATE OF ALTORF.

Alb. You're at the gate of Altorf. [*Returning.*

Ges. Tarry, boy!

Alb. I would be gone; I am waited for.

Ges. Come back!

Who waits for thee? Come, tell me, I am rich
And powerful, and can reward.

Alb. 'Tis close

On evening; I have far to go! I'm late.

Ges. Stay! I can punish, too.

Alb. I might have left you,

When on the hill I found you fainting, and
The mist around you; but I stopp'd and cheer'd you,
Till to yourself you came again. I offer'd
To guide you, when you could not find the way,
And I have brought you to the gate of Altorf.

Ges. Boy, do you know me?

Alb. No.

Ges. Why fear you, then,
To trust me with your father's name?—Speak.

Alb. Why

Do you desire to know it?

Ges. You have served me,
And I would thank him, if I chanced to pass
His dwelling.

Alb. 'Twould not please him that a service
So trifling should be made so much of!

Ges. Trifling:
You've saved my life!

Alb. Then do not question me,
But let me go.

Ges. When I have learned from thee
Thy father's name. What ho!

Sentinel. [*Within.*] Who's there?

Ges. Gesler!

Alb. Ha, Gesler!

Ges. [*To the soldiers.*]—Seize him! Wilt thou tell me
Thy father's name?

Alb. No!

Ges. I can bid them cast thee
Into a dungeon! Wilt thou tell it now?

Alb. No.

Ges. I can bid them strangle thee. Wilt tell it?

Alb. Never.

Ges. Away with him! Send Sarnem to me.

[*Soldiers take off Albert through the gate.*
Behind that boy, I see the shadow of
A hand must wear my fetters, or 'twill try
To strip me of my power. I have felt to-day
What 'tis to live at others' mercy. I
Have tasted fear to very sickness, and
Ow'd to a peasant-boy my safety—Ay,
My life! and there does live the slave can say
Gesler's his debtor! How I loath'd the free
And fearless air with which he trod the hill!
Yea, though the safety of his steps was mine,
Oft as our path did brink the precipice,
I wish'd to see him miss his footing and
Roll over! But he's in my power!—Some way
To find the parent nest of this fine eaglet,
And harrow it! I'd like to clip the broad
And full-grown wing that taught his tender pinion
So bold a flight!

Enter SARNEM, through the gate.

Ges. Ha, Sarnem! Have the slaves,
Attended me, returned?

Sar. They have.

Ges. You'll see
That every one of them be laid in.

Sar. I will.

Ges. Did'st see the boy?

Sar. That passed me ?

Ges. Yes.

Sar. A mountaineer !

Ges. You'd say so, saw you him
Upon the hills ; he walks them like their lord !
I tell thee, Sarnem, looking on that boy,
I felt I was not master of those hills.
He has a father—neither promises
Nor threats could draw from him his name—a father
Who talks to him of liberty ! I fear
That man.

Sar. He may be found.

Ges. He must ; and, soon
As found, disposed of ! I can see the man.
He is as palpable to my sight, as if
He stood like you before me. I can see him
Scaling that rock ; yea, I can feel him, Sarnem,
As I were in his grasp, and he about
To hurl me o'er yon parapet ! I live
In danger, till I find that man ! Send parties
Into the mountains, to explore them far
And wide ; and if they chance to light upon
A father, who expects his child, command them
To drag him straight before us. Sarnem, Sarnem,
They are not yet subdued. Some way to prove
Their spirit !—Take this cap ; and have it set
Upon a pole in the market-place, and see
That one and all do bow to it ; whoe'er
Resists, or pays the homage sullenly,
Our bonds await him ! Sarnem, see it done !

[*Exeunt.*
KNOWLES.

SCENE—SARNEM, TELL, AND CITIZENS.

Sar. Ye men of Altorf !

Behold the emblem of your master's power
And dignity. This is the cap of Gesler,
Your governor ; let all bow down to it
Who owe him love and loyalty. To such
As shall refuse this lawful homage, or
Accord it sullenly, he shows no grace,
But dooms them to the penalty of bondage

Till they're instructed—"Tis no less their gain
Than duty to obey their master's mandate.
Conduct the people hither, one by one,
To bow to Gesler's cap.

Enter MICHAEL.

Sar. Bow, slave.

Mic. For what?

Sar. Obey, and question then.

Mic. I'll question now, perhaps not then obey.

Tell. A man! a man!

Sar. 'Tis Gesler's will that all

Bow to that cap.

Mic. Were it thy lady's cap,
I'd curtsey to it.

Sar. Do you mock us, friend?

Mic. Not I. I'll bow to Gesler, if you please;
But not his cap, nor cap of any he
In Christendom!

Tell. A man!—I say a man!

Sar. I see you love a jest; but jest not now
Else you may make us mirth, and pay for't too.
Bow to the cap.

Tell. The slave would humour him.
Holds he but out!

Sar. Do you hear?

Mic. I do.

Tell. Well done!
The lion thinks as much of cowering
As he does.

Sar. Once for all, bow to that cap.

Tell. Verner, let go my arm.

Sar. Do you hear me, slave?

Mic. Slave!

Tell. Verner, let go my arm!—Do you hear me, man?
You must not hold me, Verner

Sar. Villain, bow
To Gesler's cap.

Mic. No—not to Gesler's self!

Sar. Seize him!

Tell. Off, off, you base and hireling pack
Lay not your brutal touch upon the thing
God made in his own image. Crouch yourselves;

'Tis your vocation, which you should not call
On freeborn men to share with you, who stand
Erect, except in presence of their God
Alone!

Sar. What! shrink you, cowards? Must I do
Your duty for you?

Tell. Let them but stir—I've scatter'd
A flock of wolves that did outnumber them,—
For sport I did it. Sport! I scatter'd them
With but a staff, not half so thick as this.

[*Sarnem flies.*

What!—Ha!—Beset by hares! Ye men of Altorf
What fear ye? See what things you fear—the shows
And surfaces of men! Why stand you wondering there?
Why look you on a man that's like yourselves,
And see him do the deeds yourselves might do,
And act them not? Or know you not yourselves?
That ye are men?—that ye have hearts and thoughts
To feel and think the deeds of men, and hands
To do them? You do say your prayers, and make
Confession, and you more do fear the thing
That kneels to God, than you fear God himself!
You hunt the chamois, and you've seen him take
The precipice before he'd yield the freedom
His Maker gave him; and you are content
To live in bonds, that have a thought of freedom,
Which Heaven ne'er gave the little chamois!
Why gaze you still with blanched cheeks upon me?
Lack you the manhood even to look on,
And see bold deeds achieved by others' hands?
Or is't that cap still holds your thralls to fear?
Be free, then! There! Thus do I trample on
The insolence of Gesler!

[*Throws down the pole.*

—KNOWLES.

ON THE ADVANTAGES AND PLEASURES OF SCIENTIFIC PURSUITS.

In order fully to understand the advantages and the pleasures which are derived from an acquaintance with any science, it is necessary to become acquainted with that science; and it would therefore be impossible to convey a complete knowledge of the benefits conferred by a study of

the various sciences which have hitherto been cultivated by philosophers, without teaching all the branches of them. But a very distinct idea may be given of those benefits, by explaining the nature and objects of the different sciences : it may be shown, by examples, how much use and gratification there is in learning a part of any one branch of knowledge, and it may thence be inferred how great reason there is to learn the whole.

It may easily be demonstrated that there is an advantage in learning, both for the usefulness and the pleasure of it. There is something positively agreeable to all men, to all at least whose nature is not most grovelling and base, in gaining knowledge for its own sake. When you see any thing for the first time, you at once derive some gratification from the sight being new ; your attention is awakened, and you desire to know more about it. If it is a piece of workmanship, as an instrument, a machine of any kind, you wish to know how it is made ; how it works ; and what use it is of. If it is an animal, you desire to know where it comes from ; how it lives ; what are its dispositions, and generally, its nature and habits. You feel this desire, too, without at all considering that the machine or the animal may ever be of the least use to yourself practically ; for, in all probability, you may never see them again. But you have a curiosity to learn all about them, because they are new and unknown. You accordingly make inquiries ; you feel a gratification in getting answers to your questions, that is, in receiving information, and in knowing more,—in being better informed than you were before. If you happen again to see the same instrument or animal, you find it agreeable to recollect having seen it formerly, and to think that you know something about it. If you see another instrument or animal, in some respects like, but differing in other particulars, you find it pleasing to compare them together, and to note in what they agree and in what they differ. Now, all this kind of gratification is of a pure and disinterested nature, and has no reference to any of the common purposes of life ; yet it is a pleasure—an enjoyment. You are nothing the richer for it ; you do not gratify your palate or any other bodily appetite ; and yet it is so pleasing, that you would give something out of your pocket to obtain it, and would forego some bodily enjoyment for its sake. The pleasure derived from science is exactly of the like nature, or rather, it is the very same.

For what has just been spoken of is, in fact, science, which in its most comprehensive sense only means *knowledge*, and in its ordinary sense means *knowledge reduced to a system*; that is, arranged in a regular order, so as to be conveniently taught, easily remembered, and readily applied.

The practical uses of any science or branch of knowledge are undoubtedly of the highest importance; and there is hardly any man who may not gain some positive advantage in his worldly wealth and comforts by increasing his stock of information. But there is also a pleasure in seeing the uses to which knowledge may be applied, wholly independent of the share we ourselves may have in those practical benefits. It is pleasing to examine the nature of a new instrument, or the habits of an unknown animal, without considering whether or not they may ever be of any use to ourselves or to any body. It is another gratification to extend our inquiries, and find that the instrument or animal is useful to man, even although we have no chance ourselves of ever benefiting by the information: as, to find that the natives of some distant country employ the animal in travelling:—nay, though we have no desire of benefiting by the knowledge; as for example, to find that the instrument is useful in performing some dangerous surgical operation. The mere gratification of curiosity, the knowing more to-day than we knew yesterday, the understanding clearly what before seemed obscure and puzzling, the contemplation of general truths, and the comparing together of different things, is an agreeable occupation of the mind; and beside the present enjoyment, elevates the faculties above low pursuits, purifies and refines the passions, and helps our reason to assuage their violence.—BROUGHAM.

SCENE—DUKE, AMIENS, AND OTHER LORDS.

Duke. Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
 Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
 Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
 More free from peril than the envious court?
 Here feel we not the penalty of Adam,
 The seasons' difference; as, the icy fang,
 And churlish chiding of the winter's wind;
 Which when it bites and blows upon my body,

Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,—
 This is no flattery ; these are counsellors
 That feelingly persuade me what I am.
 Sweet are the uses of adversity ;
 Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
 Wears yet a precious jewel in his head ;
 And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
 Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
 Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

Ami. I would not change it: happy is your grace,
 That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
 Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Duke. Come, shall we go and kill us venison ?
 And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,—
 Being native burghers of this desert city,—
 Should, in their own confines, with forked heads
 Have their round haunches gored.

1st Lord. Indeed, my lord,
 The melancholy Jaques grieves at that ;
 And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
 Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
 To-day, my Lord of Amiens, and myself,
 Did steal behind him, as he lay along
 Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
 Upon the brook that brawls along this wood :
 To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
 That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
 Did come to languish ; and, indeed, my lord,
 The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
 That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
 Almost to bursting ; and the big round tears
 Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
 In piteous chase ; and thus the hairy fool,
 Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
 Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
 Augmenting it with tears.

Duke. But what said Jaques ?
 Did he not moralise this spectacle ?

1st Lord. O, yes, into a thousand similes.
 First, for his weeping in the needless stream ;
 " Poor deer," quoth he, " thou mak'st a testament
 As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
 To that which had too much." Then, being alone,

Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends:
 " 'Tis right," quoth he; " this misery doth part
 The flux of company:" Anon a careless herd,
 Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
 And never stays to greet him: " Ay," quoth Jaques,
 " Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
 'Tis just the fashion: Wherefore do you look
 Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?"
 Thus most invectively he pierceth through
 The body of the country, city, court,
 Yea, and of this our life; swearing, that we
 Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
 To fright the animals, and to kill them up,
 In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.

Duke. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

2nd Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
 Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke.

Show me the place.

Enter JAQUES.

1st Lord. He saves my labour by his own approach.

Jaq. A fool, a fool!—I met a fool i' the forest,
 A motley fool;—a miserable world!—
 As I do live by food, I met a fool;
 Who laid him down and bask'd him in the sun,
 And rail'd on lady Fortune in good terms,
 In good set terms,—and yet a motley fool.
 " Good morrow, fool," quoth I: " No, sir," quoth he,
 " Call me not fool till Heaven hath sent me fortune:"
 And then he drew a dial from his poke,
 And looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
 Says very wisely, " It is ten o'clock:
 Thus may we see," quoth he, " how the world wags:
 'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine;
 And after an hour more, 'twill be eleven;
 And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
 And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot,
 And thereby hangs a tale." When I did hear
 The motley fool thus moral on the time,
 My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
 That fools should be so deep-contemplative;
 And I did laugh, sans intermission,
 An hour by his dial.

Enter ORLANDO.

Orl. I almost die for food, and let me have it.

Duke. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:
I thought that all things had been savage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment: But whate'er you are,
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days;
If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church;
If ever sat at any good man's feast;
If ever from your eye-lids wip'd a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied;
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:
In the which hope, I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke. True is it that we have seen better days:
And have with holy bell been knoll'd to church;
And sat at good men's feasts; and wip'd our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engender'd:
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take upon command what help we have,
That to your wanting may be minister'd.

Orl. Then, but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn,
And give it food. There is an old poor man,
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limp'd in pure love; till he be first suffic'd,—
Oppress'd with two weak evils, age and hunger,—
I will not touch a bit.

Duke. Go find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orl. I thank ye; and be blessed for your good comfort!
[*Exit.*]

Duke. Thou seest, we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.

Jaq. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,

His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms :
And then, the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school : And then, the lover ;
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow : Then, a soldier ;
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth : And then, the justice ;
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,
And so he plays his part : The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon ;
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side ;
His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound : Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion ;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

—SHAKESPEARE.

THE END.



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